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HISTORICAL SKETCHES,

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HISTORICAL SKETCHES,
SPEECHES,
AND CHARACTERS."

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PREFACE.

THE papers contained in this volume were published in various periodical works during successive years, and now re-appear only at the suggestion of their publishers, who consider that they may be of some service to the cause of Church and State, for which they were written. They were Conservative before the name of Conservative was known; and were employed to point out the perils of the Church, when those perils were only shaping themselves into form. In the State, they regarded as the one consummate danger—Democracy; and in the Church, as the essential object of all vigilance—the power of Rome. It is altogether the reverse of a gratification to the writer, that those conjectures have since advanced, year by year, more towards certainty. But nothing can be clearer, than that a new and disturbing element has mingled with the Constitution; or, that if a statesman of the last century could stand

again among us, he would be not more ignorant of the political personages of our day, than he would be astonished and alarmed at that vast and gloomy gathering of popular force, which, in its hour of fury, must inevitably sweep away the State; and which, even in its present hour of suspense, chills and overshadows every prospect of the empire.

The characteristic of our era is an extravagant conception of its own wisdom, and as extravagant a scorn for the wisdom of the past; a passion for novelty, made still more hazardous by a contempt for experience. This we have learned from France. Her 'Three Days of July' spread their impulse, circle on circle, widening through Europe. England, as the nearest, felt it first and strongest, and it cost her a new modelling of her Constitution.

A Cabinet, since called to power not less by the public necessity, than by the public confidence, has relieved us from the immediate dread of ruinous and irreparable change; but the principle of peril remains: armed associations have shown what ready instruments can be found by conspiracy; Republican theories, openly avowed, have shown into what frenzy speculation can inflame itself. The mechanical discoveries which distinguish our time, seem to have lent their spirit to the popular feelings; all is to be sacrificed

to force and velocity; irresistible strength and irresistible speed in whirling the Masses along, are the grand objects; while it is willingly forgotten how much the rapidity increases the danger, and how slight an accident may turn the flying machine into the means of comprehensive and remediless ruin.

The prospects of the Church unquestionably are of a more cheering order. She has displayed an energy and activity wholly unexpected by her assailants. Her Diocesan Schools—her rapid erection of churches in the newly-peopled districts of the land—and, above all, her establishment of Colonial Bishoprics, incontestibly the noblest and most comprehensive of her measures, an illustrious enterprize—of all her acts since the Reformation, the most sacredly exhibiting the energies of the Apostolic Age—have formed for the Church a strength in England, and in Europe, which, to survive all change, has only to be seconded by the Nation.

The existence of the Establishment is essential to the Constitution; for it contains exactly that degree of freedom, with exactly that degree of subordination, which educate a people for limited monarchy.

By the fixed nature of her property, the Church gives the nation security for her conduct, and gives it,

besides, the important example of a clergy, neither slaves to the populace, nor slaves to the government.

By the publicity of her Articles, she at once prevents all misconception of her principles, and prohibits all corruption of her doctrine.

By her Orders, she makes character and education necessary to her priesthood.

By her Prelacy, she secures conscientious and manly subordination in her clergy; which, in its turn, is the safest pledge for loyalty, morality, and unity among her people. But her influence extends even beyond her own borders: and, while the Church stands, her example compels Schism to be comparatively learned and decorous, and Superstition to be comparatively tolerant and pure.

Her chief antagonists are Popery and Sectarianism, though there is no equality between those perils. The vigorous and active occupations of the English mind are hostile to the mystical and solitary temperament in which sects in all ages have found their natural origin. Schism is seldom long-lived. A hundred sects have risen and perished in Europe, since the Reformation. They are shaped too much on the fantasy of their founder, to survive him long; they linger for a while over his grave, and then follow him to oblivion—earth to earth.

Strong only where the Church is weak, they disappear before her ascending vigour, like vapours rising in the dusk and chill, but no sooner touched by the sun, than they evaporate by the course of nature. The Church in our day needs waste but little anxiety upon them. Her true hazard is from an enemy of another nature. Sectarianism startles the mind by its arrogance, or its sternness. But Popery has attractions for every failing of man : it assimilates with every strength of the passions, and every weakness of the understanding; and it assimilates in silence, conquers noiselessly, and melts into the mind. What are the perils of the casual blasts, that echo round the battlements of the Church in her hour of slumber, but are unheard and forgotten, as soon as her dwellers awake and bestir themselves in the business of the day; compared with the moral malaria, that creeps over the surface, without disfiguring the soil; glides through gate and loophole, unfelt and unseen; fills her chambers with gradual decay, and leaving the whole noble edifice uninjured to the eye, yet leaves it tenantless for ever!

But the chief question is, the remedy. It is among the first duties of the Christian, to think as kindly of all men as he can, and to avoid all language that can irritate personal feeling. And the more that he pur-

sues this conduct, the more he is doing the will of that Supreme Beneficence, which desires, that "all shall come to the knowledge of the truth." "The servant of God must not strive," is an inspired command.

In this conviction, the writer of these pages, if he possessed sufficient authority to make his advice available, would say—that, admitting the zeal and ability which have been displayed in the public controversies, it may be doubted whether a simpler mode may not be more effectual. Religious fallacy is so wide a field, that the antagonists may pursue each other endlessly; the popular triumph ends only in personal resentment; there is no power to converge the combatants to the truth.

Luther, one of the most powerful controversialists in the presence of an assembly, that the world has ever known, seems never to have converted any of the champions whom he so constantly defeated. The providential solitude which gave him time for the translation of the Scriptures, was the true season of his triumphs; as the publication of the Bible was the true trumpet before which the ancient and armed bulwarks of error fell, without the touch of man.

The first teachers of the Reformation had chiefly begun, by inveighing against the practices of Rome; but they found that this produced only political

tumult and personal hostility. They abandoned invective ; simply preached the facts and doctrines of Scripture ; and the people followed the Reformer. Bedell tells us, that when in Ireland the Reformers preached the Scripture alone, the people listened ; but when they preached against the Mass, “ there was bloodshed.” But we have a still higher authority, that of the apostles. St. Peter and St. Paul could not have passed through the Greek or Roman cities, without being startled at the practices of the national worship. Yet we scarcely find the mention of them in their epistles. St. Paul writes from Ephesus, the head-quarters of Asiatic idolatry ; from Corinth, the supreme seat of Greek licentiousness ; from Rome, where the air was thick with the fumes of every strange worship of the earth, mingled with gladiatorial blood ; yet, except in an occasional warning to the disciples, we can scarcely discover that he lived in the midst of the most overwhelming system of religious impurity ever witnessed by man. We certainly find no direct declamation against the heathen altar, no bold exposure of the heathen theatre (then all impurity) no lofty denouncement of the still more debasing superstitions, the magic, and the divination, which corrupted and darkened the latter periods of the whole gentile mind. He

more effectually assails practice by inculcating principle ; instead of casting down the altar by force, he beams upon it that sacred light which extinguishes its fires.

An enthusiast would have blown the signal for the assault, and with the same sound would have stirred the defenders to sharpen their swords, and rush to the field. But, he “preached righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come,” and heathenism “trembled.” Its tyranny passed away, and Christianity ascended the universal throne. How much stronger is the case, when the question is between Christians, and the purpose is conversion. One of the most cheering promises of our ultimate triumph is to be found in the greater use which, year by year, is made of the Scriptures in the preaching of the Protestant clergy. The *facts*, as well as the doctrines, of Scripture, cannot be stated too clearly, and too constantly, to the people. The principles, the habits, and the hopes of the original leaders of Christianity, cannot be too distinctly made the habitual knowledge of the people, This is,

“ The sword
Of Michael, from the armoury of God,
And given him, tempered so, that neither keen
Nor solid can resist that edge :”—

the only weapon that will not break, and that

cannot be wrested from our hands. With this knowledge familiar to the mind, the sophistries of Schism or Superstition will intuitively appear unnatural and frivolous error ; they will be repulsed as the mist is from polished steel, and instead of being received as matter of disquisition, will be shrunk from as matter of astonishment. But the gentleness of the Gospel must accompany its power.

Let the truth be preached, yet with all avoidance of offence ; let all personal exacerbation be shunned ; let the preacher limit himself to the Gospel, and, avoiding the hasty provocation of prejudice, or the mixture of human passions with the doctrines of peace, leave the rest to the Great Disposer of the mind ; and Truth will prevail.

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I.

ENGLAND THE FORTRESS OF CHRISTIANITY.

WRITTEN IN 1828.

THERE is the strongest reason to believe, that as Judæa was chosen for the especial guardianship of the original Revelation ; so was England chosen for the especial guardianship of Christianity.

The original Revelation declared the one true God ; Paganism was its corruption, by substituting many false gods for the true. The second Revelation, Christianity, declared the one true Mediator ; Popery was its corruption, by substituting many false mediators for the true. Both Paganism and Popery adopted the same visible sign of corruption, the worship of images !

The Jewish history reveals to us the conduct of Providence with a people appointed to the express

preservation of the faith of God. There every attempt to receive the surrounding idolatries into a participation of the honours of the true worship, even every idolatrous touch, was visited with punishment; and that punishment not left to the remote working of the corruption, but immediate; and, by its directness, evidently designed to make the nation feel the high importance of the trust, and the final ruin that must follow its betrayal.

A glance at the British history since the Reformation, will show with what undeniable closeness this Providential system has been exemplified in England. *Every* reign which attempted to bring back Popery, or even to give it that share of power which could in any degree prejudice Protestantism, has been marked by signal calamity. It is a memorable circumstance, that *every* reign of this Popish tendency has been followed by one purely Protestant: and, as if to make the source of the national peril plain to all eyes, those alternate reigns have not offered a stronger contrast in their religious principles than in their public fortunes. Let the rank of England be what it might under the Protestant Sovereign, it *always* went down under the Popish. But let its loss of dignity, or of power, be what it might under the Popish Sovereign, it *always* recovered under the Protestant, and more than recovered; was distinguished by sudden success, public renovation, and some remarkable increase of the freedom or honour of the empire.

Protestantism was first thoroughly established in England in the reign of Elizabeth.

Mary had left a dilapidated kingdom; the nation worn out by disaster and debt; the national arms disgraced; nothing in vigour but Popery. Elizabeth, at twenty-five, found her first steps surrounded with the most extraordinary embarrassments; at home, the whole strength of a party, including the chief names of the kingdom, hostile to her succession and religion: in Scotland, a rival title, supported by France; in Ireland, a perpetual rebellion, inflamed by Rome; on the Continent, the whole fury of Spain roused against her by the double stimulant of ambition and bigotry, at a time when Spain commanded almost the whole strength of Europe.

But the cause of Elizabeth was Protestantism: and in that sign she conquered. She shivered the Spanish sword; she paralyzed the power of Rome; she gave freedom to the Dutch; she fought the battle of the French Protestants; every eye of religious suffering throughout Europe was fixed on this magnanimous woman. At home, she elevated the habits and the heart of her people. She even drained off the bitter waters of religious feud, and sowed in the vigorous soil, which they had so long made unwholesome, the seed of every principle and institution that has since grown up into the strength of empire. But her great work was the establishment of Protestantism. Like the Jewish king, she found the ark

4 ENGLAND THE FORTRESS OF CHRISTIANITY.

of God without a shelter ; and she built for it the noblest temple in the world ; she consecrated her country into its temple.

She died in the fulness of years and honour : the great Queen of Protestantism throughout the nations : in the memory of England her name and her reign alike immortal.

James the First inherited the principles, with the crown, of Elizabeth. His first act was, to declare his allegiance to Protestantism. From that moment Popery lost all power against him. It tried faction, and failed. It then tried conspiracy, and more than failed. Its conspiracy gave birth to the most memorable instance of national preservation, perhaps, in the annals of Europe. The gunpowder plot would have swept away the King, the Royal Family, and the chief Nobles and Commoners of England, at a blow. The secret was kept for a year and a half. It was never betrayed, to the last. It was discovered by neither treachery, nor repentance, and but on the eve of execution. Yet its success must have been national ruin. A popish Government was to have been set up. The country, in its state of distraction and destitution, must have lain exposed to the first invader. The consequences were incalculable. The hand of God alone saved the throne and altar of England.

Charles the First ascended a prosperous throne ; England in peace, faction feeble or extinct ; the

nation animated by a new spirit of commerce and vigorous adventure. No reign of an English King ever opened a longer or more undisturbed view of prosperity. But Charles betrayed the sacred trust of Protestantism. He formed a Popish alliance, with the inevitable knowledge that it established a Popish dynasty.* He lent himself to the intrigues of the French Minister, stained with Protestant blood ; for his first armament was a fleet against the Huguenots. If not a friend to Popery, he was madly regardless of its hazards to the Church and the Constitution.

Ill-fortune suddenly gathered round him. Distracted councils, popular feuds met by alternate weakness and violence, the loss of the national respect, finally deepening into civil bloodshed, were the punishments of his neglect of Protestantism. The late discovery of his error, and the solemn repentance of his prison hours, painfully redeemed his memory.

Cromwell's was the sceptre of a broken kingdom. He found the fame and force of England crushed ;

* By the marriage compact with the Infanta, the Royal children were to be educated by their *mother* until they were *ten years* old. But France, determined on running no risk of their being Protestants, raised the term to *thirteen years*. Even this was not enough ; Popery was afraid of Protestant milk : and a clause was inserted that—the children should not be suckled by Protestant *nurses* ! The object of those stipulations was so apparent, that Charles must have looked to a Popish succession ; and the stipulations were so perfectly sufficient for their purpose, that all his sons, even to the last fragment of their line, were Roman Catholics. Even the King's Protestantism was doubtful. Olivarez, the Spanish Minister, openly declared that Charles, in treating for his marriage with the Infanta, had pledged himself to turn Roman Catholic.

utter humiliation abroad ; at home, the exhaustion of the civil war ; new and arrogant faction, and old, intractable partizanship, tearing the public strength asunder.

Cromwell was a murderer : yet, in the high designs of Providence, the personal purity of the instrument is not always regarded. The Jews were punished for their idolatry by idolators, and restored by idolators. But, whatever was in the heart of the Protector, the policy of his government was Protestantism. His treasures and his arms were openly devoted to the Protestant cause ; in France, in Italy, throughout the world. He was the first who raised a public fund for the relief of the Vaudois Churches. He sternly repelled the advances which Popery made to seduce him into the path of the late King.

England was instantly lifted on her feet, as by miracle. All her battles were victories ; France and Spain bowed before her. All her adventures were conquests ; she laid the foundation of her colonial empire : and extended that still more illustrious commercial empire, to which the only limits in either space or time may be those of mankind. She rapidly became the most conspicuous power of Europe ; growing year by year in opulence, public knowledge, and foreign renown : until Cromwell could almost realize the splendid improbability, that, ‘ before he died, he would make the name of an Englishman as

much feared and honoured as ever was that of an ancient Roman.'

Charles the Second ascended an eminently prosperous throne. Abroad it held the foremost rank, the fruit of the vigour of the Protectorate. At home, all faction had been forgotten in the general joy of the Restoration.

But Charles was a concealed Roman Catholic.* He attempted to introduce his religion; the star of England instantly darkened; the country and the king alike became the scorn of the foreign courts; the royal honour was scandalized by mercenary subserviency to France; the national arms were humiliated by a disastrous war with Holland; the capital was swept by the memorable inflictions of pestilence and conflagration!

James the Second still more openly violated the national trust. He publicly became a Roman Catholic. This filled the cup. The Stuarts were cast out, they and their dynasty for ever; that proud line of kings was sentenced to wither down into a monk; and that monk living on the alms of England, a stipendiary and an exile.

William was called to the throne by Protestantism. He found it, as it was always found at the close of a popish reign, surrounded by a host of difficulties; at home, the kingdom in a ferment; Popery, and its

* He had solemnly professed Popery on the eve of the Restoration.

ally Jacobitism, girding themselves for battle; fierce disturbance in Scotland; open war in Ireland, with the late king at its head; abroad the French king domineering over Europe, and threatening invasion. In the scale of nations, England nothing!

But the *principle* of William's government was Protestantism; he fought and legislated for it through life; and it was to him, as it had been to all before him, strength and victory. He silenced English faction; he crushed the Irish war; he next attacked the colossal strength of France on its own shore. This was the direct collision, not so much of the two kingdoms, as of the two faiths; the Protestant champion stood in the field against the Popish persecutor. Before that war closed, the fame of Louis was undone, and England rose to the highest military name. In a train of immortal victories, she defended Protestantism throughout Europe, drove the enemy to his palace-gates, and, before she sheathed the sword, broke the power of France for a hundred years.

The Brunswick line were called to the throne by Protestantism. Their faith was their title. They were honourable men, and they kept their oaths to the religion of England. The country rose under each of those Protestant kings to a still higher rank; every trivial reverse compensated by some magnificent addition of honour and power, until the throne of England stood on a height from which it looked down upon the world!

Yet, in our immediate memory, there was one remarkable interruption of that progress ; which, if the most total contrast to the periods preceding and following can amount to proof, proves that every introduction of Popery into the Legislature will be visited as a national crime.

During the war with the French Republic, England had gone on from triumph to triumph. The crimes of the popish continent had delivered it over to be scourged by France ; but the war of England was naval : and in 1805, she consummated that war by the greatest victory ever gained on the seas ; * at one blow she extinguished the navies of France and Spain ! The death of her great Statesman at length opened the door to a new administration. † They were men of acknowledged ability, some, of the highest ; and all accustomed to public affairs. But they came in under a pledge to the introduction of popery, sooner or later, into the legislature. They were emphatically ‘ The Roman Catholic Administration.’

There never was in the memory of man so sudden a change from triumph to disaster. Disgrace came upon them in every shape in which it could assail a government ; in war, finance, and negotiation. *All* their expeditions returned with shame. The British arms were tarnished in the *four quarters* of the globe. ‡

* Trafalgar, Oct. 1805.

† February, 1806.

‡ The retreat from Sweden, 1807.—Egypt invaded and evacuated, 1807.

And, as if to make the shame more conspicuous, they were baffled even in that service, to which the national feeling was most keenly alive; and in which defeat seemed impossible. England saw, with astonishment, her *fleet* disgraced before a barbarian without a ship on the waters, and finally hunted out of his seas by the fire from batteries crumbling under the discharge of their own cannon. Those disasters did not amount to National Calamity, but they were *indicative*. They showed, that the tide had turned.

But the fair fame of the British empire was not to be thus cheaply wasted away. The ministry must perish; already condemned by the voice of the country, it was now to be its own executioner. It at length made its promised attempt upon the constitution. A harmless measure * was proposed; notoriously but a cover for the deeper insults that were to follow. It was met with manly repulse; and, in the midst of public indignation, perished the popish ministry of one month and one year. †

Its successors came in on the express title of resist-

—Whitelock sent out to Buenos Ayres, 1807.—Duckworth's repulse at Constantinople, 1807. All those operations had originated in 1806, excepting Whitelock's, which was the final act of the ministry.

* The granting of commissions in the army. Mr. Perceval opposed this, as only a pretext; he said, 'It was not so much the individual measure, to which he objected, as the system of which it formed a part, and which was growing every day. From the arguments that he had heard, a man might be almost led to suppose, that one religion was considered as good as another, and that the Reformation was only a measure of political convenience.'

† March, 1807.

ance to popery ; they were emphatically ‘ The Protestant Administration.’ They had scarcely entered on office, when the whole scene of disaster brightened ; and the deliverance of Europe was begun, with a vigour that never relaxed, a combination of unexpected means and circumstances, an effective and rapid renown ; of which, the very conjecture, but a month before, would have been laughed at as a dream. The scene, and the success, were equally extraordinary.

Of all countries, Spain, sluggish, accustomed to the yoke of France, and with all its old energies melted away in the vices of its government, was the last to to which Europe could have looked for defiance of the universal conqueror. But, if ever the battle was fought by the shepherd’s staff and sling against the armed giant, it was then. England was now palpably summoned to begin a new career of triumph. Irresistible on one element, she was now to be led step by step to the first place of glory on another ; and that Protestant ministry saw, what no human foresight could have hoped to see, Europe restored ; the monarch of her monarchs a prisoner in its hands ; and the mighty fabric of the French atheistic empire, so long darkening and distending, like an endless dungeon, over the earth, suddenly scattered with all its malignant pomps and ministers of evil into air.

It is impossible, to conceive that this *regular interchange* of punishment and preservation can have been without a cause, and without a purpose. Through

almost three hundred years, through all varieties of public circumstance, all changes of men, all shades of general polity, we see one thing alone unchanged—the regular connexion of national misfortune with the introduction of popish influence, and of national triumph with its exclusion.

Those remarks were originally published on the eve of the year 1829. The Bill of that calamitous year replaced the Roman Catholic in the Parliament, from which he had been expelled a century before, by the united necessities of religion, freedom, and national safety. The whole experience of our Protestant history had pronounced that evil must follow. *And it has followed.*

From that hour all has been clouded. British legislation has lost its stability. England has lost alike her pre-eminence abroad, and her confidence at home. Every great institution of the State has tottered. Her Governments have arisen, and passed away, like shadows. The Church in Ireland, bound hand and foot, has been flung into the furnace, and is disappearing from the eye. The Church in England is haughtily threatened with her share of the fiery trial. Every remonstrance of the nation is insolently answered by pointing to rebellion, ready to seize its arms in Ireland. Democracy is openly proclaimed as a principle of the State. Popery is triumphantly predicted as the universal religion. To

guide and embody all; a new shape of power has started up in the Legislature;—a new element at once of control and confusion; a central faction, which has both sides at its mercy; holding the country in contempt, while it fixes its heel on Cabinets trembling for existence; possessing all the influence of office without its responsibility; and engrossing unlimited patronage for the purposes of unlimited domination. Yet these may be “but the beginning of sorrows.”

But, if England shall give way to Popery, she sins against the most solemn warnings of Scripture: We have the apostolic declaration,—“Let no man deceive you by any means; for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that MAN of SIN be revealed, the son of perdition;—who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he, as God, *sitteth in the temple of God*, showing himself that he is God. *

* * * And then, shall that Wicked one be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the Spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming: even him, whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved.” (2 Thess. ii.) This gives the portraiture of the great deluder of the European world

in his external and imposing aspect. Another portraiture displays his internal evil:—

“ Now, the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times, some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils. Speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron: forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving, of them which believe and know the truth.” Ending with the solemn injunction to all teachers of Christianity, “ If thou put the brethren in remembrance of these things, thou shalt be a good minister of Jesus Christ, nourished up in the words of faith and of good doctrine.” (1 Tim. iv. 1.)

Finally, we have the denunciation of the prophet, declaring the Divine judgments:—

“ And I saw another angel come down from heaven, having great power; and the earth was lightened with his glory. And he cried mightily, with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils; the hold of every foul spirit. And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, *Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.* For her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities.” (Rev. xviii.)

This language is not used to give offence to the

Roman Catholic. His religion is reprobated, because it is his undoing; the veil that darkens his understanding; the tyranny that chains his natural liberty of choice; the fatal corruption of Christianity, that shuts the Scriptures upon him, forces him away from the worship of that Being, who is to be worshipped alone in spirit and in truth; and prostrates him at the feet of priests and images of the Virgin, and the whole host of false and unscriptural mediatorship. But, for himself there can be but one feeling;—a feeling of the deepest anxiety, that he should search the Scriptures; and, coming to that search without insolent self-will, or sullen prejudice, or the haughty and negligent levity to which their wisdom will never be disclosed, he should compare the gospel of God with the doctrines of Rome.

But, whatever may be the lot of those to whom error has been an inheritance, woe be to the man and the people to whom it is an adoption. If England, free above all other nations, sustained amidst the trials which have covered Europe before her eyes with burning and slaughter, and enlightened by the fullest knowledge of Divine truth, shall refuse fidelity to the compact by which those matchless privileges have been given, her condemnation will not linger. She has already made one step full of danger. She has committed the capital error, of mistaking that for a purely political question, which was a purely religious one. Her foot already hangs over the edge

of the precipice. It must be retracted, or her empire is but a name. In the clouds and darkness which seem to be deepening upon all human policy; in the gathering tumults of Europe, and the feverish discontents at home, it may even be difficult to discern where the power yet lives to erect the fallen majesty of the Constitution once more. But there are mighty means in sincerity. And, if no miracle was ever wrought for the faithless and despairing; the country that will help itself—the generous, the high-hearted, and the pure, will never be left destitute of the help of heaven.

II.

POLITICS AND PROJECTS OF RUSSIA.

WRITTEN IN 1829.

ALL the great convulsions of empire are moral thunderstorms. They arise from the bosom of the soil, yet seem to come from sources beyond man; they fall with fearful violence upon the chosen spot of devastation, but they clear the atmosphere for all the rest; they gather gloomily and long, but once in motion, they move rapidly, and with irresistible force, until their work is done.

When we shall have attained a more perfect knowledge of the ways of providence, we shall perhaps find that there are laws for these convulsions, as there are for the fires and roarings of the storm. They may even be periodical, though we have not yet discovered their cycle. But no nation, at once poor and virtuous, has ever undergone them. It is power in the state, and opulence in the people, perverted into rapine in the one, and corruption in the other, which make them dangerous to the earth. The moral electricity accumulates, and must be dis-

charged; the elements are shaken, the bolt falls, and the balance is restored.

The condition of the Ottoman empire has fixed the eyes of Europe for the last hundred years. It has frequently exhibited a feebleness which seemed the immediate signal of ruin, and it has sometimes developed a sudden strength which still more perplexed all speculation. Yet the process of decay was regular. What were those sudden bursts, but the struggles of the tiger, biting the spear which he could not extract from his side. Mahmoud made bold efforts for the national restoration, but his vigour only hastened the catastrophe. Every step which he took to raise his country, but brought it nearer to the edge of that precipice on which it now hangs. If Mahmoud should live long, he will be the last of the sultans; if he should die early, he will only transfer that disastrous distinction to his son. The *independence* of the Porte cannot survive the next quarter of a century. There may still be an Ottoman throne, for the jealousy of the great European powers will not easily suffer it to be absorbed by any one of them; but the throne will be that of a viceroy, the sovereignty will be only a vassalage, and even its existence will continue only until they grow weary of watching each other, or turn their mutual surveillance into a confederacy of general plunder. But in this contest there will be two powers, whose objects it will be impossible to reconcile.

Russia, which is too near, too powerful, and too grasping, to relinquish the lion's share ; and England, which is too high-principled to take any part in spoil. Yet, whatever may be the struggle of Europe, that of Turkey is at an end. The fate of the Sultan is inevitable : he must go down ; the ruin of his empire is as palpable, as if it were written on his turban.

The grand question with mankind now is, what result is to follow from this sudden and tremendous shock to the pacific system of Europe ? The question is vital to England in her domestic interests ; for, by bringing Russia into the rank of a great naval power, it brings her into direct contest with us as rulers of the seas ; and it is no less essential in her continental interests, for it threatens the overthrow of that system, whose protectorship has been the glory and the security of England.

The facts of Turkish ruin are unanswerable. The sultan has found himself unable to resist the occupation of his territory, up to the gates of his capital. He has saved that capital only by the entreaty of the foreign ambassadors. He has not been able to send out a single soldier, since the passage of the Balkan, to save his provinces from plunder. He has not been able to defend himself from even his own disbanded troops, and has been on the point of soliciting the aid of his enemy, to keep the peace of Constantinople ! He has not been able to make his soldiers take the

field, nor to restrain them from keeping it at their will, nor his pachas from scoffing at his surrender, and from warring on their own account. The retreat of the enemy has been as little influenced by the sultan, as their advance was impeded by his activity. And, it is to be remembered, that this extraordinary torpor cannot have proceeded from the personal character of Mahmoud. His previous career was eminent for that unexpected superiority to his age and country, which made him eager to adopt the inventions of European science and war. He was the most European of all Turks ; vigorous, sagacious, and unprejudiced ; Turkey had not seen such a sovereign for a hundred years.

The true reasoning from those unquestionable facts, is, not that Mahmoud had suddenly changed his character, but that his means had sunk away ; that the ground broke down under his feet, that the whole fabric of Turkish power has for years stood upon a vault, and that the first rush of a hostile force beyond the mountains burst it in. The empire fell less by the casualty of war, than by the course of nature.

To the Christian there is a loftier view than the sepulchre of this fierce sovereignty ; he sees in the wavings of the sword that laid it there, the unconscious instrument of a power, which it is guilt lightly to name, but which may be, at this crisis, commencing that superb and terrible course of mingled mercy and retribution, which will yet lay a world in ruin,

to raise it to a splendour beyond the imagination of man.

But no part of providential wisdom precludes the exercise of human means. The first public duty is, to follow the light of our understandings; and the first dictate of those understandings is, to summon the whole strength of our country to a vigorous, determined, and principled repulsion of the general enemy of Europe.

The sultan is virtually no more. The Ottoman empire is practically cast out of its place as an European kingdom. The whole strength of Europe could not raise it on its feet again. If it be suffered to exist for a few years longer, they must be years of helplessness, sustained only by the nursing of the European cabinets. The breath of life is no more in those fiery nostrils, that once blasted the continent. The corpse lies there: it may lie in state, but it is beyond all the unguents of the earth; it must henceforth dissolve into its original dust and air.

Russia is paramount, and the continental powers must prepare for desperate resistance, or abject submission. There is no alternative. Russia must be extinguished, or must extend. As well might we stop the fall of the lava, when it has once mounted to the summit of the volcano; it must rush on, by the law of its creation, turning all the material over which it rolls into the fuel of its flame. Every nation which stoops to the will of the Russian cabinet

must become a slave. And the first service demanded of it will be, to spend its blood in making slaves of the surrounding nations.

By the treaty of Adrianople, Russia is in possession of the Euxine. There never was a gift more comprehensive of empire. With the Euxine in his power, it is no matter to the Czar under what name Constantinople may be governed. The city is his; the monarch is his minister; the people are his people; for he can at his will, burn down the Seraglio, cashier the sovereign, and exile the people. If it be his will, he can even build a city on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, which favoured by his patronage, and sustained by his commerce, would drain away every piastre from its European rival, and leave Constantinople a ruin, within twenty years.

The possession of the Euxine was the only thing wanting to make Russia one of the Mediterranean powers; and we all see how directly that extraordinary possession gives her the means of being the first of the Mediterranean powers. On this subject the map might be enough; but we shall give professional authority. Captain Jones, R.N., in his late Russian tour, thus speaks of the capabilities of the Euxine:

‘ Russia would have here a most excellent nursery for seamen, as every necessary article for building and rigging ships would soon spontaneously flow to the banks of the great rivers, as well as to their common port—the Liman.

‘ In point of fact, has not the practicability of this on the largest scale been already proved, by the erection on the Black Sea of a military marine, comprising ships of one hundred and ten guns, which when brought to their lightest draught of water, will swim deeper than the heaviest merchantmen ?

‘ Those ships of war, though brought down on camels (wooden floats) from Cherson, Nicholief, &c., as low as Kilbourin, have at the latter place been always fitted for sea ; so that it is absurd to talk, as is now commonly done, of those shoals forming an insuperable objection to the Liman being applied to the purposes of commerce. For, on the contrary, the Liman presents ten times the advantages to Russia, that the Lagunes of Venice ever did to that commercial and haughty republic. In short, without going into detail, were the commercial properties of the Liman and its rivers properly understood, I cannot see where the mercantile prosperity and enterprise of Russia need stop.

‘ Not only might she enjoy a most profitable trade on the Black Sea, on that of Azof, and the Mediterranean ; but extend her commerce to *every part of the globe !* Instead of the sands at the mouth of the Dnieper, and the reported dangerous navigation of the Black Sea, proving obstacles, they would form the best possible school for making hardy and experienced seamen, similar to our north-country sailors, who are acknowledged to be the best in the world,

because most of the ports are rendered difficult to approach on account of bars and shoals, and the whole navigation to London is one of the most dangerous and difficult in existence, and consequently calls forth all the energy and enterprise of which man is capable.

‘ So that, in time, a numerous and hardy race of seamen would be formed, merely by the trade on the Black Sea and that of Azof. Those two seas present an amazing extent of coast, when it is considered that the former is 600 miles in length, and 330 broad in the widest part, and 142 in the narrowest, while the latter is 186 miles in length, and 90 in breadth.

‘ Both possess that which renders them an *invaluable nursery for good seamen*, namely, every description of coast, depth of water, and variety of currents. It has been well observed, that the country which possesses the greatest line of coast must ever prove superior in point of seamen. Now, including the 786 miles, the length of the Black Sea and that of Azof, it must be remembered that the extent of coast, without regarding sinuosities, is, at least, 1,600 miles.

‘ *No other nation* would ever be able to compete with them, on account of the easy rate at which the Russians could build, fit, and sail, their vessels; the empire producing, within itself, every necessary article for both *building and equipping*, at an extraordinarily low price, and in the greatest abundance;

while the natives are accustomed to live on the hardest fare. But should they become refined, still all ordinary provisions are extremely reasonable ; and there is little doubt that Russian ships could be built and navigated at *nearly half the expense* of any other nation, particularly in the Black Sea.

‘ Indeed, when I survey the maritime resources of this great empire, I cannot persuade myself that Russia is not destined to become a great naval and commercial power. However, from the existing prejudices on the part of the natives to anything connected with the sea, there cannot be a doubt that much time will elapse before such a material change can be produced in their habits, as to verify my prediction. But, should the present or a future sovereign be duly impressed with the importance of the subject, it is impossible to say *how soon such an alteration* might be effected, particularly when we consider the acknowledged docility of temper which all the common natives possess.’

We are to recollect that this intelligent observer’s opinion was given *before* the Turkish war ; that the weight of the Russian power is now directed to the Mediterranean ; that a navy in the Black Sea is the essential instrument of success ; and that the Sea of Marmora may soon be only a place of exercise for the fleets pouring from the great Russian dock-yard of the Black Sea.

What has Russia actually gained in territory ? The

principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia are, at this hour, in possession of her troops, raising forces to be incorporated with those troops, paying their revenues into the hands of her officers, and under a direct process of separation from every former Turkish interest by the ejection of every Turkish inhabitant within the eighteen months to come. Nothing can be more complete than this possession. The future appointment of hospodars, will be merely the appointment of Russian viceroys. The two provinces are larger than the whole of England !

But their value is not to be measured even by their size. The soil, neglected as it has been by the 'Turks, is among the most fertile in the world. The population, reduced to less than a million, is capable of being raised to ten millions ! The mountains contain mines of great value. It would be ridiculous to suppose that those countries will ever be restored to more than a nominal independence. We have no security that even this nominal independence will not be rapidly merged in declared sovereignty. The Crimea, a few years ago, was suffered to boast of this nominal independence, but its boasting was brief ; the Khan was stripped of his sceptre, and glad to lay his calpac at the feet of Catherine. The Tartars of the Kuban were indulged with the same boast, and found it equally short-lived. The treaty of Kainardgi, in 1734, declared them unequivocally FREE, unanswerable to *any* foreign power, and to be governed only by their

hereditary chieftains of the race of Gengis. Their freedom was scarcely conceded, when it was swept away at a stroke of the pen. Those provinces will be integral possessions of Russia, when she pleases, and strong holds for her ambition in whatever line it may spread through western Europe. For operations against the weakest part of the Austrian empire they form an incomparable base ; and they do more—they command the Danube ; and, by the Danube, command a passage through the heart of Europe, whether for trade or conquest, from Ratisbon to Constantinople.

The mind grows exhausted and the hand weary in following the stupendous extent of power which Russia has already within her grasp, and the still more stupendous extent which lies before her vision. Her march into Asia Minor has given her a fixture there which no retreat of her troops will nullify. She already feels the boundless value of the acquisition, and is craftily negotiating for the possession of Trebizond. If she withdraw her demand now, she will not be the less sure to gain her point in another direction ; and her point is, the complete command of the southern shore of the Black Sea, and with it the complete command of a new route for the commerce of India and China with Europe. Erzeroum, which is in Russian hands, *de facto*, and which will soon follow the fate of Bucharest, has been for a long period the centre of the principal traffic of northern

Persia, the cities of the Caucasus, and Arabia, with Constantinople. The Indian traffic of Russia has hitherto been trifling, from the dangers of the desert, and from the distance and expense of land-carriage. But the possession of Trebizond, even without that of Erzeroum, which, however, must be a dependent on the former: in Russian hands, would instantly lay open a route from India, requiring but the trivial land-carriage of 400 miles; from Moosul on the Tigris, to Erzeroum, being but 250 miles, and from Erzeroum to Trebizond being but 150. In a commercial point of view, those positions would be of an importance totally beyond calculation. They would be, in fact, the keys to the whole trade of India with Europe; in other words, the keys to the wealth of the world. But they would also be the keys to the territorial possession of the finest regions of the world—western and central Asia. A military establishment touching with its flanks the Tigris at Moosul, and the Euxine at Trebizond, and sustained by the supplies so easily furnished by the Russian possession of the Euxine, would be irresistible by any force from the Caucasus to the Himmaleh; Persia, Caubul, and the Affghaun territory, would be as easy a prey as Georgia; and the true spirit in which Russia must be viewed, is that of a power essentially military, and if adopting commerce with extraordinary avidity, yet adopting it only as a means of conquest.

The founder of this measureless empire saw that, without a fleet, his conquest must be limited to the north, and that centuries might pass before Russia became European. He instantly made the grand experiment of a navy. He had but one sea, the Baltic. His ports were shallow, hazardous, and what was still more disheartening, a mass of ice for six months in the year. But his nature was the true one for erecting such an empire. It was alike remarkable for daring enthusiasm and indefatigable obstinacy. He fixed on a spot in the north of his dominions, where the climate and the ground seemed equally to forbid the habitation of man. But he persevered. He turned the course of rivers—he drove piles into the mighty swamp—he hewed down forests—he tore up rocks—and on heaps of treasure that might have purchased a new kingdom, and the more fearful expenditure of a mass of human life that might have won it by arms, he founded his new capital of the world!

The price was enormous, and it could have been contemplated by no other mind than the remorseless and barbarian grandeur of Peter's. But it laid the foundation of an empire, which already exceeds, in magnitude, all that the earth has ever seen of dominion. The Roman empire, in its most palmy time, the days of Trajan, extended but 3000 miles from east to west, and 2000 from north to south. The Russian, at this hour of its comparative infancy, extends

5,000 miles from east to west, and 3000 from north to south. The Roman was the growth of eight centuries, the Russian of one. If a vast portion of its Asiatic territory is wilderness, even this is all capable of supporting life, and is interspersed with tracts of great fertility, is intersected with chains of metallic mountains, and is filled with rivers teeming with human food, and capable of forming the finest inland navigation in the world.

But central Russia contains a dense population, in provinces productive of corn, wine, and oil. By the seizure of the Crimea and of Poland, they have found a permanent outlet for their products; and they are rapidly growing in opulence, productiveness and population. The union of the Hospodariates with Russia will more than double their value, by extending their outlets. And the Hospodariates will infallibly be united to Russia, at the first moment that she may think herself secure in the feebleness or the corruption of the great countervailing kingdoms of Europe. It will be no more than the continuance of that policy, by which she has drawn, one by one, into her vortex, every "independent" territory subjected to her treacherous alliance: Georgia, Courland, the Crimea, the Ukraine, and Poland.

The Indian trade has been, in all ages, but another name for the most sudden and extraordinary accumulation of wealth in every nation which, by turns, possessed its monopoly. Venice, Genoa, Lisbon,

and Amsterdam, were only the successors of Bagdad, Constantinople, Aleppo, and Alexandria, in gains which, for the time, placed them at the head of commercial cities. England alone has not derived from India that opulence which the "golden Peninsula" had always poured into the lap of the favoured nation. But the reason is obvious. Dominion with us, had superseded trade. We have expended, and nobly, on our magnificent crown of India, the gold that we might have carried away in tribute to our commercial mastery. But, to Russia, the Indian trade would be clear gain; there would be no laborious and expensive voyage of 16,000 miles, liable to all the chances of the ocean. The whole route from Surat to the mouth of the Danube would be but 3000 miles, of which 2600 would be on the smooth Indian seas, up the Persian Gulf and the Tigris; a mere canal carriage, with only the narrow interval between the Tigris and the Euxine requiring land conveyance. The whole of the great northern route between China, Japan, Upper Tartary, and Europe, must be in possession of that power which is in possession of the Volga and the Don. The European merchant, too, will not look upon those extraordinary facilities with indifference. He will either transfer his capital to Russia, or connect himself with her trade. The distance between the Danube and the Rhine is nothing. A canal might be cut in a year, that would join them. The surveys for this canal have been already laid

down. The project has been already stated among the monied men of Europe. The expense is estimated at little more than half a million. And this canal would give a direct and unbroken line of water carriage from the tower of London to the gate of the Seraglio.

For the general good of mankind, we should rejoice in such a facility. But the first benefit, and immeasurably the greatest, would be gained by Russia; and by Russia only for the power of more extended subjugation. The man shuts his eyes on history, and is neither politician nor patriot, who will not see that the whole spirit of the court of St. Petersburg has at all times been territorial aggrandisement; and that whether with a smiling face, and a lip teeming with self-denial and moderation; or with the sword in her hand, and her lip pouring out hatred and fury, she has incessantly urged her claims to universal sovereignty. She has had "More, more," graven upon her iron heart, and at this hour she is prompted to broader and more reckless seizures, by the success of her arms, the weakness of her opponents, the force of her position, and the superstitions of her people. There is something like an inevitable necessity of going forward, imposed upon her, alike by her remaining barbarism, and her rapidly acquired knowledge of the arts and the artifices of civilized life. With Asiatic multitudes, and European tactics moulding the wild and death-devoted myriads

of a Gengiskhan, by the military system of a Napoleon; with the still more singular mixture of the deep submission of the Asiatic slave, and the fierce freedom of the Tartar; foreign war, lavish of blood, and perpetual in its thirst of conquest, seems scarcely so much the vice of her government, as the tenure of its existence. Let the Czar sheathe his sword to-morrow, and the humane folly will find its reward in the dagger. Let Russia stop in her career of aggrandizement, and she will be plunged into instant convulsion—the great tide which had been going smoothly along, gradually covering kingdom after kingdom, will be checked only to break and swell into billows. The popular spirit would disdain the pacific throne—the wild appanages to the sceptre would forget their allegiance, when she laid up the sword in the repositories of the state. The whole new and frowning vassalage that even now bites its chains, would feel them lifted from its neck, only to beat them into the falchion and the spearhead again. Let Russia disband her army, and abjure ambition; and from that hour she has parted with the living principle of her fearful and unnatural supremacy: the talisman is shattered in pieces, and her empire is a dream.

But if Russia is to be resisted; the question arises, by whom? Is England to be the sole antagonist, or is there any capacity in the European powers, to forge a chain strong enough to bind down her ambition?

The natural expedient is, of course, the latter. It is scarcely to be doubted, that a combination of the great European powers would be still able to constrain Russia, as it tore down Napoleon. The ill success of the early coalitions of the French war arose alone from their imperfect combination, and their imperfect combination from the criminal corruption of their ministers, and the weak jealousy of their sovereigns.

It is remarkable, that Austria and Prussia never combined but twice during the whole revolutionary war. Once, at its commencement, under the Duke of Brunswick, a combination distinguished for its feebleness, and dissolved in a single campaign, probably by the French crown jewels; and once at the close, when, formed under more vigorous guidance, and inspired with the necessity of extinguishing Napoleon, the new powers fought side by side, and, with England in their van, trampled his unrighteous and homicidal diadem into dust.

But the change of times has created formidable changes in the constitution of Europe. Austria is the first barrier. But of all the great powers, Austria is at once the weakest, and the most likely to fall under Russian temptation. The partition of Poland was an act, whose impolicy, in the Austrian view, was as palpable, as its guilt was notorious. It loaded Austria alike with a share in that guilty responsibility, and brought her frontier into direct exposure to Russia.

And yet the bribe for this heinous act, in which crime and folly struggled for the mastery, was only the wretched province of Gallicia. How are we to be secure, that some equally wretched province of Servia will not equally tempt the Austrian passion for lording it over deserts? and that Prince Metternich will not congratulate himself on the ultra-diplomatic dexterity, by which he thus, at once, averts a Russian war, secures an additional territory, and keeps himself in power?

The tardiness of Austria is proverbial. Her territory is an immense expanse of states thinly peopled; one half of them scarcely above barbarism; and the great majority either in direct discontent, as the Hungarian provinces, or utterly careless who their master may be; as Croatia, Transylvania, and the whole range of her south-eastern dominions. Italy, her chief boast, is her first peril. The Italians, a contemptible and vicious people, deserve the chain, and will always be slaves, while society among them continues the idle and profligate thing it is. This great European haunt of the most grovelling superstition, and the most open licentiousness, its natural and unfailing offspring—must be under the government of the jailor and the hangman; but Italy, from the Alps to Calabria, hates the name of Austrian, and the first foreign banner that waves to the winds of the Appennine will be shouted after by Italy as a deliverer. Yet the nervous eagerness of retention is

as keen as the subtle and undying hatred of the slave. And the threat of a Russian invasion of Italy, a threat which a Mediterranean fleet would always render ominous, must lay the Austrian cabinet at the mercy of the Czar.

Prussia, the next hope, would be utterly unable to make head alone against a Russian force pressing on her from the Polish frontier; and the question of her preferring the hazards of war to the easy enjoyment of the bribe which Russia could so easily offer, and would so undoubtedly offer, is one which may well perplex the politician. Of all the great European powers, Prussia is the most exposed to Russian invasion. Her strength is wholly in her army, the most expensive, artificial, and precarious of all defences. We have already seen it vanish away, like a mist, before the fierce brilliancy of Napoleon. It perished in a day; literally, between sunrise and sunset the army of Prussia was a mass of confusion, the kingdom at the feet of a conqueror, the king crownless, and the nation captive. Prussia has no mountains, where a bold peasantry might supply the place of discipline by courage, and make nature fight for them; no great rivers for defence; no ranges of wild territory in which the steps of an invader might be wearied by long pursuit; no fierce and iron climate in which the clouds and snow might war against the human presumption that dared to assault the majesty of Winter in his own domain.

All is open, brief, and level : the frontier straggling and penetrable in every direction ; even the population, at once too scattered to resist a vigorous enemy, and too close to deprive him of their services. In every war since the foundation of the kingdom, even under the subtle and daring generalship of the second Frederic, Prussia was never invaded, but to be overrun. With this justified sense of peril on the one side, and with the splendid donations which Russia has it in her power to offer, on the other ; there must be no trivial necessity to urge Prussia against the immense preponderance of her gigantic neighbour.

Family alliances, the recollection of the late war, and the value of a continental support against Austrian ambition, which has never forgotten the loss of Silesia, have made Prussia for many years look to the cabinet of St. Petersburg as her natural confederate. Her bias is already in the strongest degree Russian. We might discover this, even from the tone of the Prussian journals during the Turkish war. Russia was the theme of perpetual panegyric. Her defeats were ‘victories,’ and her policy ‘consummate in ability and vigour.’

But a tangible temptation is ready to be offered, and it is one that once before won the Prussian heart. Hanover, and the mouths of the Elbe and Ems, would give her manufacturing and commercial wealth, and Hanover would be the bribe. With

Austria and Prussia thus at her control, as a barrier against France, (if France too were not drawn into the snare by the easy promise of Egypt;) Russia would have leisure for her operations to secure the supremacy of the Mediterranean, and but one rival to oppose—England.

If we shall be asked, what was to be done? we answer, that the British cabinet ought two years ago to have declared to Russia, that the first shot fired against the Porte, was a declaration of war against England. And the words should have been followed, not by feeble applications to foreign courts, to ask whether they would suffer England to speak her mind; but by the sailing of a fleet of twenty sail of the line for the Black Sea, with orders to burn every Russian establishment on its shore to the ground; and by the sailing of another fleet for the blockade of the Baltic, and the burning of Cronstadt. The Czar would have instantly returned his sword into the sheath; while the healing and protecting sovereignty of England would have been acknowledged as a blessing to the world.

No empire of ancient or modern history, equals Russia in the rapid, and yet steady, accumulation of power. The chieftaincy of the Tartar tribes may have rushed over deserts with a more impetuous speed, but they left them the deserts which they found them. Their capitals were but encampments; their career was as trackless as the wind: the day that

laid the conqueror in the grave, entombed the empire.

But the Russian conquests have been like the Roman : where they have once advanced, they have never receded. Every year has thus seen them acquiring new substance. Even when they have been checked, the check has only given them new solidity ; if the lava was extinguished by the tide, it was only to be turned into rock, and even that rock, only to form a point of projection for another fiery overflow.

A slight recapitulation will show, with what a remorseless spirit of aggrandisement, Russia has toiled to fulfil her destiny.

In 1772, by the guilty partition of Poland, Russia obtained the provinces, since called White Russia.

In 1793, at the second partition with Prussia, she obtained one half of the remaining territory of Poland, with 5,000,000 of souls.

In 1815, the duchy of Warsaw was erected into a kingdom by the congress of Vienna, and has since become a Russian province.

On the side of Sweden, within the last century, she obtained Courland, Esthonia, Livonia, and in the last war, Finland.

On the side of Turkey, since Peter the Great, to the period of the French war in 1812, she obtained possession of the shores of the Euxine, extending to the mouth of the Danube, containing nearly 5000 square miles, with 1,902,000 souls.

The Tartar and Cossack conquests gave her 3,289,000 souls, with boundless territory in the north.

In central Asia, her advances have been not less rapid, yet still more important. She has gained a large portion of Armenia and Georgia; with provinces west of the Caspian, extending to the Araxes, and east of the Caspian, extending to the Gulf of Balkan.

She has wrung from Turkey a treaty by which the Sultan proposes to transfer to her what he did not possess himself, the allegiance of the Circassians. For this iniquitous conquest, Russia is now arming a powerful force, and the contest is henceforth to be between discipline and patriotism, the slaves of a despot, and brave men fighting for their firesides. So little is known of the Circassians, that no one can conjecture the result of such a struggle, but every man can know on which side the right lies, and every feeling of humanity and justice must be on the side of the brave defenders of their country.

But a question of still higher interest, and the chief ground of our referring to the subject of Russian power, is its final object;—the stimulus which it may be appointed to give to the vast, stagnant world of the east,—the awakening of which it may be the appointed instrument to the slumbering faculties of mankind in the mighty regions of Mahometanism.

It is unquestionable, that influences are moving in that direction, of which no man has hitherto dreamed; that the darkness which closed over the Greek em-

pire in the fifteenth century, and which seemed to grow only deeper and more lifeless, in the growing illumination of Europe, is beginning to be shot through with these gleamings of unexpected light which portend the dawn. Whether the progress of Russia is to level the road for the triumphal car of civilization, and civilization itself to be only the forerunner of the gospel, are lofty questions; but it is clear, that some mighty change is approaching, whether by the hand of conquest, extinguishing barbarism in its own blood, or by some other more unselfish and animating agency; whether by the gory sword of Russia, or the golden sceptre of England; who shall reveal?

Yet, upon this decision may turn the question of universal peace or universal war; of the descent of Europe into the dungeon, or of its advance into unclouded day; of the absorption of all its faculties into the single brute element of military force, or their brilliant and expansive developement into the consummate enjoyments, knowledge, and power over nature, which were once intended for man.

But the fall of Russia too is fated. No nation beginning as she has done, and persevering in the principles which stamped her character in the cradle, can finally escape the common justice of providence. With man for her victim, craft for her policy, and plunder for her ambition, she must be only ripening ruin for herself. No nation of the modern

world has so exclusively made rapine the principle of her progress; her downfall is therefore inevitable. Yet it may be still remote. The Cain of nations, she may be suffered to wander far, and wander long; to build the city and found the tribe: she may even be guarded from the common indignation of man, but it will be, by the mark on her forehead; and, preserved like the first homicide, like him she will finally perish in the general ruin, which guilt, ambition and violence will have drawn down upon the Infidel world.

III.

PROVIDENCE.

WRITTEN IN 1828.

NOTHING is more demonstrable, than that providence acts by a system of general laws. Religion is the final purpose of society ; and the law in this instance is, that a false religion mutilates not only the morals of the people, but the security of the state ; that where the corruption of the altar has arrived at its height, the ruin of the throne is at hand ; and that ultimately the judgment which extinguishes the corrupted religion, along with it extinguishes the demoralized nation.

It will be fully admitted ; that a false religion may be long endured, and a profligate nation may be slow to perish ; because large room is left for the operation of man's free agency, and the influence of divine knowledge. Even the violences of powerful empires may be controlled into instruments of the divine hand. They may be the tornadoes, suffered to slay and devastate, while they clear the atmosphere : the fierce instincts of the lion and the tiger, that sweep the forest of the lesser and more molesting beasts of prey ; the inroad of the

pestilence, that dispeoples the land of a degenerate race, and leaves it open for a nobler posterity. But the law is inevitable ; the false religion saps the state, and the fortress built on the sand does not more surely sink, however furnished with battlement and tower ; when some underground torrent has burst upon the foundation ; than the empire goes down before the eye. Those may well be warnings to the thrones of Europe ; but our present view is more with reference to the singular preservation of our country, than to its perils ; and more to the proud wisdom of its religious principles, than to the frailty of nations, unconsciously, yet hourly, building their own tombs.

Of the peculiar religious corruption of mankind before the flood, we have no certain knowledge ; but it is clear, that they had debased the original idea of God ; and it is the natural operation of the mind, to invent a substitute ; they *must* have had a false religion. They and their false religion perished together. The idolatry of Canaan was next proscribed ; and with that idolatry the nation perished.—The corruption of the Jewish covenant next wrought its downfall ; and with it the nation perished.—The fall of Roman Paganism was next predicted by the Divine Spirit ; and with it the whole civil frame of the Western Empire, then the supreme seat of Paganism, perished in the midst of boundless slaughter.—The corrupt religion of the later Rome, the second shape of Paganism, shall per-

ish : and even from the historic analogy of the past, its fall must involve a vast extent of sanguinary overthrow. But prophecy is explicit ; and all other language is weak to its fiery breathings of the fierce and resistless judgment, that shall yet bury the Popedom from the eye of man.

But it further declares, that the great visitation is not to be limited to Europe ; that vengeance shall spread ; and the brutish idolatries and hideous cruelties of the Barbarian superstitions shall be wrapped in the same cloud of wrath ; until the world, renovated by some powerful elemental agency, is finally prepared for a purer generation of man.

When those days of calamity are to come, is still expressly hidden in the Divine councils ; but the fate of our own country in the trial, may well exercise the deepest feelings of human nature. She may be severely tried ; it is scarcely conceivable that in so vast an extent of suffering she should remain untouched ; but it must be acknowledged at once as a high source of national hope, and a confirmation of national principle, that for the three hundred years since the Reformation she has been sustained, almost by the visible hand of Heaven.

Even, to take the evidence from our own day—in the democratic tempest, which has yet scarcely cleared off the surface of Europe, England, of all nations, stood in the most direct road of peril. In Revolution, we had the natural faculties, the natural im-

pulses, and even the hereditary powers, to have flung even France behind ; a more democratic constitution, a more democratic spirit, than any other monarchical people ; a national character, more daring, disciplined, and indefatigable ; a bolder and more numerous array of the higher ranks on the popular side ; means of popular correspondence more rapid and more secure ; means of public inflammation more prepared by the general spirit of the people ; and above all, and concentrating all, the PRESS, an open and inexhaustible armoury of weapons, old and new, which no power of government could shut upon the people, and where the sound of the insurrectionary workman was ringing day and night. The assault of the throne, and the triumph of faction, would have found us no novices : we should have been driven to no obscure search among the reliques of the middle ages, like our neighbours, for the Revolutionary costume. We had the whole picture-gallery of subversion among our heir-looms, scarcely a century old ; we had but to follow the fashions of men, whose names were familiar as household words. The desperate triumphs of the Great Rebellion were recorded before our eyes,—the blood of the Republicans was running through our bosoms. Yet from this unrivalled peril England was saved : and more than saved ; raised to be successively the refuge, the champion, and the leader, of Monarchy throughout the civilized world.

In the interpositions of Providence the fewness, yet the grandeur, of the instruments is a distinguishing feature.

If this high evidence was ever given to a nation, it was to England, in the French war of 1793. To meet the *four* distinct aspects of the national peril, *four* individuals were successively brought forward ;—each possessing *peculiar* faculties ;—each applying those faculties to a peculiar crisis ;—each performing a service which could confessedly have been performed by no other of his contemporaries ;—each forming *a class by himself* ; and each achieving a fame which neither time nor rivalry can ever diminish in the memory of England.

In the commencement of this greatest of European conflicts, a mighty mind stood at the head of English affairs ; WILLIAM PITT ! a man fitted, beyond all his predecessors, for his time ; possessed of all the qualities essential to the first rank in the conduct of Empire, an eloquence singularly various, vivid, and noble ; a fortitude of soul that nothing could shake or surprise ; a vigour and copiousness of resource inexhaustible. Yet he had a still higher ground of influence with the nation, in his unsullied honour, and visible superiority to all the selfish objects of public life ; in the utter stainlessness of his heart and habits ; and in the unquestioned purity of that zeal which burned in his bosom, as on an altar, for the glory of England. The integrity of PITT gave him a mas-

tery over the national feelings, which could not have been won by the most brilliant faculties alone. In the strong financial measures, made necessary by the new pressures of the time, and to which all the sensitiveness of a commercial people was awake, the nation would have trusted no other leader. But they followed the great Minister with the most profound reliance. They honoured his matchless understanding; but they honoured still more the lofty principle and pure love of country, which they felt to be incapable of deception.

The British minister *formed a class by himself*. He was the leader, not only of English council, but of European. He stood on an elevation, to which no man before him had ascended; he fought the battle of the world, until the moment when the struggle was to be changed into victory. If he died in the night of Europe, it was when the night was on the verge of dawn. If it could ever be said of a public man, that he concentrated in himself the genius and the heart of an empire, and was at once the spirit and the arm of a mighty people, PITT was that man!

Another extraordinary intellect was next summoned, for a separate purpose, scarcely less essential. The Revolutionary influence had spread itself extensively through the country. A crowd of malignant writers, from whose pens every drop that fell was the venom of atheism and anarchy, were hourly

labouring to pervert casual discontent into general rebellion. Success had made them insolent; and the country was rapidly filled with almost open revolt. Their connexion with France was palpable; every roar of the tempest in that troubled sky found a corresponding echo in our own; we had the fêtes, the societies, and almost the frenzy of France; every burst of strange fire from the wild and bloody rites which Republicanism had begun to celebrate, flashed over our horizon; every pageant of its fantastic and merciless revelries found imitators ready to rival it on our shore.

BURKE arose; his whole life had been an unconscious preparation for the moment. His early political connexions had taught him of what matter Democracy was made. He had seen it, like Milton's Sin,

—————"woman to the waist and fair,
But ending foul in many a scaly fold."

His parliamentary life had deeply acquainted him with the hollowness and grimace, the selfish disinterestedness, and the profligate purity of faction; and, thus, armed in panoply, he took the field.

He moved among the whole multitude of querulous and malignant authorship, a giant among pigmies: he smote their Dagon in its own temple; he left them without a proselyte or a name. His eloquence, the finest and most singular combination that the world has ever seen, of magnificent fancy and profound philosophy, if too deliberate and too curious in its

developments, for the rapid demands of public debate, here found the true use for which it had been given—here found the true region of its beauty and its power; shining and sweeping along at its will, like the summer-cloud, alternately touched with every glorious hue of heaven, and pouring down the torrents and the thunders. No work within human memory ever wrought an effect so sudden, profound, and saving, as the volume on the French Revolution. It instantly broke the Revolutionary spell; the national eyes were opened; the fictitious oracles, to which the people had listened as to wisdom unanswerable, were struck dumb at the coming of the true. The nobles, the populace, the professions, the whole nation, from the cottage to the throne, were awakened, as by the sound of a trumpet; and the same summons which awoke them, filled their hearts with the patriot ardour that in the day of battle made them invincible. Burke, too, *formed a class by himself*. As a public writer he had no equal and no similar. Like Pitt, he was alone. And like Pitt, when his appointed labour was done, he died!

England had now been prepared for war; and had been purified from disaffection. Her war was naval; and her fleets, commanded by a succession of brave men, were constantly victorious. But the struggle for life and death was still to come. A new and tremendous antagonist—the most extraordinary man of the last thousand years, appeared in the field.

France, relieved from the distractions of the democracy, and joining all the vigour of Republicanism to all the massiveness of monarchy, flung herself into the arms of Napoleon. His sagacity saw that England was the true barrier against universal conquest ; and, at the head of the fleets of Europe, he moved to battle for the dominion of the Seas !

A man was now raised up, whose achievements cast all earlier fame into the shade. In a profession of proverbial talent and heroism, NELSON instantly transcended the noblest rivalry. His valour and his genius were meteor-like ; they rose above all, and threw a splendour upon all. His name was synonymous with victory. He was the guiding star of the fleets of England. Each of his battles would have been a title to immortality ; but his last exploit, in which the mere terror of his name drove the enemy's fleet before him through half the world, to be annihilated at Trafalgar ; had no parallel in the history of arms. Nelson, too, *formed a class by himself*. Emulation has never approached him. He swept the enemy's last ship from the sea ; and, like his two mighty compatriots, having done his work of glory, he died !

Within scarcely more than two years from the deaths of Pitt and Nelson, another high intervention was to come. The Spanish war let in light upon the world. England, the conqueror of the seas, was now called to be the leader of the armies of Europe. A soldier now arose, born for this illustrious task. He,

too, has *formed a class by himself*. Long without an equal in the field, his last victory left him without a competitor. Yet while WELLINGTON survives, personal praise must be left to the gratitude of his country and to the imperishable homage of the future.

But the praise of the country needs wait for no epitaph. In our age, the fate of arms has been tried on a scale so far transcending the old warfare of the world ; the character of hostilities has been so much more decisive, vigorous, and overwhelming ; the chances of the field have so directly involved the life and death of nations ; that all the past grows pale to the present. If the martial renown of a great people is to be measured by the difficulties overcome, by the magnitude of the success, or the mighty name of the vanquished ; it is no dishonour to the noblest prowess of England in the days of our ancestry, to give the palm to that generous national valour, and exhaustless public fire, that heroic sympathy with mankind, and lofty devotion to truth, liberty, and religion, which have illustrated her in our own. It can be no faithlessness to the glorious dead, to place in the highest rank of living fame, that soldiership, which stopped a torrent of conquest swelled with the wreck of Europe ; redeemed kingdoms ; overthrew, from battlement to foundation, the most powerful military dominion since the days of Rome ; and in one consummate victory, hand to hand, tore the sword from the grasp, and the diadem from the brow, of NAPOLEON !

IV.

THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

WRITTEN IN 1830.

FRANCE now attracts the universal eye, and as a great portion of her conduct must be determined by the character of her chief, the history of Louis Philippe has a peculiar interest at the present time.

Of all the countries of Europe, France has seldomest seen the succession to her throne disturbed by war, conspiracy, or the influence of foreign powers. Yet, since the tenth century she has been governed by seven dynasties: the Capet, the Valois, the Orleans Valois, the Angouleme, the Bourbon, the Napoleon, and the Orleans; on an average, one every century.

The death of Louis le Faineant, a profligate youth, left Hugh Capet, who had been appointed his guardian, master of the crown, in 987. Charles, duke of Lorraine, the late king's uncle, disputed his right; but Capet's descent from Charlemagne, and his own intelligence, moderation, and virtue, secured the affections of the people. His dynasty governed France down to the fourteenth century, when, in 1328,

Charles the Fourth, named the Handsome, died, leaving no male issue.

The Valois branch of the Capets now succeeded; a memorable event in French history, as the origin of those dreadful wars with England, which devastated France for almost a hundred and fifty years. The right to the crown was claimed by Edward the Third, in virtue of his descent by the female line. But the French pleaded the Salique law against him, and the nobles chose Philip, the son of Charles de Valois, brother of Philip the Fair, and uncle of Charles the Handsome. In Charles the Eighth the line failed, in 1498.

The Orleans branch ascended the throne, in the person of Louis, Duke of Orleans, cousin of Louis the Eleventh. He married a sister of the English Henry the Eighth. In speaking of those various branches as dynasties, of course we have not taken the word in its general sense, of a long succession in each, but merely as the change of a direct lineage.

The Angoulême branch succeeded in 1515. Francis duke of Angoulême, the famous Francis the First, the rival of Charles the Fifth of Germany, ascending the throne, by the death of Louis the Twelfth, without issue. The death of Henry the Third, formerly duke of Anjou, and king of Poland, the brother of Charles the Ninth, (the atrocious author of the massacre of St. Bartholomew,) left the crown to the Bourbon branch.

In 1589, Henry of Bourbon, king of Navarre, (the famous Henry the Fourth,) was called to the throne. He was allied to the Capets, as ninth in descent from St. Louis, and was at once a Valois by blood, and a Bourbon by parentage. The death of the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth on the scaffold, in 1793, left France without a monarch, as she had left herself without a throne.

In 1804, Napoleon, the First Consul, was made Emperor, and retained his sovereignty till 1814, when he abdicated for the first time ; but, returning, was finally expelled in 1815. The Bourbons then returned. The fatal ordonnances of the 27th of July, 1830, overthrew them, and the Orleans branch was again summoned to the throne, (August 7th,) by the general acclamation of the people, and the sanction of the Chamber of Deputies.

The history of the late duke of Orleans, the father of the king, is one of solemn warning to the restlessness and folly of men of rank. It is given with reluctance, and given with a full sense of the respect due to the virtues of that son who has done so much to redeem the name of his line. The duke had fortune, high station, and extensive popularity ; he had even personal acquirements and no trivial ability. But he had a frenzied ambition ; a giddy, reckless, and cruel desire of being the first, where nature, fidelity, and honour would have kept him the second. Yet it is remarkable that he lost his

grand prize, the throne, by *deficiency of vice*! He was not prepared to exhibit the due proportion of ferocity. He had not made up his mind to drink blood, and roar blasphemies, with the true men of the revolution. The Marats outran him in frenzy, the Dantons in blasphemy, and the Robespierres in massacre. Thus left behind in the popular race of the "glorious days" of philosophy and the scaffold, the unfortunate duke stood a solitary and forlorn figure, for the scoff of the Republic—soon to be its victim.

The private scandals of French life must find another detail than ours. But they had reached a dreadful extent in the time of the old court of France. The queen's artless manners had given rise to suspicions of more than levity, and in the infinite idleness of Versailles, and the infinite malice of Paris, she had been traduced without mercy. There is not the slightest evidence, that she was deserving of the slightest of those rumours. Her ease of manner arose from an unstained heart, her familiarity was innocence, and her open ridicule of the repulsive formality of court etiquette, the natural result of security of mind. But it is hazardous to stand in opposition to the customs of a whole country. The profligate countesses, to whom life had but one profligate purpose, exclaimed in all their coteries against the 'indecorums' of the queen. The profligate nobles conceived that even the highest rank of female life was no more guarded by virtue, than that of the

brood of painted and gambling women of their own circle. The profligate populace, always rejoicing at the opportunity of lowering their superiors to the level of their own vices, rejoiced at the probability of being able to stigmatize a queen, who had the additional unpopularity of being an Austrian, the director of her weak husband, and the true and known pillar of royalty in the councils of France.

From the year 1787, the Duke of Orleans had placed himself in the foremost position, as leader of the popular party. The quarrels of the parliament of Paris with the court, had compelled the king to do something more than eat, dream, and talk to his confessor. In the famous sitting of November, 1787, Orleans demanded, 'whether the meeting was for deliberating on the state of the country, or merely for registering the royal will?' The question was bold; the whole assembly of courtiers had never heard such a sound before; the poor king was all astonishment; and the duke received a ministerial order to leave Paris, and go to Villers Coterets.

But what duke of the old regime, or what Frenchman, of any, could bear exile from Paris? Orleans solicited his recal, and even solicited the queen to obtain that recal.

The plot now began to thicken. The crown was visibly slipping off the head of the unfortunate Louis. The Jacobins (at first) were ready to put it on the head of the duke. But his distinctions were

to be of another kind. He was sent by the king into exile, on pretence of a mission to England. On his return, he found that the Jacobins had made up their minds—‘ There was to be no king in France.’ The duke was expelled from Versailles.

The infamous 6th of October, 1792, came ; and the king, queen, and the royal children, were dragged to Paris by a mob, who paraded the heads of the *gardes du corps* on pikes before the royal carriage. Lafayette was commander of the national guard of forty thousand men. At the head of this force, he ought to have stopped the mob of Paris from going to Versailles to insult the constitutional king. But this band of blood, drunkenness, and robbery, got the start of him by six hours. He then followed them, to rescue the king, and fortunately found that nothing had yet been done. The national guard were quartered at night round the palace. Lafayette had an audience of the king, and solemnly assured him that he might retire to rest with the utmost security ; he would answer for it, and would guarantee the royal family against any attack by the mob. On this assurance the king ordered the exterior posts of the palace to be given up to the national guard, and went to sleep. Next morning the mob burst their way into the royal chambers, plundered the palace, stabbed the *gardes du corps*, and took the unfortunate monarch prisoner, to carry him as a felon to Paris. Then Lafayette put himself at the head of the na-

tional guard again, and again followed the mob. All this might have been mere negligence or mere folly, but it was singularly disastrous in the end.

Titles were next extinguished ; and the proud name of Orleans was sunk in the popular one of *Egalité*. " Citizen Equality " was now a plebeian like the rest, the fellow of the citizen tinker and the citizen cobbler. His rabble compeers soon gave him a lesson in the rights of man. His estates followed his titles. Some of his family fled, and were glad to fly. His eldest son, then a boy, entered the revolutionary army. His own life was in perpetual hazard. On the 21st of January, 1793, Louis the Sixteenth was murdered on the scaffold. The duke was utterly undone from that hour. No man's career ever gave a more striking example of the miseries of ambition. The people hated him, as a remnant of that aristocracy on which they rejoiced to trample. The Jacobins, that troop of assassins which seemed congregated for the scourge of France, and the abhorrence of human nature, received him in triumph, kept him as a tool, and then cast him off as a victim. Robespierre, who mastered all his rivals simply by supremacy in bloodshed, at once marked him for the scaffold.

The malice of this master-fiend turned even his sacrifices and services against this unhappy nobleman—' He has two sons in our army in Belgium ; his influence is therefore dangerous. He has friends among our generals—he must be watched. He has

called himself *Egalité*—he cannot be sincere, he must wish to be a duke again; his hypocrisy must be punished. He has revolted to the people—it must have been with the idea of ascending a new throne. The republic allows of no throne. He must be extinguished.’ The reasoning was irresistible, and the proud Philip of Orleans was cast into the dungeons of Marseilles. Trial rapidly followed; he was declared guilty; and death overtook him at the hands of a tribunal of assassins. He died firmly, as became a man of high name, and still retaining the single virtue that saves the criminal from utter contempt. The populace, for whose plaudits he had sacrificed all things, rewarded him by scoffs and hisses on his way to the scaffold. ‘They will applaud me yet,’ said he, with a sudden sense of the giddiness of popular opinion. Yet he was mistaken. No man has since applauded him. No hand has planted the laurel, nor even the cypress, on his grave.

Louis-Philippe, the present king of the French, was born on the 6th of October 1773, in the Palais Royal, eldest son of the late duke, and of Louisa Maria Adelaide, daughter of the Duc de Bourbon Penthièvre, admiral of France. In infancy his title was Duc de Valois, but in 1782 he assumed that of Duc de Chartres, on the death of his grandfather, the Duke of Orleans, from whom he had been called; his father’s name being Louis Philippe Joseph. He had two brothers, the Duc de Montpensier, and the

Comte de Beaujolais, who both died of consumption about twenty years ago, and one sister, Adelaide Eugene Louisa, Princess of Orleans, born in 1777.

The education of the Orleans family was for many years in the hands of Madame de Genlis, well known for her novels, her tracts on education, her scribbling at the age of eighty, and her figuring in the coteries of Paris. Her system of education was founded on the fanciful absurdities of Rousseau ; and the young duke was to be the new *Emilius*. A large part of this was foolish ; yet some was practical, and all was better than the wretched system of flattery, indolence and vice, in which the children of the French nobles were generally brought up. De Genlis removed the Orleans children from the pestilent habits of Paris to the country, and there gave them the exercise, and in a considerable degree, the habits and pursuits of the peasantry. The boys were taught to live on simple food, to run, swim, even to climb trees, and walk on poles, for the purpose of accustoming them to help themselves in any case of personal hazard. The results were, health, handsome proportions, and activity ; but the countess taught them more, for in her ideas of life she mingled, like all fools of both sexes, the glories of political bustle ; and she took the children to see the ruins of the Bastile. Doubtless every man of common sense on earth must have rejoiced at the fall of an infernal prison, in which the caprice of a minister, or the mistress of a minister, or

of a clerk in office, or the mistress of a clerk in office, might shut up the most innocent man for life. The Bastile could not exist in any country, without degrading the very nature of man, and making every individual, writer or not writer, tremble at every syllable he uttered. Still, it was a piece of indecorum and insolence in the governess of infants to lead them to a spectacle, which to their minds could recal only riot and butchery, and which was at that moment a direct triumph over the unfortunate king and relative of their father. But philosophy in rash hands is the worst of follies, and at that hour all France was *philosophe*.

But one display took place the year before, which was exempt from those charges. Some of the French convents were little more than schools for the young, or asylums for the old; but in others, horrible cruelties had been practised; sometimes on monks and nuns, naturally weary of their condition, or disgusted with the power of their superiors; sometimes on state prisoners, unfortunate beings who had, for something or for nothing, excited the suspicion of some tyrant governor of their province. The convent-prisons answered the double purpose of saving the government the trouble of keeping those wretched people in charge, and of securing them, till a miserable death ended their sufferings; for no prison was so secure or so secret, as the vault of a convent. St. Michael, in Normandy, was among those sullen

safeguards ; and there was in one of its caverns, a place of peculiar confinement for the unfortunates, whose crimes were obnoxious to the tastes of royalty. Public writers were especially criminal, and one of the tenants of this dungeon had been the publisher of a Dutch gazette ; who, owing no allegiance to Louis XIV., and probably feeling no more admiration than the royal libertine's own subjects felt for him, had excited his displeasure by his paper. The publisher was seized on, hurried off to the St. Michael, and in the iron cage of this horrible dungeon he lay for fifteen years ! Well may Englishmen bless the boldness that rescued them from tender mercies like this ! Well may they look with jealousy and indignation on all attempts to bring them to this barbarous condition, and well may they deserve it if they suffer the slightest inroad on the press, which is, after all, the only sure guardian of their liberty,—surer and safer than all the formal guards of laws, which may be abrogated in an hour ; of legislatures, which may be corrupted ; or of cabinets, which may dread the light, for the old reason, of the darkness of their deeds ! The French ministers naturally knew the friend of freedom and the foe of tyranny, and they fastened all the fangs and claws of power upon the press. Nations have the example—let them be wise by the warning.

In the first efforts of the French revolution, the public mind was naturally turned on what had been

especial horror for so many centuries ; and the secrets of those dreadful places were dragged to light. Hammer and hedge-stake in hand, the Norman peasantry insisted on relieving the monks of St. Michael of the honour of being prison-keepers to the king ; and the dungeon was burst open for public inspection. Louis XVI. was a mild-tempered creature, and the new fashion at court was astonishment at the thickness of prison-walls, the damp of dungeons, and the rusty solidity of bolts and bars. The prisons now became a sort of public curiosity ; and among the rest, St. Michael was visited by the Count D'Artois, who was electrified at the sight of the iron cage ! gave a general command for its demolition, rode off, and left it as he found it. But it seems as if fate had determined, that the Duke of Orleans should always finish what Charles X. had left undone. The young *élève* of Madame de Genlis not merely commanded its destruction, but stood by till it was completed. The narrative of this transaction, which was the parent of the fall of the Bastile, is still interesting.

‘The prior, followed by the monks, two carpenters, and the greater part of the prisoners, who, at our request, were allowed to be present, accompanied us to the spot containing this horrible cage. In order to reach it, we were obliged to traverse caverns so dark, that we had to use lighted flambeaux ; and after having descended many steps, we reached the cavern where stood this abominable cage, which was

extremely small, and placed on *ground so damp, that we could see the water running under it !*

“ I entered with a sentiment of horror and indignation, mingled with the pleasant feeling, that, at at least, thanks to my pupils, no unfortunate person would in future have to reflect with bitterness within its walls on his own calamities, and the cruelty of men. The young duke, with the most touching expression, and with a force beyond his years, gave the first blow with his axe to the cage (which was of wood, strongly bound with iron.) After which the carpenters cut down the door, and removed some of the wood. I never witnessed any thing so interesting as the transports, the acclamations, and the applauses of the prisoners during the demolition. The old Swiss porter alone shewed signs of grief, which the prior explained, by saying, he regretted the cage, because he made money by shewing it to strangers. The duke immediately gave him ten louis ; saying, that, for the future, instead of shewing the cage to travellers, he should have to point out the place where it stood, and that surely would be more agreeable to them.’” So says Madame de Genlis, and the anecdote does credit to the feelings and the understanding of her clever pupil.

There are other traits of good feeling told of him at subsequent periods. When the decree of the National Assembly put an end to the privileges of eldership, the little Duc de Chartres turned round to

his brother Montpensier, and declared "his delight that there would be no longer any distinction between them." Yet this was French, and, perhaps argued rather too keen a sense of his previous superiority. But the next anecdote is of the country of every honest and high-minded man. At the age of seventeen he was sent for to Paris by his father, and an establishment was given to him. His time of life was a tempting one, and Paris was a tempting place, for such a time. But the boy felt that he had still something to learn, and he made regular visits, as a pupil, to the family school in the country. He, yet more to his honour, made the resolution of laying by his pocket-money till he was of age, and appropriating it to charitable and public purposes.

The Duc de Chartres was now to mingle in the stirring life of the world. The Jacobins were the chief partizans of his father, and by that father's command he became a member of the Jacobin Club. But he was happily called from the contact of those blasphemers and murderers, to scenes where his virtues would not be so hazardous to himself. In 1790 he was sent to join his regiment, quartered in Vendôme. He found the populace slaying the priests, and his first exploit was to save one of those unfortunate men; his next was to jump into the river to rescue a custom-house officer from drowning. His activity could not have exercised itself on two more obnoxious classes. For the priest he got nothing,

but the city of Vendome gave him a civic crown for the exciseman!

In 1792, France offered the most irresistible warning ever given to the world, of the evil spirit of a nation trained by religious ignorance, and its perpetual associate, Despotism! It was in a blaze. Its only creed an abolition of all belief in a soul, in the principles of truth, honour, or morality, or in a God; its only law the will of a populace of cut-throats; and its only freedom the liberty to murder everybody:—the delight of the legislature and the populace alike being the general clearance of the prisons, the streets, and the houses, by the pike, the grape-shot, and the guillotine; France declaring herself at war with all the world, until all the world was compelled to make war on France; every day marked by a massacre in Paris, or in the provinces; a battle on the frontier, or a new burst of horrible retaliatory rage in Vendée; The whole aspect of that immense country one cloud of conflagration and slaughter; France mangled in every limb,—a whole nation bleeding at every pore.

The Duc de Chartres served his first campaign, under Biron in 1792, in the army of the north, where he was in several general actions, and commanded a brigade of cavalry. Under Luckner and Dumouriez he fought against the Prussian invasion, and on the famous 6th of November, 1792, the day of Gemappe, he is said to have decided the battle. The French had found the Austrian army strongly

intrenched on the heights of Gemappe. But Dumouriez, as he afterwards declared, had no alternative but to attack them, for he had no bread ; and he gave one of his columns to the Duc de Chartres, who rushed upon the lines. The Austrians repulsed the first charge, and drove back the column which had led the centre attack. Dumouriez thought that all was lost, and was galloping across the field in utter perplexity, when he met an aide-de-camp sent to give him news of victory. The Duc de Chartres had rallied his young troops, put himself at the head of a regiment, and moving forward, burst into the Austrian lines. All was now confusion, the charge decided the battle, and the battle decided the fate of the Austrian dominion in Flanders. The enemy lost upwards of six thousand in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and Dumouriez instantly overran the whole of Belgium.

But Dumouriez, that original and extraordinary soldier, who first taught the French Republicans how to fight, and whose genius was the only one that might have anticipated the splendour of Napoleon's triumphs, was himself soon forced to acknowledge the uncertainty of military fortune. In February 1793, at the battle of Nerwinde, he was utterly defeated. With the Republic, misfortune was always a crime, and the general was summoned to Paris to give an account of himself. This was notoriously but a summons to have his head cut off. He knew the

Republic, and he contrived to elude the command. He next revolved the idea of overthrowing his masters in their turn ; he was even said to have conceived the idea of placing the Duc de Chartres on the throne. But he found that his army would not follow him. Commissioners from Paris suddenly arrived to seize the refractory general. By a last instance of dexterity, he turned the tables on the commissioners, cleverly seized them, sent them as an introduction for himself to the Austrian camp, and galloped after them, with the young duke at his side. The seizure of those commissioners was of service to others than himself, for they were afterwards exchanged for the Dauphiness, the present Duchess of Angouleme, then in prison in Paris.

The Duke had fled ; on the certain knowledge that an order for his arrest had been issued in Paris. But though a fugitive by necessity, he unhesitatingly refused to serve against France. The Prince of Coburg, the Austrian general, offered him the command of a division as lieutenant-general. This he declined ; and, proscribed by his country, separated from all his usual means of income, and with nothing but his education, his activity, and his honesty, he went forth, to make his way through the world.

Such are the vicissitudes from which at times no rank is exempted. But the Duke felt more than the ordinary aggravations of a fall from the most splendid fortune. He was in terror for every mem-

ber of his family. His father and his two brothers were in the dungeons of the committee of public safety; dungeons from which there was scarcely an instance of liberation, and from which his father was taken but to die. His mother and sister had fled from France, and he had no intelligence of them, except that they were separated. He was personally obnoxious to the emigrants, from his republican services; and the republicans would have seen him, only to send him to the guillotine. In this emergency he made his escape into Switzerland. It seems unfortunate that he did not come to England, where he would have been secure, and highly received. But probably he might have been reluctant to meet the multitude of emigrants here; and, probably too, his proud spirit would have been unwilling, either to appear as a pensioner on the country, or to take the humble means which he must have found necessary for independence.

In Switzerland he had the satisfaction of finding his sister, whom he placed in the convent of Bremgarten. But, as soon as his presence was known, he was persecuted, and obliged to fly to the Alps from the pursuit of Robespierre. During four months which he passed in this wild country, he and his valet lived on thirty sous (1*s.* 3*d.*) a day. At length, even this failed; he was obliged to dismiss his valet, and assuming the name of M. Corby, he offered himself as teacher of mathematics at the college of the

Grisons at Coire. There he subsisted for eight months. The death of Robespierre, in 1794, made this retirement unnecessary. He then received some money from France, and hired a cottage in a Swiss village. He next set out on a tour through the north, and roved as far as Lapland !

In an account by Tweddell, the traveller, of his visit to the Duke, in Switzerland, he says :—

‘ The Duke is at present determined to proceed to North America, to enjoy that liberty for which he has suffered so much. There, in the midst of forests, he will complete an education so auspiciously commenced by adversity. I doubt not that he will still display that unaffected magnanimity which has hitherto rendered him superior to good and to bad fortune. The same greatness of soul has marked him throughout. A prince, at sixteen, without the least touch of pride ; at seventeen, a general rallying his division three times under the fire of Gemappe ; a professor of Geometry at twenty, as competent as if he had devoted to it long years of study ; and in each condition, as if he had been born to fulfil its duties. To conclude, I cannot give you a better idea of the union of strength and moderation in his character, than by a copy of a letter which he wrote a few days ago to an American, who had offered him some waste lands to clear. “ I am heartily disposed to labour for the acquisition of an independence. Misfortune has smitten, but, *thank God, it has not prostrated me.*

More than happy in my misfortunes, that youth prevented the formation of habits difficult to break through, and *that prosperity was snatched from me before I could either use or abuse it.*'

A new reason was soon added to this manly propensity to struggle for himself in the world. The Directory of France, fearing the return of so popular a branch of the royal family, had offered to liberate his brothers on condition of his going to America. He instantly embraced the proposal. The compact was kept by the Directory, and the duke and his two brothers, to whom he was strongly attached, met in Philadelphia, in 1797. After a long tour through the lakes and forests, he passed down the Mississippi, and remained at the Havannah a year and a half, waiting the king of Spain's permission, to return and see his mother. But the permission never came. He then visited the Duke of Kent at Halifax, and by his advice sailed for England. Again he sailed for Spain, but was not suffered to land. He returned to England, and was introduced by the Count D'Artois to Louis XVIII. He then took a house at Twickenham; where he lost his brother, the Duc de Montpensier, by a consumption. His brother, Beaujolais, was seized with the same disease, and the duke took him to Malta for change of climate; but, there he, too, unfortunately died.

The history of this distinguished man almost exceeds the wanderings of romance. In 1809 he

went to Sicily, on a visit to the court. Leopold, the king's second son, had entertained the idea of being chosen head of the Spanish nation, in the absence of their king ; and he sailed with the duke for Gibraltar ; but the governor, justly conceiving that a Sicilian prince was not the proper head for a free insurrection, refused to suffer the royal adventurer to land. The design perished on the spot.

On his return to England he found his sister there, and they sailed together to meet their mother, who had escaped from Spain, and the French army, to Port Mahon. With them he returned to Sicily, where he married a daughter of the king, Ferdinand IV. in 1809. He now remained four years in Sicily, in the midst of hazard and insurrection. In 1810, the Spaniards offered him a military command in Catalonia ; but when he arrived there, he found that no command was provided ; the English general probably thinking that the duke's presence might be some impediment to more national objects. He was even refused admission at Cadiz, and again returned to Sicily.

On the Bourbon restoration he came to Paris, and was made colonel-general of hussars. On Napoleon's landing, in March 1815, the Duke went to Lyons, to act with the Count d'Artois ; but the troops revolted, and he returned to Paris. He was then sent to command in the north, but there too the troops revolted—he instantly made his decision, gave up the command to Mortier, and honourably followed

the king on his way into Belgium. In 1816 he returned with his family from England, and resided in Paris, in a state of cool distance with the court, but usefully employing his vast and accumulating revenue, and wisely and gracefully patronizing public works and literature.

The story of the celebrated days of July is not now to be detailed. On the 29th the tri-coloured flag was replaced on the Tuilleries—on the 31st the king abdicated, and on the 17th of August he arrived in England. On the 7th of August the Duke of Orleans had been declared monarch, by the Chamber of Deputies, by the style of ‘Louis Philippe the First, king of the French.’ To this splendid elevation has reached one of the most perilous, diversified, and manly courses of life that history records. Every man who loves personal honour, filial duty, and patriotic wisdom, will be in favour of this elevation; and all will indulge the hope that this amiable and able individual has come to the close of his vicissitudes, and that no cloud may darken the brightness of his proud and fortunate day.

V.

ENGLAND AND EUROPE IN 1829.

Written in 1829.

ENGLAND, by a course of valour exerted in a righteous cause, by counsels manly and wise, by a national spirit unequalled for the love of freedom, for energy, and for generosity, and lastly and chiefly, by the possession of the purest form of the purest religion, stands at this hour in the foremost place of the civilized world.

Where is her rival now to be found ? Russia, the only power whose influence might have seemed to menace her supremacy, has been taught in a single campaign, the feebleness of an empire whose strength is founded upon the brute force of armies. That she has been taught this lesson, no lover of the peace of Europe, or the true interests of mankind, can regret. Wherever grasping and insolent ambition receives its chastisement, a great good is done to the cause of justice ; and wherever the true weakness and fragility of despotism can be contrasted with the intrinsic and inexhaustible vigour of a government of freedom, there human rights have made a progress, and the

victory is gained for human nature. Whether the next Russian campaign will be more successful than that which has now closed in such signal disgrace to the ostentatious and unjustifiable spirit of aggression, which urged the emperor into the Turkish war; or whether the first campaign shall be the last, is of no importance to the main question. The Russians have been defeated, and that too under the most humiliating circumstances,—not at the close of a long struggle, where their troops' discipline and spirit might be supposed to be equally broken down; but with the most completely equipped army that the empire ever sent into the field; with all the advantages of discipline in the troops, and experience in the generals; even with a national and superstitious enthusiasm, to stimulate them to efforts beyond the exploits of soldiership, and with the whole temptation of the opulence of European and Asiatic Turkey to reward their easy march over the bodies of the enemy.

In this struggle too they had not to contend with the organized and iron power of the great European kingdoms; Austrian discipline, French activity, and British courage, were not to turn the bayonets of the grenadier-army of "all the Russias." Nicholas was to march against a rabble, almost entirely new to the field, ill-equipped, ill-officered, and stubbornly adverse to all adoption of the improvements of modern war. The personal bravery of the Turk was ac-

known, but superior tactics make personal bravery in the enemy rather a snare, than an element of success. Victory was secure !

Yet three months of a campaign against half naked barbarians and mouldering walls, were enough to extinguish the pride of Russian ambition. The veterans of the north fled before the peasantry of Asia ; discipline gave way before brave disorder ; and fifty thousand Russian corpses, three armies utterly dismantled, enormous financial losses, and the tarnished military name, that Russia had expended her blood for a century to purchase, are the monuments of her Turkish war.

Russia is still a great empire, with great means of good or evil. But the secret of her weak place has been betrayed by herself. To invasion she may be inexpugnable. She may present a barrier of adamant in the severity of her climate, the barren immensity of her dominions, and the sullen resistance of her people ; but beyond her borders she is feeble ; like her own north wind, her force is in her native region : it decays in its descent into Europe, and finally softens and sinks away. As a menacer of England, we need have no substantial fear of Russia. We may hear again of armed neutralities ; of North-Sea Coalitions ; or of the March to India ; those showy charlatanries with which the adroitness of Catherine and Alexander contrived at once to occupy the eyes of European statesmen, and conceal

the actual weakness of their empire? We have a chain upon the neck of Russia, which we shall leave in the hands of the Turk; and which, at the first growlings from the northern den, we shall teach him how to tighten. But peace with all, and peace among all, is the golden rule of England. Every shot fired in Europe, is a shot virtually fired against her; and as injury to her would be injury to every corner of the earth where man is above the beast of the field: so is her supremacy the noblest promise and pledge of strength, knowledge, and happiness, to the circle of the globe.

This knowledge of the feebleness of Russia beyond her own frontier, may be followed by lessons still more important. It ought to furnish a great warning of the actual weakness of the despotic form of government. The leading cabinets may be made awake to the living evidence, that the rigid authority, to which they sacrifice the incalculable benefits of national freedom, is not worth the price; that while it is directly injurious to the mighty nerve to be found in commerce, knowledge, manly enterprise, and that general magnitude and force of the human mind, which can grow up only where man is master of himself; the external power of the nation is not the more exempt from the severest casualties: that this hard and close bondage of a nation, this forcing the national frame into perpetual armour, is no preservative against defeat; and that

the wisest plan would be to hang up this memorial of the times of feudality and barbarism among the reliques of years in the grave, beat the sword into the ploughshare, and leave man to follow the open and generous impulses of genius and nature.

All the other leading European states are now either in close alliance with us, or too keenly busied with their own difficulties, to dare the chance of English war. France may have learned by the wisdom of suffering, the infinite importance of peace with a country to which all her coasts are open, yet which is totally inaccessible to her arms; whose fleets can, at a word, sweep her commerce from the ocean, shut up her ports, and cut off her intercourse with her colonies; and which, when the struggle comes at last on the land, can show that the British soldier is made of the same materials as the British sailor.

Spain and Portugal are too eagerly employed in dissensions at home to think of hostilities. The monks are the masters of both: the monks may hate the freedom, the religion, and the knowledge of England; and desperately might they show their hate, if they dared. But their daggers are for other breasts; the spirit of jacobinism keeps the spirit of monkery in alarms too anxious for foreign mischief. One fiend has been called up, to controul the malice of another. They are fit antagonists, and will rend each other with fang and talon, until their work is done,

and the Peninsula is sunk into the final degradation of a wilderness scattered over with a few superstitious slaves ; or startles the world by the brief and bloody supremacy of a jacobin empire.

Austria lies in that massive tranquillity which has characterized the reign of the house of Hapsburg. But of all the continental states, she is the most essentially bound to the alliance of England ; by her position in the midst of the great military powers ; by the absence of any source of rival ambition ; and by the habits of old connexion, and combined struggle against Napoleon. She has all the strength of passive power ; her military position is impregnable, unless betrayed by negligence or imbecility ; her troops are brave, and she can recruit her armies from an immense extent of territory filled with a hardy population.

There has not been a moment since the close of the revolutionary war, when the politician would be entitled to calculate more securely upon the general peace of Europe. Even the late disturbances of the military states have only assisted this probability. If the interval since the fall of Napoleon has been long enough for a generation to start into public life, who knew nothing of the miseries of war ; and if, in every continental nation, there is a rapidly rising tendency to recommence the scene, whereon their fathers had suffered so deeply ; yet, as if for the express purpose of checking this

hazardous tendency, there is scarcely an European nation which has not, within a short period, had a trial of war, not sufficient to draw their blood fatally, yet more than enough to teach them the misery that can be inflicted by the sword.

Yet we cannot forget the precarious nature of all that depends upon human will. The principle of aggrandizement is like the principle of Evil; it never sleeps, it never pauses, it is perpetually on the wing, seeking on what throne it may stoop, and fill the bosom of the sinner there with temptation. Covetousness has been pronounced, on the highest authority, to be the idolatry of man. Aggrandizement is the idolatry of thrones. Europe has seen, in the rise and fall of the French empire, with what fearful ceremonial the Moloch may be worshipped, even in an age which calls itself enlightened; what multitudes must pass through the flame; what blood of the princely and the brave, and even of the helpless and the young, must be poured out on that terrible altar. Yet the moral of the consummation may be forgotten. The blasting of the chief worshipper by the flame which he himself had kindled, the tremendous demand of blood for blood uttered against France, may no sooner have passed away from the general eye and ear; than some frenzied populace or furious chieftain will rush to rebuild the altar, and fill it with new and even more consuming fires.

Still there is that additional security against Euro-

pean war, which is to be found in interior disturbance. Insurrection is in the bowels of every kingdom of Europe. The most formidable enemies of the Spanish and Portuguese thrones are notoriously active within their own realms; sometimes defying them in the field, but perpetually menacing the royal authority. In France, the spirit of disturbance lives, in the twofold shape of the Jacobin and the Jesuit; and the slightest relaxation of royal vigilance might let loose civil war through the land. In Belgium, one half of the population is suspicious of the other, and the whole power of government is employed in restraining the mutual violences of superstition and fanaticism. In Prussia, the whole military strength of the crown is not too strong for the revolutionary opinions. Even in the heavy quietude of the Austrian monarchy, jacobinism, and the repugnance of newly-conquered countries to a master of a strange speech and soil, are felt to be demands on all the suspicion of the cabinet; the revolutionary impulses of the north of Germany have made their way even into the lazy provinces of the Danube; the Hungarian nobility, too, molest Austria with their old demands of privilege; and the keeping of the Italian conquests is a perpetual business of the prison and the sabre. The Greek revolt plagues the Ottoman with the common trouble of European thrones. Polish disaffection, and even conspiracy to an enormous extent in the Russian army, exercise the fears

of the Emperor, and teach him, if he is to be taught by experience, the necessity of applying his vigour to the correction of evils at home. Whether those extraordinary tendencies to popular disturbance are to be looked on as the 'ground swell,' the last heavings of that tempest which wrecked so many European thrones ; or as that ominous and instinctive rising of the great deep of society, which portends the final and tenfold storm ; its present operation must be, to retard the hostilities of the monarchs of Europe, to assist the efforts of England for general peace, and to give her time to perfect those noble plans of national and European amelioration, for which she seems to have been raised by the especial hand of heaven.

We have seen the singular concurrence of what the world calls accident, in giving England a paramount influence abroad. We shall call it by a loftier and more cheering name ; and exult in the proof, that to nations strenuous in well-doing, is extended the same protection which has been promised to the virtuous among men. By this high protection, England, one of the smallest territories in Europe, has been raised into an eminence never equalled by the greatest ; has been made the sovereign of realms, to which the mightiest of the European kingdoms would be but a province ; has become the mother of colonies which already assume the magnitude of empires ; has planted her arts, her laws, her literature,

and her religion, in the uttermost parts of the earth ; and at this hour, even in the midst of the strifes and jealousies of Europe, is appealed to as the great arbiter, by whose will contending nations are to abide ; the great Ally, whose friendship is to be safety, as her hostility is to be subversion ; the irresistible strength which is to overwhelm the insolence of the triumphant, and the magnanimous protection which is to give recovery to the undone.

But to look to the course of our domestic policy ; we are persuaded that there too evil has been palpably controlled into good, and that a proud and rapid progress of amelioration has been preparing, in the midst of what seemed to be but a choice of calamities.

Scarcely more than two years ago, the nation was in the hands of Lord Liverpool, a minister whose policy was—to govern on any terms that might avoid a collision of parties. Lord Liverpool's intentions were sincere, but his habits of life had made the retention of office a part of his being ; and for that retention, he unconsciously sacrificed the spirit of the constitution. The system of governing by a divided cabinet was his favourite and fatal secret ; and the confidence reposed in his moderation might have made us regardless of the evils of his policy, until the bulwarks of the national faith and freedom had been irremediably broken away. A cabinet in which no one leading measure could have been resolved on, without parings-down of principle on both sides of

the council-table ; would have been at last trained to the discovery, that all principles were the legitimate subject of barter.

Canning's rise to the premiership suddenly and irresistibly showed the perniciousness of this folly. The new minister had found the cabinet following its separate styles of thinking on the Popish question ; he resolved that they should try how far separate styles of thinking could be adopted on all the maxims of the constitution, and with a stroke of the pen he made one half of the cabinet Whig ! The nation cried out against the man, and the measure ; and idly lamented the blindfold integrity of Lord Liverpool. But his wily successor was playing the involuntary patriot. He showed the true tendency of the system ; by a cabinet in which, not merely no act could pass without mutual concession, but no act whatever could pass ! Those fellow-advisers for their country's good, had but one principle in common, that of keeping their situations in defiance of public disdain. All the great questions were amicably flung under the table ; all the mouths of council were padlocked by mutual consent ; the whole dexterity of this amphibious cabinet was exhausted on accordant contrivances for doing nothing. The Romish Question, the Test Act, the Corn Question, the Parliamentary Reform, the Finance Question, all were alike buried in the equivocal bosoms of this heteroclitic ministry. It was the deprecated power of George Canning that

did the state this service. It was he who shewed, to demonstration, that a divided cabinet must degenerate into a public nuisance. But his experiment was suddenly checked; the involuntary patriot passed into the tomb; and it was left for others to mature public men into that ripeness of conciliation, which disclaimed the folly of standing at arm's length, when they might approximate, and pick the nation's pocket together. Peace be to his grave. His life was of use, if it gave us but one lesson,—never to trust the professions of a man struggling his way up to office; and never to decide on the panegyric, until it can be rectified by the epitaph, of a statesman.

Canning was one of those examples, not unfrequent in public life, of powers made useless by the fault of their position. Under the guidance of Pitt he was triumphant. He was a capital general of division, but a bad commander-in-chief. He had admirable qualities for parliament, brilliant promptitude, dextrous ridicule, and wit at once pungent and playful. His genius was diamond-like; wherever it turned it shone, wherever it caught the light it sparkled; but, like the diamond, its light was not its own. No stronger contrast could exist than between his powers, and the bold and various flashings of Fox, or the lofty and unwearied splendour of Pitt. But his animation, his elegance, and the occasional dignity of his conceptions in debate, made him the delight of the House. He found a subtle

and strong antagonist in Brougham. But Canning's polished shafts were unerring—it was the combat of Apollo and the Python.

An undefinable Cabinet followed,—a government of invalids past their labour, and recruits not come to their age of service ; of minds long laid up in congenial obscurity, and minds not arrived at years of discretion. Its activity consisted in a life of post-chaises between London and Windsor, to inquire whether it was in or out ; its deliberation in the peace-making of two clerks ; and its title to the national gratitude in the speedy discovery that it knew nothing about the national business, and that it was high time for it to withdraw.

The lesson of the divided cabinet had now been fully given. The Duke of Wellington assumed the premiership. Accustomed to the course of things, he left the fools to expose their own folly, and the knaves to out-wit themselves. The sudden unpopularity of the tribe justified his expectations, almost before they were pronounced. Let him not forget the lesson wrought for his strength by the weakness of his predecessors. Let him purify his cabinet, and the nation, already rejoicing, shall yet more rejoice, in the casualties that prepared the way for the supremacy of a great minister.

The Duke comes into office with memorable advantages. His entry is less the ordinary advance of a minister to power, than of a national chief, forced

forward by the national exultation. His march is *triumphal*, and his chariot-wheels have been dragged along by the hands of the people.

Yet, what is the value of speculation on subjects so fluctuating as the fate of ministers? The average duration of British Cabinets, since the beginning of the reign of George the Third, has been exactly *three years and a half!* And, by a curious singularity, the boldest has always been the most suddenly defeated, the strongest the most rapidly burst asunder, and the most brilliant the most totally extinguished. Is this contradiction of the course of nature inherent in politics? Is its soil a volcanic crust, able to sustain nothing massive? Is public life but a perpetual earthquake, where the solid and the stately precipitate their own fall, and where nothing stands, but the hovel, which sways to the shock, and whose standing or falling is alike forgotten.

VI.

THE CHURCH IN IRELAND.

Written in 1830.

IF the Irish Church is to be overthrown, the Irish state must follow it. If the influence which the Protestant clergy exercise upon the civilization of the country were to be withdrawn, three-fourths of Ireland would sink into barbarism ; if the connection which their presence upholds between Irish feeling and English government were to be dissolved, the islands would be divided from that hour ; an instant rebellion would break the bond ; followed by a revolution, which would set up a tyranny ; and both followed by a war, in which Ireland would be the field of battle.

For what horrors must the mind be prepared, that can contemplate such a struggle ! What utter devastation of the present means and future powers of Ireland must be wrought, between the mad rebellion of the people and the angry vengeance of England ; how tremendously must the evil be aggravated by the interference of hostile Europe, an interference which would inevitably be urged with all the subtlety

of Jesuitism, and all the fury of ambition ! The island must be covered with ruin ; population must perish ; production must be extinguished over the face of the land ; and unless England should be crushed by the united conspiracy, Ireland must be held to her allegiance in all future time, only by the chain.

We feel no surprise that the church establishment should be insulted by that multitude of disputers, who habitually molest society. Fools will argue though they cannot reason, and dictate though they cannot learn. The haranguer is generally some unlucky and obscure struggler in the lower walks of some profession. One sees himself surpassed on all sides, and salves his wounded vanity by his ignorant slander. Another feels himself scorned in the general intercourses of intelligent society, and tries to revenge the scorn by a reptile hatred of all that dignifies public and private life. The thwarted hungerer for office takes up the miserable common-places of politics : and is the radical. The idle sciolist, in the most repulsive ignorance of divine things, takes up the miserable common-places against religion ; and is the infidel. Faction canvassing the meanest sources of gain, is outrageous at the established revenues of every institution alike in church and state ; and as nothing but the utter subversion of the country can give it a chance of plunder, it clamours for that subversion, as the only hope of safety to the land.

With men of this class, it is but waste of words, to reason. Their vulgarity and virulence are beyond all conviction; they must be left to their natural career; fortunate only if their poltroonery contents them with poisoning the minds of fools, without bringing themselves to the scaffold by the attempt to realize their principles. But, to those who desire to judge of things by their merits; the grounds for advocating an establishment of religion are as palpable as those for advocating a civil government.

Christianity is a system of the highest truths, essential to the highest purposes of man. It retains the most disturbing feelings of our nature in the path of duty:—It animates the noblest labours of personal and public virtue:—It diffuses cheerfulness through the deepest scenes of an anxious life:—While ennobling the highest human nature by giving it the noblest of all motives, the love and honour of a being who comprehends within himself all power, sanctity, and wisdom; it raises the humblest to the level of the loftiest, by that holy equality which makes no distinction beyond the grave, but the distinction of virtue. Superior to the world, yet made for man, it girds us up for the most sublime sacrifices in the cause of human nature, by displaying alike the secure happiness of a life employed in the service of God; the nothingness of those honours which may be earned by successful crime:

and the solid splendour of that praise which comes from the eternal source of glory.

But all knowledge requires a teacher, and all knowledge that is to be permanent, must be sustained by a succession of teachers. If religion is to be impressed upon the people, it must be by men appointed and educated for the purpose of impressing it. There must be a clergy.

But if the religion of a nation is to be a system of principles, not a vague compilation of fugitive theories, there must be some standard, some authentic form of doctrine; something beyond the rambling fancy of every enthusiast, who undertakes to lead the popular mind. We must not see in the pulpit of to-day a man who contradicts all that was said by the man of yesterday, and is as sure to have his doctrine contradicted by the man of to-morrow. Thus there must be a summary of belief: a liturgy, places of worship, men appointed to preserve the decorum of that worship, to sustain its offices, and to propagate its truths; or the whole falls to the ground. But, to keep up this succession, there must be some settled inducement for parents to devote their sons to the church, some remuneration for the expense of training, and some security that the remuneration will not fail, if the service be done. Thus, we must have a clergy, colleges for their instruction, livings for their support, and a permanent right in their possessions, protected by society.

If we would have our children initiated into Christianity by the rite commanded by its Divine Teacher; or if we would make the union of the sexes the sacred bond that it must be made, to avoid the most fatal evils to the human race; we must have baptisms and marriages, and ministers to perform them both. If we would offer the natural respect to the dead, whom we honoured and loved in life; or if we look upon the body, which is yet to rise and be glorified, as worthy of more consideration than the body of a wild beast; we must have ministers to perform the decent ceremonial of the grave. But, for all those offices, and for more than those, we must have a clergy.

But the outcry of the radical and the atheist is, that the clergy have usurped too large a portion of the property of the state; that their payment is injurious to public prosperity; and that the state has a right to modify, diminish, or take away the property altogether. Every one of those assertions is provable to be a prejudice, a libel, or an absurdity.

In the first place—the revenues of the establishment are *not paid by the people*. The title of the establishment to its revenues is older than that of any other property in the empire. Those revenues were not taken from any living man's estate, for they have subsisted for ages previous to the existence of those estates; and they have existed by the most natural and intelligible of all rights, the right of private ownership to dispose of its property. This right is more

sacred than the power of the nation to dispose of property, because that process implies violence, or revolution ; and what one revolution may do, another may be entitled to undo. It is more sacred than the power of kings to confer property, because that power may often be the mere work of tyranny. Thus the right of the church to its possessions is the most ancient, simple, and solid of all ;—the right of the individual who has acquired property, to dispose of it according to his own good will.

The first edifice assigned for Christianity in England was in Canterbury, the gift of Ethelbert, the king of Kent, in the sixth century. As the people were still heathens, the priests who had come with Austin, travelled through Ethelbert's kingdom, preaching Christianity. The first assemblages of the converts were in cottages. When those assemblages became too numerous for the cottages ; regular, though rude places of worship, called prayer-houses, or oratories, were appointed for the service. Still, the service was only occasional ; the preacher was an itinerant missionary ; and the population was, in a great measure, destitute of religious instruction.

But Christianity made rapid progress ; the Saxon chieftains were successively led to listen to divine truth, and they naturally desired to provide for the religious instruction of their vassals. Yet the oratories were few and mean ; the mother church, or cathedral, was distant ; and they erected churches on their own

lands, and fixed a permanent minister of religion in each church, for the perpetual maintenance of its worship; endowing him generally with a portion of land, and besides, in all instances, with that portion of the products of the estate which we now call tithes. This was the general condition of church property before the conquest.

The Norman invasion extended the royal system of granting land to the great officers and feudatories of the crown; and they, in their turn, repaid the services of their chief retainers by minor grants. A great number of those possessors, each desiring to have for his vassals and tenantry the advantages of church service, and the residence of a clergyman upon his estate; erected churches, and placed clergy upon their property. Thus gradually arose the distribution of livings and churches; the boundaries of the estate being in general the boundaries of the parish, and the services of the priest being appropriated to the particular estate, and of course paid out of the proceeds of the property settled for his maintenance by the owner. It is impossible that any right can be more natural or justifiable than that of a maintenance derived in this manner. It was not forced from the owner: it was not taken from either the property of the public, nor of any unwilling individual. The lord of the estate felt the necessity for having religious service on his land; to have that advantage he set apart a regular salary for its provision; and to continue

that advantage to his posterity, he made that provision permanent to all time.

That this was the origin of our tithes and glebes is unquestionable. In a number of instances, the documents, under the seal of the feudal lord, are extant; in some establishing the payment of the priest by his own authority; in others joining the seals of his immediate heirs, when they happened to have any peculiar power over the disposal of the lands. Selden's History of Tithes abounds with evidences of this style of distribution.

The seizure of the church property by Henry VIII. was the act of a notorious tyrant, and cannot justify any interference with property of any kind. But even that tyrannical seizure had a pretext, which can be offered no longer. In the perpetual civil wars of England, the parish clergy had been, in a great measure, driven to take refuge in the monasteries, which were then places not only of great opulence, protected by the prevalent superstition of the time, and under the powerful sanction of the papacy; but were in general places also of considerable strength. The splendour, the luxury, the learned leisure, the popular veneration, the easy and social existence, and the actual personal safety of those communities, formed an irresistible contrast with the seclusion, the narrow means, the rude association, and the personal insecurity of parochial life. The convent soon became the permanent refuge of the parish priesthood. In re-

turn, they contributed their income to the support of the convent. The tithes and glebe, in process of a few generations, thus became the property of the monastery; the service of the parish churches being almost wholly supplied by priests sent from the conventual body, *as its agents*, and thence named *vicars*; for whose support a certain smaller portion of the tithes was allotted, thence called vicarial: the great tithes, with the glebe, or actual lands attached to the priest's house, being retained by the monks. This abuse grew excessive, in the long interval between the Conquest and the Reformation. The crusades, and the prodigal and profligate lives of the great barons,—who expected, by a death-bed legacy to the monks, to atone for a life of violence,—augmented the convent-lands, until they were computed to amount to a third of the island. An abuse of this magnitude undoubtedly called for a remedy; and Henry's passion for plunder only took advantage of a national evil. But his measure had the taint of tyranny. It was sweeping, lawless, and fruitless. The rightful property essential to the religious education of the people, the funds for the poor, and the lands of hospitals, were involved in the fate of the ill-gotten gains of the convent. Yet the country was but little enriched by the change; for the church-lands were given up to the retainers of the court; and that soil, which, under the monks, had been in general carefully cultivated, and rendered productive

by the knowledge of the only Englishmen who had any valuable intercourse with foreign countries, was, in a multitude of instances, left to the decay natural in the hands of rude retainers, or giddy proprietors; indolent soldiers, or that frivolous generation to whom the court was the centre of all preferment and all pleasure.

Thus arose the “impropriate” livings in the hands of laymen; which are now actual estates.

Only a comparatively small portion of the old livings were restored to the church. Still the right to those livings was not derived from the king, nor from the legislature. It was a recurrence to the original title given by the owners; a title older than of any other species of property; acknowledged in every form by the ancient laws, and incapable of being alienated by any thing but palpable injustice. So stands at this hour the right of the Church of England.

All the arguments commonly used against church property are fallacies. Thus it has been said, that the people are *taxed* to pay for the support of the clergy. This is a fallacy. The people are no more taxed for the support of the priest, than they are for the support of the Duke of Devonshire—both priest and duke being supported by property, not taken from the people, but allotted by individuals to whom it belonged, and who might have disposed of it in any other way whatever. This answers the outcry of all the sectaries, who complain that they are taxed for a

church in which they do not believe. They might as justly complain that they are taxed for a duke in whom they do not believe. But it is said that tithes are a burden upon the landholder. This too, is a fallacy. If the landholder be a tenant, they can be no burden on him; for he takes the land the *cheaper* the more tithe it pays. If the landholder be the proprietor of the estate, neither does he pay for the clergy; it being obvious, that whether he inherited or purchased the property, it came to him with an allowance for the tithes; the church inheritance being transmitted from an ancestor a thousand years back; (what living family can claim such an ancestor) or the estate being sold to him with the obvious reservation of the tithe; for if the land had been tithe free, the price would have been higher; the only difference to the purchaser being, that instead of paying the whole value of the land in one sum, he divides it between two persons,—the proprietor and clergyman, each of them having a legal right; but the right of the latter being immeasurably superior in antiquity.

Or, if it be said, that if the tithe fall upon neither the farmer nor the landlord, it falls upon the public in the shape of a tax of a tenth on provisions:—this too is a fallacy. If the parson burned his tithe, or suffered it to rot on the ground, there would be a public loss of a tenth. But the parson sells it, or lives on it with his family. Thus the produce exists

and is converted to the public use; with only this difference, that instead of the whole produce of the farm coming to market in the farmer's cart, a part of it comes in the parson's. The amount in the market is of course, the same; and the price of provisions is neither raised nor lowered, by there being two bundles instead of one.

But it is said,—that tithes prevent agricultural improvements, by advancing a claim on every new object of tillage. This is the only argument that has a show of force; and yet this too is a fallacy. If the farmer lays out fifty pounds additional in any new culture, the clergyman, who is undoubtedly entitled to his share in the product of the land, may claim his tenth. But, in the first place, the farmer has made his calculations of profit with this knowledge: and in the next, if he involve himself in any difficulty on the point, the evil lies at his own door; for nothing is more easy, and, indeed, nothing is more common, than that amicable agreement between the clergyman and the farmer, by which a regular rent is paid, let the improvements for the time be what they may. But, that the clergyman's means should rise with the general opulence of the country is a manner of high public policy; for it is essential to the usefulness of a clergy, that they should keep up their level with the country; and, that, while the people round them are growing rich, they should not be growing poor. In all countries, a pauper loses public respect, let the

colour of his coat be what it may : and a beggared clergy would be scorned as teachers, or perhaps, in their weaker members, might be driven to uphold their influence by the arts which sustained the mendicant orders ; or be even tempted into hostility to a state which sank them below the less educated ranks, and, like the struggling French vicars, look for an improvement of their condition in a general overthrow. But so far as agricultural interests are concerned, the law allows of a composition, for a period which gives the most anxious improver more than time enough to pursue his plans to the full extent of speculation.

One of the most frequent sources of popular outcry against the establishment, is the assertion, that though the church confessedly possesses a right to a provision, yet that it has usurped more than the original grant ; that the tithes were originally divided into four parts, of which but one was for the priest ; the other three being severally, for the repairs of the church, for the maintenance of the bishop, and for the support of the poor. But this, too, is a fallacy ; generated by confounding the transactions of the Romish age of the church with others later by some hundreds of years ; and the transactions of the foreign church with those of the English establishment.

The first revenues of Christianity were voluntary contributions. The apostles sanctioned and directed the laying up of a weekly sum in the hands of the

deacons, for the necessary expences of the church, for the claims of charity, and for the support of the preachers, who had in general abandoned all claims to their heathen property, and in some instances had given up productive professions. St. Paul constantly insists on the *right* of the preachers to be maintained by the congregations; though he refuses to avail himself of it, from a wish to avoid burthening the then persecuted churches. Our Lord in sending forth the twelve apostles, (Matthew x.) expressly declares their *right* to be subsisted by the persons to whom they brought the gospel, forbidding them to make any preparation for their own expenses; “neither purse nor scrip; for the labourer is worthy of his hire.” This mode of provision seems to have prevailed during the whole time of the great persecutions, or nearly two hundred and fifty years. But the Church was no more intended to be fed by perpetual charity, than by perpetual miracle. Even among the children of Israel, when the tribes had passed the desert, the manna ceased to fall.

These contributions were matters of good-will, and proportioned to the means of the individual. They were of various values; but as, according to the Levitical law, a tenth was set apart for the priesthood, the early Christians adopted the proportion, and the tenth of their gains was generally given. This fund, originally placed in the hands of the apostles, was subsequently deposited with their successors the bishops, and thus

they became the regulators of the distribution. A part was allotted to the priests who served the various congregations, or travelled through the country ; a part to the maintenance of the church buildings ; and the residue to the support of the humbler portion of the disciples, in case of infirmity, accident, or age ; but the parts were generally unequal, and the whole was regulated by the necessity of the case, and the wisdom of the head of the diocese or congregation.

This arrangement seems to have ceased at a very early period in England, and to have necessarily given way to the regular endowment of the clergy ; the contributions made in the churches being thenceforward appropriated solely to the poor. But, among us, the legal and national provision for the poor, introduced by the 43d of Elizabeth, at length superseded this collection ; and it ceased, as contributions for the clergy had ceased ; and for the same reason.

The last argument, and it is one which naturally exhausts the controversy, is the wealth of the church. We are told that, allowing the clergy to have a right to a maintenance, they “ can have no right to wallow in the present enormity of church wealth.” But the whole statement is an assumption, and the argument upon it must therefore be a fallacy. The total amount of the public endowments of the Establishment is about £1,628,095. Those form the obnoxious part, in the opinion of our haranguers. The livings in private patronage, which are equivalent to personal estates,

and which those landholders, who harangue in the loudest tone against the church, retain with all the eagerness of private property—livings with which they endow their sons and their connexions, or which they sell,—amount to a much larger sum, viz. £2,084,043.—The whole revenue being £3,872,133. which, divided among 11,342 benefices, (the number in England and Wales,) leaves only £300. a year as the average of an English living!

But trivial as this sum is for the support of a man who must keep up a decent rank in society; who in most instances has a family; and whose education has on an average cost £800. a large deduction must still be made for his actual official expenses. He must keep his parsonage-house in repair; in general he must pay a considerable sum for previous build-ings; and there are many instances in which the advantage of having a house is counterbalanced by the necessary expenses. It is computed, that, taking the whole as a mere matter of pecuniary calculation, a clergyman, before he can expect a living, expends in principal and interest, above £1100., which about middle life would purchase an annuity of £90. a year, thus leaving him but £210. as a recompense for his clerical labour, his literature, the devotion of his life to solitude, in nine instances out of ten; and all this, to gain an income below the average profits of a country tailor, or grocer in a tolerable course of trade.

The advowsons are the true burthen of the church ; yet those are not the crime of the establishment ;—but the property of the country gentlemen,—of the whigs as well as the tories, of the great reforming aristocrats, and general patriotic and fox-hunting portion of the legislature. We see those livings advertised in the newspapers with as little ceremony as the advertisement of an ox or an ass, and of course purchased with as little ; the chief recommendation being, ‘ that the living lies in a sporting country and in the neighbourhood of several packs of first-rate hounds.’ The most valuable reform would be one which would restore those advowsons wholly to the church ; the next would be one which for ever prohibited their *sale*.

But the establishment cannot be charged with those offences. They are the result of the robbery of the church, not of her will ; and the only remedy is to be looked for in the legislature. The vulgar writers who declare the church revenues to be £8,000,000. make no distinction between the rightful revenues of the ecclesiastic and the usurped revenues of the layman ; they throw the impropriate tithes into the same mass with the church tithes, and where nearly twice the value is grasped by the lay descendants of the minions of Henry, they fling the whole charge on the heads of the clergy.

The clergy are ill paid ; their emoluments are below those of any other class of educated men in the empire ; and the attempt either to degrade them in

the public eye, or to rob them of their legitimate right, would be one of the grossest offences against law, and, as the offenders might soon discover, one of the most formidable hazards in policy. None but the knave or the fool can vilify a great system, without which the British empire would speedily be a republic, its religion a chaos of contending sects, and its dominion a rope of sand.

But there are other considerations. We live in a new time. Society is changing its aspect; its physiognomy is no longer to be taken from the higher orders; it is formed by the multitude, and that visage is a bold, a reckless, and an appalling one. Physical force, for the first time in the annals of our country, is developing itself; whether to try the strength of our institutions, or to confirm them by the struggle. But our legislature, government, and political safeguards of all descriptions, are already and palpably beginning to feel the presence of a new and formidable element of power. The throne, and the noble and opulent orders are no longer the sole, nor even the chief, objects of political interest; the public eye is no more fixed on the gilded and high-wrought pinnacles of society; but on the groundwork, the strong, dark, and rugged material of the foundation; the iron and granite of the moral fabric, materials of indispensable necessity and invaluable use, but deeply requiring to be wrought by the hand of wisdom.

If the popular strength is to become the national safety, it must be taught temper and contentment, the generous subordination, and the conscientious allegiance which religion alone can impress on the substance of the national mind. To perform this essential duty, the Church of England alone is adequate. Its monarchical form renders it the natural guardian of a constitution essentially monarchical. The republicanism of all other forms renders them hazardous allies, whenever the direct struggle of the state shall be against revolution. Perhaps in calmer times they may stand without grave public injury,—like the walls of lava built round the villages on Vesuvius, they may answer ordinary purposes in ordinary times; but when the mighty mass below begins to heave, when the popular mind throws out flame, and the great eruption roars, they must give way; like the lava walls, they must melt into their congenial matter, and swell the torrent and the flame.

VII.

CONSERVATIVE PRINCIPLES.

April, 1836.

THE City of London Conservative Association arose out of the public alarm for the safety of the constitution in Church and State, on the retirement of Sir Robert Peel's administration in 1835. In the manly paper which it published as the statement of its principles, it thus adverted to the Establishment :—

‘Of the particular vote which led to the retirement of the ministry, it may be affirmed that it is awfully calculated to alarm the dearest feelings of the English people. The right to appropriate ecclesiastical property to purposes other than ecclesiastical, has by that vote been asserted. The majority by which that vote was carried, consisted of Roman Catholic members of the House of Commons. The *oath* by which those members were supposed to be restrained from voting has been found insufficient for its purpose : and the people of England have now presented to them the spectacle of the Roman Catholic section of the lower house of Parliament disposing of the revenues of the Protestant Church. Can this be said to be agreeable to the spirit of the constitution, if that constitution be essentially Protestant ; if it has hitherto been its distinguishing glory, that in all its parts it has

upheld the Protestant faith, as the nursery of that pure religion in which the conscientious Dissenter and the member of the Church of England are equally interested, as the true guardian of the morals and liberties of the people of England? Can it be maintained, that the interests of the Church were intended to be placed at the disposal, and under the control, of Roman Catholic members of parliament?’

In 1836, at a period of peculiar public anxiety, the Association celebrated its first anniversary by a dinner, in Covent Garden Theatre, attended by about a thousand of the principal gentlemen of the city, many noblemen, and other leading individuals connected with public life. The example was followed throughout England; and the spirit of the country was strongly awakened.

In acknowledgment of the health of ‘the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Protestant clergy of the empire,’ the following observations were made:—

‘Mr. Chairman, as I have been called on to answer this toast, I cannot hesitate to acknowledge the honour. Of course, I do not think of standing here as the representative of the church; but I must feel gratified in a high degree at hearing the name of the Establishment so strikingly given, and so ardently received in the vast and magnificent assembly which I see before me. I rejoice in the unanimous plaudits with which that name was welcomed, as an evidence that the people of England retain all their old sensibility to virtue, and all their old homage to justice. I use the word justice advisedly; for though the Church of England loves to have the heart of the nation, she is entitled to lay claim to its allegiance

on the strongest ground of obligation. I say it, without fear of denial ; that to her Establishment England is indebted at this hour for all that she possesses of true prosperity, summed up in the possession of pure liberty and solid empire.

‘ The proof is of the most palpable order. It is remarkable, that England is the only country of Europe which has, or ever had, a perfectly free constitution. The sublimest thinker of the ancient world, in his dream of political perfection, imagined a balanced government, and pronounced it a splendid impossibility : The Platonic dream was realized in the British constitution ! Nor was this failure of liberty among other nations for want of many an eager wish and many a daring struggle. The love of freedom is an instinct. The image of heaven has not so feebly vindicated itself in the heart of man, as to have left him regardless of this great principle of national elevation. All the countries of Europe, from their earliest time, have longed for a constitution. All have successively laid the foundations ; but then came unexpected evil ; republican rashness, military violence, iron despotism, or sullen superstition, tore up the foundations, or covered them with a morass of ignorance and blood. England alone both laid the foundations, and raised the superstructure.

‘ And what was the cause of this mighty difference ? It was this ; that she had laid the foundations

in pure religion ; and raised the superstructure with the sacred ceremonial of truth, justice and piety ; until, like the Jewish citadel, it arose, a temple and a tower—the emblem of mingled strength and sanctity ; to stand among, and above, all nations, the great, the hallowed, the impregnable fortress for the oppressed and fugitive religion and freedom of mankind.

‘ I express this the more directly, because we are familiar with idle attempts to deprive the Reformation of its claim to the patronage of British liberty. But are we to be told that our liberties owed their birth, to either the natural daring of the public heart, or to the fostering care of Rome ? On the latter point, common sense decides at once. The civil freeman *never* can be fabricated out of the religious slave. On the former ; no man rejoices more than myself in the high qualities of the native character, in its manliness and dignity, in all the noble appetencies and powers of a people made to play a great part in the world. But, I ask, where was the liberty of England before the Reformation ? Are we to dig it from the grave of the Saxon dynasty ? Are we to look for it in the dungeons of the Norman ? are we to gather its fragments, like the limbs of a trampled warrior, from the carnage of the York and Lancaster fields ? Or, if we are to hear that the Great Charter was the work of times of spiritual slavery ; must we attribute nothing to the inevitable course of human nature—to the

swelling of the human heart against merciless chains—to the strong recovery with which the innate principle of freedom starts up under intolerable pressure—to the returning sense in the bosom of the lowest slave, that, broken as he is, he is still a man ?

Yet was this the boon of Popery ? Are we not to remember, that the demand of the Great Charter notoriously arose out of the indignant feeling of the nobles of England against the tyranny of Rome ; that it was extorted from a monarch who had covered himself with the last contempt, by suffering the diadem to be trampled underfoot by the Papal legate—that the immortal sentence, ‘ We shall not suffer the laws of England to be subverted,’ the ‘ *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari,*’ which has passed into the inscription of British liberty ; was the defiance of the barons to a tyrannical effort to vitiate the Saxon law by the Romish ? Are we not also to remember, that for demanding the Great Charter, the whole of the English nobles, with their primate, were laid under anathema by Rome. After this, let us hear no more of the generation of freedom from tyranny. No ! The cradle of human rights was never rocked in the cell of the monk. The sounds of national justice were never sent forth from the wheels and flames of the inquisition. No, if we ask from Popery the egg, we are sure to be given the scorpion. From the beginning of the world to the end, no such thing ever was or ever will be found, as a Popish regenerator ; it is

an extravagance in conception, an impossibility in nature, the last experiment of the most insolent hypocrisy on the weakest credulity of man.

But am I not speaking of things as undeniable as the sun at noon-day ; when I pronounce, that our first actual possession of freedom, dates from our actual possession of a Protestant establishment. Protestantism had given us the true religion ; but the Establishment gave us the startling splendour of that light from heaven fitted to the organs of civil society. Thus, unlike the German mysticism, or the wild and volatile conversion of France, it gave us ardour without enthusiasm, vigour without violence, and the noblest zeal untarnished by the slightest breath of persecution.

Trivial as empire is in the comparison ; from this period we are to reckon even the birth of British empire. What had been the result of all our earlier struggles for dominion ? Constantly warring, and singularly triumphant, all had been wasted valour and fruitless glory ; even what we gained on the continent by alliance we lost by war ; at the close of a conflict of two hundred years, we had withdrawn into our own borders, and even the last crumbling memorial of British conquest, the fortress where alone on earth the British flag waved over an enemy's soil, was torn from our feebleness. But the Reformation came ; and came with the donative of boundless dominion in its hand. In that hour was founded our

commercial, and our colonial, throne. Like the old contest of the deities for Athens, the rival emblems of power and peace started from the soil at the touch of its sceptre: but, unlike the war-horse and the olive of that fine fiction, the emblems here were conjoined, and England inherited at once the salient strength, and the rich tranquillity, of empire.

But the principle has undergone the test of both adversity and prosperity. If a still stronger evidence of the essential value of the established Church to freedom could be demanded, it was given in the days of the great rebellion of 1648. Then, when a conspiracy, laid solely in bitter schism and reckless ambition, had resolved on the overthrow of the monarchy, what was the first object of assault? The enemies of the State had studied their tactics well; they knew what was the chief bulwark of the constitution, and they instantly assailed the Church. The nation, stunned and deceived, deserted its cause. There was not then, as, thank God, there is now, a noble array of loyalty and virtue rushing from the extremities of the land round its walls. In the ignorance and surprise of the time its identity with the constitution was forgotten. The church was broken down, and through that breach rebellion poured in, and stormed the throne! And is it to be forgotten, that this foul and sanguinary conspiracy was in the express name of Reform—that its sworn objects were a purer liberty and a purer religion—and that its

success trampled down both, and gave us in their stead only a sullen tyranny, and a frenzied fanaticism?

But look to the new example. When it was the will of Providence to restore the constitution, what was the leader in that most glorious and permanent of all victories?—the Established Church. Who was the struggler and the champion in the revolution of 1688, while the statesman was silent, and the soldier stood looking on? It was the churchman, who braved the tyranny and its tribunals. It was the bishops, who went to the dungeon as the representatives of British rights, and returned from it as the restorers of the British constitution. And is it not even from that championship that we are entitled to date the more than reinstatement; the new supremacy of the constitution? That triumph shot a new vigour into the frame of the moral and physical empire. It had found the form lifeless, but the breath it breathed into its nostrils was from heaven, and the clay became a living soul. That triumph has had no rival in the records of human fame, whether we regard its means, its progress, or its consequences. Without shedding a drop of gore, it swept all hostility from the land—without shattering the throne, it subverted a tyranny—without inflaming the people to license, it filled the national heart with the most glowing blood of freedom. If, then, such has been the history—and we dare the hardest scepticism to deny that such it has been—what must be the

conclusion If civil freedom has been strong, or weak, in every age of England, in proportion to the strength or weakness of the Established Church : with what just scorn must we not listen to all cavils against the independence and honour of the Establishment ? If we see the national grandeur rise with its rise, and go down with its diminished glory ; what blind philosophy must it not be, that doubts the connection ; or asks for another cause of the imperial tide, than that great repository of pure and solemn influence, which reflects upon our darkness the lustres of the skies.

But—to look upon the question in even the lowest point, of practice, Break down the Church, and what must be the consequence ? You will always have a religion in some shape or other ; for it is one of the exigencies of man, one of the strong necessities of the human heart. But, instead of the manly, and decorous, the learned, and loyal Church of England, you will have either a base, sanguinary, and licentious infidelity, or a wild, ignorant, and factious enthusiasm ; or embodying both, and domineering over all, the cloud-enveloped and fire-fanged superstition of Rome ! Or, strip the Church of its property, that property which it holds by a more ancient title than any other in the land ; and you commit not only a fraud, but a folly. Beware of the curse of the spoiler ! You must make the clergy either pensioners or mendicants. Are you prepared to see the per-

sonal influences and popular ability of 20,000 highly educated men, enlisted, by the mere necessity of bread, in the actual servitude of any administration that is ever likely to rule your country? Or, if you cast them loose; will your knowledge of the common action of injury and despair upon the mind, save you from the fear of seeing your country wrapped in the perpetual flame of faction? Do I hold forth this as a menace from the Church? By no means. The living generation of your clergy will be submissive and true, peaceful and loyal to the last. But when you shall have driven them into exile or the grave; you will have another race to deal with, a new generation of your own, begotten in convulsion, and shaped in popular conflict; a band of daring fanatics, or reckless hypocrites, armed with weapons, before whose edge no government could stand. Are you still unaware of the measureless peril of a hostile priesthood? Look, then, to Ireland. See in her little Popish church, of barely 2000 priests, how slender a shape of wiliness and venom can strike its sting into the heart of a mighty empire. See the finger of the parish priest actually moving the whole machinery of the proudest of all legislatures! See his lips uttering the voice that bows the coroneted heads of council as to an oracle! Hear him from his turf altar haughtily commanding England to choose the alternative; the sacrifice of her constitution, or the separation of her empire!

It is on those grounds that we require, in the name of common justice, that we shall be molested no more by the virulence of traffickers in faction. Let not the Church have antagonists whose arts disgrace all honourable hostility. If we must perish, let us perish in the day.

We fix the claim of the Church, not on indulgence, but on right. We show her services. We prove, that the constitution has grown with her growth, and by her growth. But we call on you for more than defence—we call on you for energy, for vigilance, for fidelity to your Church, to your religion, and to your country. We call on you to reject those conspirators alike against all religion and all liberty; who come, like the assassins of Cæsar, with the petition in one hand, and the knife in the other. In utter scorn of the rage of disappointed treason, we call on you to take the only step that can restore yourselves to honour, and the empire to peace. If you suffer the Church to fall, in that hour you dig the grave of the constitution. I know that the heart of England is still sound, and the arm is still strong. But you must extinguish the mission of tumult. Your institutions must no longer be insulted by the vagrancy of rebellion.

As the first security of the nation, you must sustain the church. It is not while the clouds are gathering over the horizon, and with the thunders beginning to roll, that you can take down the con-

ductors of the lightning. Look to your coming struggle. It is not when the new possession of political power is stimulating the old passion for religious supremacy ; and the rudest shape of physical force is filled and inflamed with the subtlest spirit of evil ; that you safely turn away from that great teacher, by which alone the demon can be rebuked. If all acknowledge that infidelity and imposture have advanced their march over a large portion of Europe even in our day ; what is our obvious duty, but to strengthen the defence of the citadel ? It is not when the assault is marshalling within sight of the battlements, that we can dismiss the garrison to their slumbers. Higher interests than even those of freedom and empire, may be at this hour staked on the sacred vigour, solemn sincerity, and majestic faith of England. While nations are darkening with the shadow of the wings of the god of this world, *we* are called on to fight the battle of the God of truth. In that cause we shall conquer, if we faint not. Armed for the most illustrious interests of man, we have only to persevere ; till the great, *predicted* consummation comes,—till we see a power loftier than man supersede all human exertion, assert the dignity of heaven, and by one grand display of combined judgment and mercy, at once seal the dungeon of the rebel spirit, and proclaim to the earth an immortal age of peace, prosperity, and triumphant religion.

VIII.

ROMAN CATHOLIC PLEDGES, AND PROTESTANT SECURITIES.

In the year 1837, a Second Anniversary of the City of London Conservative Association was held, in a pavilion erected for the purpose. About 2000 persons attended the dinner ; among whom were Lords Jermyn, Monson, Sandon, Radstock, and Teignmouth, Sir Henry Hardinge, Sir Edward Sugden, Sir Frederick Pollock, and many other gentlemen of distinction.

On ‘ The health of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Established Church of the United Kingdom,’ being given, it was acknowledged in the following speech.

Mr. Chairman,—I am not so presumptuous, as to suppose myself entitled to stand here as the representative of the Church ; but I have no hesitation in saying that I should regard that church as most ungrateful, were she not to acknowledge the debt which she owes to the country. If she still exist, it is not improbably due, under God, to great, spontaneous, and patriotic meetings, like that which I now have the honour to address.

Sir, since this time twelve months, the condition

of the church has been importantly changed. She was then surrounded by dangers. She saw the land paraded by an itinerancy of sedition. She saw a guilty league of the hypocrite and the rebel openly proclaimed against her. She saw,—and this was the most painful sight of all,—the country looking on with a strange and distempered apathy. It was then that this great association came forward. The city of London declared its determination to stand by the altar and the throne. That noble determination was nobly answered. The thunders of that voice, those protecting thunders, were echoed round the whole horizon. Patriotism, truth, and liberty were in the sound; and ‘Church and King’ was the universal response of the empire. With this acknowledgment, we cannot be insensible to the services of the champions of the public cause in the legislature; to that manly and generous eloquence, which ‘wielded the fierce democracy;’ or to that dignified firmness, which made the House of Lords the citadel of the constitution. The peerage of England have nobly justified their elevation. In disdaining a spurious popularity, they have made themselves supreme masters of the true. They have already had their reward. They have augmented the lustre of their coronets, by the very lightnings which they conducted away from the head of their country.

But I desired to see a still superior power in action. While I honoured the disciplined force of the

legislature, as the standing army of the constitution, I felt that there was, in the calm, informal, sacred sincerity of the nation, the great saving power. I felt that victory was never more secure, than when the spirit of the nation, like another Decius,—in the hour of battle, leaving troops and tactics behind, and covering itself only with the robe from the altar, rushed unarmed into the ranks of its enemies.

But, though the danger has been stayed, we must not believe that it has been extinguished. We have a dreadful enemy to contend with;—Popery. That enemy has large views. It disregards alike local defeats and local triumphs. It calculates by empires and centuries. It disdains the petty partisanship of Ireland, which it has long looked upon as a slave—England, which it already counts upon as a province; and its legislature, which it has determined to make a victim.

I shall never listen to any man calling the church of England a profession; *it is a principle*. It is *not* a state contrivance for the support of a peculiar class. It is a great institute of divine wisdom and mercy, for the formation of a people to the noblest stature of virtue, knowledge, and freedom. In the presence of the Searcher of hearts, I believe; that, in defending the established religion of England, every man is defending the holiness of his own fire-side, the liberty of his own conscience, and the safety of his own being.

The very principle of Popery is domination. If it set its foot upon your cabinet, it is only that it may set its foot upon your constitution. If it overtop your constitution, it is only that it may overtop your church. Its heel once upon your church, it would have under it the whole Protestantism of Christendom. It would have surmounted the only obstacle that intercepts its view of universal sovereignty. With England Popish, it would stand on that height from which it would have before it "all the kingdoms of the world, and all the glory of them." Would it, or would it not, exult in the temptation?

But are we to be told "the catastrophe has not yet come?" What, with the dagger at our throats, are we to disbelieve in its point, because we do not feel it already in our veins? What, with the mine actually and boastfully laid in our presence, and the match already waving in the hand, are we to doubt, until it explodes? When the great orator and patriot of Greece was thus vexed by fools and neutrals, he exclaimed, 'What can be newer, than that a barbarian from Macedon should domineer over Greece?' What, exclaims the indignant Protestantism of England, can be more astonishing and ominous, than that a Popish faction should domineer over a British legislature? What more astonishing and ominous, than that the Church of Ireland should be degraded from a temple into an alms-house; and

even that alms-house, but for the generous interposition of your country, on the point of being turned into a dungeon? What more ominous, than to see the Protestants of Ireland already anticipating exile, and scattering themselves to the ends of the earth? What more ominous, than to see all the great leading names of the senate excluded from the service of the country? To see the three first men of the empire actually ostracised, and for the old reason of faction—that they were the three first men. To see the great orator and statesman of the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel, a man who must command a majority in any other assembly of the nation, labouring night after night in vain. To see the great lawyer and orator of the House of Lords, Lord Lyndhurst, at whose glance the cabinet shrinks; wasting in remonstrance those noble faculties which should be employed in renovating the energies of his country. To see the great Captain, the conqueror of the conqueror of Europe, the man whose name, for ages to come, will at once illustrate and shame our generation—Wellington himself, a cipher in the councils of the empire, whose diadem he has surrounded with glory! But, if there were one thing more astonishing and ominous than all the rest, must it not be to see whom we have in their room?

Sir, I do not wish to speak in any instance with disrespect of any government appointed by the monarch. I feel a due reverence for the acts of majesty. But I

speaking of a government not appointed by the monarch—the Romish governors of the government. I disdain the fictions of politics; but the facts are before all eyes. Is it not the fact; that in place of all the ability, wisdom, experience, and public character of the country, the state is governed at this moment by thirty mutes? a deaf and dumb band, emasculated of every faculty, but that of obedience to the nod of the chief executioner; and ready, at that nod, to bowstring the constitution!

On this subject I do not wish to speak with ridicule. My feeling is one of indignant scorn, for the arts which have betrayed such multitudes of the generous people of Ireland into the violation of the most solemn bonds that can be expressed in language.

*‘Di quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque silentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui.’*

That conduct has already been stigmatised in Parliament by the blackest of all names. I shall not now use that name, nor any other that can be personal. I confine myself to the mere documents. I first come to the successive, solemn, and authorized pledges of the Roman Catholic body, previously to the Act of Emancipation in 1829.

The Roman Catholic body originally assumed a form in Ireland in the middle of the last century. In the year 1757 they published a ‘Declaration of

the Catholics of Ireland,' framed by one of their bishops, Dr O'Keeffe, and their principal laymen ; which, amongst other principles, pronounced the following :—' In the face of our country, of all Europe, and before God, we make this, our deliberate and solemn declaration. It has been objected to us, that we wish to subvert the present church establishment, for the purpose of substituting a Catholic establishment in its stead. Now we do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure any such intention. And further, if we shall be admitted into any share of the Constitution, by our being restored to the rights of the elective franchise, we are ready in the most solemn manner to declare, that we will not exercise that privilege to disturb and weaken the establishment of the Protestant religion, or Protestant government in this country.'

In 1792, the Roman Catholics presented a petition to the Irish parliament, containing these words : ' We solemnly and conscientiously declare, that we are satisfied with the present condition of our ecclesiastical polity. With satisfaction we acquiesce in the establishment of the national church. We neither repine at its possessions, nor envy its dignities. We are ready on this point, to give every assurance that is binding upon man.'

In 1793, the oath taken by the Roman Catholics, in conformity to the act of Parliament ; contained the following words : ' I do hereby disclaim, disavow,

and solemnly abjure any intention to subvert the present church establishment, for the purpose of substituting a Catholic establishment in its stead. And I do solemnly swear, that I will not exercise any privilege to which I am, or may become, entitled, to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion and Protestant government in this kingdom.' By this oath they obtained the elective franchise.

In 1805, their petition to the parliament of the United Kingdom contained these words: 'Your petitioners, most humbly state, that they have solemnly and publicly taken the oaths by law prescribed to his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects, as tests of political and moral principles. Your petitioners beg leave to represent, that, by those awful tests, they bind themselves, in the presence of the All-seeing Deity, whom all classes of Christians adore, to be faithful, and bear true allegiance to their most gracious sovereign, &c. That they have disclaimed, disavowed, and solemnly abjured every intention to subvert the present church establishment, for the purpose of substituting a Catholic establishment in its stead; and that they have, also, solemnly sworn that they will not exercise any privilege to which they are, or may become, entitled, to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion or Protestant government of Ireland.' This was a petition for seats in Parliament.

In 1808, the petition of the Roman Catholics to the British Parliament still more in detail pledged

them to the original declaration ;—‘ Your petitioners most solemnly declare that they do not seek, or wish, in any way to injure, or inroach upon, the rights, privileges, possessions, or revenues, appertaining to the bishops and clergy of the Protestant religion, as by law established, or to the churches committed to their charge, or any of them.’

Their petition of 1812 again renewed the pledge : ‘ We have solemnly sworn, that we will not exercise any privilege to which we are, or may become entitled, to disturb and weaken the Protestant religion, or Protestant government in Ireland. We can, with perfect truth, assure this honourable house, that the political and moral principles, asserted by these solemn and special tests, are not merely in union with our fixed principles, but expressly inculcated by the religion which we profess. We can affirm, with perfect sincerity, that we have no latent views to realise, no secret or sinister objects to attain.’

The petition of 1826, to parliament, thus expressed itself: ‘ Your petitioners seek not the destruction, but the enjoyment of the constitution ; and, in the pursuit of that desire, they do not, by any means, ‘ solicit,’ ‘ or expect,’ ‘ or wish,’ that a single individual of their Protestant fellow-subjects should be deprived of any right, privilege, liberty, or immunity, of which he is at present possessed.’

The Irish Roman Catholic Association addressed the people of England in the same year in these

words: 'Far from meditating the overthrow or destruction of the Protestant government, and Protestant establishment of the empire, we are ready to swear, as we already do swear, to support,' &c. &c. (Here follows the oath.) 'We are accused of intending to overthrow the Church Establishment, whilst we contribute to uphold its splendour and its power.'

In the same year, the pastoral address of the Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops of Ireland thus reinforced the declaration, on the part of the clergy: 'The Catholics of Ireland disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure, any intention to subvert the present church establishment, for the purpose of substituting a Catholic establishment in its stead: and, further, they swear, that they will not exercise any privilege to which they are, or may be, entitled, 'to disturb and weaken the Protestant religion and Protestant government in Ireland.' The archbishops and bishops add, 'emphatically, this full and authentic declaration, we approve, subscribe, and publish,' &c.

The English Roman Catholic bishops published a declaration, in the same year, containing these words: "He who takes an oath is bound to observe it in the obvious meaning of the words, or in the known meaning of the person to whom it is sworn. British Catholics are charged with entertaining a pretended right to the property of the established church in Ireland. We consider such a charge to be totally

without foundation: we declare that we entertain no pretension to such a claim. We regard all the revenues and temporalities of the church establishment as the property of those on whom they are settled by the laws of the land. We disclaim any right, title, or pretension, with regard to the same."

Thus we have the whole Roman Catholic population, and every part of it, successively pledging themselves, before God and man, to avoid all injury, of whatever kind, to the established church—neither to usurp its titles, nor diminish its property, nor break down its constitution. The Romish clergy, the Romish Association, and the laity in general, were all equally and solemnly bound by the strongest possible forms of expression, to pay the Protestant tithes; and all those forms were concentrated and consummated in the Oath of security taken by their parliamentary representatives on the passing of the emancipation bill:—

"I do swear, that I will defend, to the utmost of my power, the settlement of property within this realm as established by the laws; and I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure any intention to subvert the present church establishment as settled by law within this realm; and I do solemnly swear, that I never will exercise any privilege to which I am, or may become entitled, to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion, or Protestant government, in the United Kingdom."

By this OATH every object that could be comprehended in an honest ambition was put within reach of the Roman Catholic. All the old barriers were cast down ; parliament, the peerage, the professions. He was made free of all the departments of ability and energy in general life. The CHURCH alone was protected ; to whose inviolable security he had voluntarily sworn and resworn with increasing zeal through half a century of asseveration.

Could it be believed ; had we not been eye-witnesses of the event ; that the church became, from that instant, the principal and universal object of Romish attack ? That even all the prizes of Romish ambition were made contingent to the individual on the virulence and daring of the attack ? That every Romish beggar who wished to exchange his bankruptcy for opulence ; every hopeless candidate for parliament ; every struggling barrister ; every man who coveted to live on government-bread, from a chancellor down to a police-constable ; was expected to give trial of his fitness for Romish patronage, by his audacity against the church. The Romish boast now is, that this system has triumphed ; that all the offices of dignity or emolument in Ireland are rapidly falling into Roman Catholic hands. But the church still lingers in existence ; and this sight sours the whole revel. " What avail all those things " to the Haman, while the Mordecai, however in beggary and nakedness, " sitteth at the gate."

What then has been the fulfilment of the universal pledge? An universal, ostentatious, and contemptuous conspiracy to violate all its obligations? What has been the history of Ireland, since 1829; but a proclaimed war against the property of the church? What has been the purchased conciliation?—increased hostility. What the promised security of the church?—the refusal of tithes, the burning of parsonage-houses, and the assassination of clergymen. What the boasted national peace?—a chain of conspiracy extending round the island, and waiting but the first casualty of England, to become a chain of flame? What has been the employment of the popish press, but perpetual libels on the character of the establishment? What is its declared principle, but that of a public demand for the overthrow of the Irish establishment? The fact is not denied, it is openly exulted in. “How glorious,” exclaims one of its most confidential and active leaders, in his speech to his constituents, “that we put the Tories out of office, by a resolution on the Irish church, and the *great principle* of the *secular appropriation of church property*” !—(Mr. Shiel’s speech at Thurles, 1835.) And on this single declaratory principle, it pronounces that, not merely have the late ministry been driven from office, but the present ministry have been kept in.

“The Irish party,” says the same speech, “met at Lord Lichfield’s. The result was, a complete amnesty—a most unqualified reconciliation. And I have

further to state, that the advice of Mr. O'Connell, and some other members, was mainly instrumental in bringing it about. Lord John Russell was called to our head; and we stood before Sir Robert Peel, the most firm, the most united, the most concentrated body that ever appeared in opposition."

Thus, it is now as openly acknowledged, as it was once bitterly denied; that the actual exclusion of Sir Robert Peel's cabinet was *not* for English interests, nor even for Whig principles—that it was neither for England nor by English hands; but that it was by the Irish Roman Catholics in Parliament, the representatives of the priesthood; and the price '*appropriation!*' That principle involved the famishing of 2000 Protestant clergy. Who can wonder at the rejoicings of the whole troop of regenerators over so abundant a banquet of human misery? who can doubt the sudden ardour of the patriotic glance, that saw before it so broad a vista of the prison and the grave?

The ministry were overwhelmed by the opposition thus recruited; and we have the equally open declaration, that by this new force alone their successors are since sustained. "I have," says the speech, "seen the conduct of the ministry, for I have watched it narrowly; and I, for one, will co-operate *with Daniel O'Connell*, in lending my aid to *support and maintain* it in the place it now holds."

Would not all this be pronounced the most con-

temptuous of libels on an English cabinet ; if it were not uttered by the hot sincerity of lips too proud of their success to care how they stung the feelings of any man ? Here the whole administration are buried in the shadow of the Agitator. They may be suffered to go through the routine of the day, but it is only as substitutes and subsidiaries. He is the Atlas !

And this is an English cabinet ! With one of the the popish orators to lead it in front, and another to watch it in the rear ; one to drag the animal by its length of ears, and another to scourge it behind on the first symptom of deviation,—what is wanting to this burlesque of ministerial independence, this peace at peril of the whip, this handcuffed liberty, this mill-horse freedom of will ?

Again ; let Englishmen remember the *condition* of the compact ; that it is “ *the secular appropriation of the whole church property of Ireland,*”—in other words, the confiscation of the entire income by which exists the Protestant establishment,—not less the great instrument of English connexion, than of religion, in Ireland. On this sole principle, they are authentically told, that their government is fabricated ; that for this sole purpose it is kept in existence by its fabricators ; and that on the first hesitation to do the whole will of those fabricators, the hand that has plucked it up by the locks from its primitive obscurity, and holds it there in contempt of the feelings

of England, will instantly let it go, and leave it to perish by its own alacrity in sinking.

But the policy is rapidly becoming practical ; the condition of the Irish Church is becoming more hazardous by the hour ; the peasantry, every man of whom was pledged by the Roman Catholic body, fifty years ago, to pay his tithes ; have been commanded not to pay them ; their parliamentary representatives, every man of whom was additionally pledged by his solemn oath to uphold the laws in this especial instance, have never questioned the command. Do we find any indignant remonstrance from their priesthood at this violation of compact. Do we find their prelates assembling to deprecate this breach of faith as a scandal to their church, a dishonour to their religion, and an absolute and inevitable disqualification for their ever being trusted again ?

What, again, is the evidence of facts ? The Irish papers give us the report of a late meeting, at which an Archbishop presided, and at which, Resolutions to the following purport were adopted :

“ Resolved, That we deeply sympathise with our faithful flocks, in the grief and mortification they have experienced at the utter prostration of the hopes which they entertained of the abolition of the tithe system ; and that we should be undeserving of the confidence which they have uniformly reposed in us, if we did not participate in their feelings.

“ Resolved, That as it was not by vague complaints,

but by loud remonstrances, as well as by active exertions, the Catholics of Ireland wrung tardy justice from their enemies; they ought still to persevere in this legitimate and constitutional line of conduct, which has been already so successful.

“Resolved, That in no country of ancient or modern times, does history offer to our contemplation grievances more unparalleled than those which are embraced in the words, The Protestant establishment of Ireland.

“Resolved, That to clear the ground of all the *encumbrance* that retards the growth of justice in this country, we shall petition the legislature to appropriate the tithes and church-lands to national purposes.”

Is this chance, or principle?

Hallam, the most laborious and accurate of modern historians, and a declared Whig, thus records the *principles* of popery, as to *allegiance* and *oaths*:—

“In the canon law, it is expressly declared, *that subjects owe no allegiance* to an excommunicated monarch, if, after admonition, he is not reconciled to the church.”

“Domino excommunicato manente, subditi fidelitatem non debent. Et si longo tempore in ea persisterit, et monitus non pareat ecclesiæ, ab ejus debito absolvuntur.” (Decretal. lib. v. tit. 37. cap. 13.)

“The Rubric, on the deposition of Frederic II.

in the council of Lyons, asserts, that ‘the Pope may dethrone the emperor for legitimate causes.’ *Papa imperatorem deponere potest ex causis legitimis.* (Lib. xi. tit. 13. cap. 2. Hallam, vol. ii. p. 288.)”

The historian proceeds: “two principles are laid down in the Decretals—that an oath disadvantageous to the church is not binding! and, that one extorted by force is of slight obligation, and may be annulled by ecclesiastical authority. As the first of those maxims gave the most unlimited privilege to the popes, *of breaking all faith of treaties which thwarted their interest or passion—a privilege which they continually exercised*; so the second was equally convenient to princes weary of observing engagements towards their subjects or neighbours. Thus, Edward I. sought, at the hands of Clement V. a dispensation from his oath to observe the great statute against arbitrary taxation.”

‘*Juramentum contra utilitatem ecclesiasticam præstitum non tenet.* (Decretal. lib. xi. tit. 24, cap. 27. Et Sext. lib. i. tit. 11, cap. 1.) A juramento per metum extorto ecclesia solet absolvere, et ejus transgressores, ut peccantes mortaliter, non puniuntur. (Eod. lib. et tit. cap. 15.)’ The whole of this title in the Decretals upon oaths, seems to have given the first opening to the lax casuistry of succeeding times.’ (Hallam, vol. ii. pp. 296, 297.) He adds, that ‘it was in conformity with this sweeping principle of *ecclesiastical utility*, that Urban VI. made

the following solemn and general declaration against *keeping faith with heretics.* ‘ It being understood,’ says the pope, ‘ that confederations of this order, leagues and bonds, or conventions, made with heretics or schismatics of this kind, after they have become such, are rash, illicit, and, in their nature, null, even though they should have been made before the lapse of the party into heresy or schism; however they may be confirmed by oath, or by faith pledged, or corroborated by apostolic confirmation, or any other confirmation whatever, after they have become schismatics, as aforesaid.’ (Rymer, tit. 7. p. 352.)

Those things meet us in open day; we have on record ‘ A petition of the Roman Catholic archbishop and clergy of the archdiocese of Tuam, at visitation assembled,’ thus beginning: ‘ Your petitioners beg leave to impress upon your honourable house, that the Catholics of Ireland have loudly, repeatedly, and unanimously proclaimed their *detestation of the tithe system*, as fraught with injustice in principle and cruelty; and that they should not be content until they achieved its *utter annihilation.*’

What can be done with such men? By what conceivable obligation can they be bound? We actually had the words of their bishops in full contradiction of every point of this petition. On the 7th of November, 1826, one of them in his deliberate evidence, and on oath, before the Irish Education Commissioners, thus spoke: ‘ As to the dignita-

ries of the church, we never shall refuse to acknowledge their titles, *pre-eminence, civil jurisdiction, and temporalities*. They are possessions and titles which we conceive the state can confer, and the state can take away ; and, following the counsel of St. Paul we shall never refuse to give "honour to whom honour is due, tribute to whom tribute, and fear to whom fear." But this was *before* the Emancipation Bill.

Is it possible to conceive that the men who said this, could consider themselves authorised to take the *titles* of the Protestant church, pronounce the *temporalities* altogether detestable, and call upon their flock to join them in extinguishing the Establishment at a blow, as an *incumbrance* to the nation ?

The highest names of the Romish clergy cannot resist this calamity of their position. Dr. Murray, who now calls himself Archbishop of Dublin, has, within a few weeks (May 24,) sent his subscription to the O'Connell fund, with a letter, expressly stating his object to be political. 'My dear Sir, the *enemies* of religion will not, it seems, allow the clergy to stand aloof the mere spectators of the struggle which is now going on to obtain *justice* for Ireland.' The letter proceeds to state, that the clergy have thus been '*forced* to take a share in the just, but peaceful prosecution of the contest ;' adding, 'that the refusal of a large portion of the population to stain themselves with the guilt of apostacy, is put forward as a

just and sufficient cause why the whole country should be held in a state of political degradation.' Will it be believed, that this is the same Dr. Murray who, in 1834, as president of a meeting of Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops of Ireland, adopted, among other resolutions of a similar tendency, the following :—

“ Resolved, that we do pledge ourselves on our return to our respective dioceses, to remind our clergy of the instructions in our pastoral address of the year 1831, and to recommend to them most earnestly to avoid in future any allusion at their altars to political subjects, and carefully to refrain from connecting themselves with political clubs, acting as chairman or secretary at political meetings, or moving or seconding resolutions on such occasions ; in order that we exhibit ourselves in all things in the character of our sacred calling, as ministers of Christ, and dispensers of the mysteries of God.’

Has this language been adopted in practice? We find the individual who published it as the rule of his church, now leading the way as a subscriber to a purpose notoriously political. We find the example largely followed ; the Romish priesthood busy in all the political movements of the hour ; active at elections ; haranging from their altars ; directing and denouncing, with an indefatigable intrigue and a daring violence, worthy of the most ambitious days of popery.

We ask, what compact can be made with such principles? How can we negotiate, where the only vow kept is one of perpetual hostility? We ask, what additional grievances have the Roman Catholic body suffered since 1829? What breach of that engagement? What restriction on their altars? has not almost every year been marked by the rash concession of some new demand? Or is there a stronger realization in all political history of the boldest fiction of the poet, than this rebel spirit, let loose from his penal chains and darkness, only to spread new rebellion; more malignant at every advance into light and air; and even when standing in the central spot of freedom, and under the broadest sunshine of the constitution, lifting up his voice only to tell it 'how he hates its beams?'

Nor is it possible for them to escape under the vulgar subterfuge of parliamentary interpretation. Without more than alluding to the opinions of the framers of the bill, who describe the 'oath' as a '*principle*, which must not be run counter to in any manner whatever: '—what is the language of their most distinguished and eloquent advocate, Lord Brougham? In his speech of the 24th of April, 1826, he thus expressed his sense of the object and obligation of the Roman Catholic oath of 1793, the same with the present one:—

'What are the oaths now universally taken by the Irish Catholics? they are the strongest that language

can convey. I defy the wit of man to devise more ample pledges of attachment to the establishment, as a political institution. They are couched in the very words which the most zealous Protestant would be forward to use for the purpose of displaying, nay, making a display, of his loyalty to the church. In truth, they are the oaths invented by yourselves, as sufficient to satisfy your anxiety for the church, to disarm your fears for her security. They are the oaths by which you intended to obtain all the safeguards that swearing and declaring can give.' In another portion of his speech, he says 'to the Protestant church they pay, without a murmur, the tithe of all they have, though to them it can by no possibility afford any spiritual succour. They bind themselves by oaths and solemn declarations to support both church and state; and abjure, in the sight of God and man, every feeling inconsistent with the safety and interest of both.'

Not to multiply instances, another of their advocates, Dr. Lushington, in 1829 observed, in reference to the present oath, when before parliament, 'No man can doubt the meaning of the words, 'I will defend, to the utmost of my power, the settlement of property within the realm.' Those words include every description of property, not only as relates to a court of law, but also in the common sense of every man whatever. Therefore the words are sufficient to all intents and purposes.' And again, in the

debate of the 8th of February, 1833, in answer to the quibble of a member, who said that, in interfering with the Protestant Church in Ireland, he only meant interfering with its temporalities, Dr. Lushington thus gave his distinct opinion, ‘ I think that every Catholic member of Parliament, when he enters the house, takes at the table an oath, the words of which ought to make an impression, on his mind, never to be shaken.’ He then read the form of the Roman Catholic oath to the house, and said, ‘ Others may be more ingenious in scanning the extent of an oath, but I understand its plain meaning to be, that the Catholic members shall not lend themselves to any attempt which will either weaken, subvert, or destroy the Protestant church establishment.” I shall give but one example more ; it shews the perseverance in this desperate system, for it is of so late a date as the 24th of November, 1836; the resolutions of the Irish Association, passed on that day.

‘ Resolved, that it is incompatible with the principles of religious liberty, that any man should be compelled to pay for the ordinances of a church with which he is not joined in communion.

‘ Secondly—Resolved, that, as under the present appropriation of the tithe composition, a tribute is levied from the whole nation for the uses of the church of only one tenth portion of the community, the people of Ireland are, therefore, justified in de-

manding the total extinction of an assessment so applied.

‘Thirdly—Resolved, that, in our opinion, no settlement of the tithe question can give satisfaction to the people of Ireland, which is not founded on the foregoing principles.’

Let those resolutions be placed side by side with the Roman Catholic oath! they were moved by Mr. O’Connell; declaring that he never rose with greater pleasure in his life than for the purpose!

If the Scriptures are true, which pronounce Satan the father of lies and of liars, of what genealogy is language like this? In the name of common sense, how long are we to suffer those intrigues? In the name of British freedom, how long are laws to be made for Protestants by Popish legislators? In the insulted name of the God of truth and justice, how long is our religion to be held at the mercy of a system begotten in delusion, brought forth in iniquity, and maintained by the fearless dissolution of every tie that binds man to man! So said not the heathen.

‘Sed mihi vel Tellus, optem, prius ima dehiscat,
Vel Pater Omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
Pallentes umbras Erebi, noctemque profundam,
Ante, Pudor, quam te violo, aut tua jura resolvo.’

But, one oath has been sworn, which will be profoundly kept: the oath to the utter ruin of Protestantism in the realm. The tragedy of the church in Ireland is plainly but the rehearsal of the tragedy in

England and Scotland. There are two ways of destroying a church: by storm and by sap. But the people of England could not be tried by the former; they would not suffer persecution to go forth, showering its fire-brands through their households. The method by sap may be the more tardy, but it is the more secure: it destroys the Church by the peril of its property. This invention is not wholly due to the papacy; it is a leaf from the old volume of paganism. Julian* the Apostate's was the original genius, which discovered this mode of slaying religion without the mark of blood. He saw that martyrdom spread the church; but he knew that no man will educate his son for famine. He acted on his principle: he suffered the scaffolds to moulder, but he seized the revenues. Thus,

* Julian, according to this principle, which even Gibbon pronounces to have been 'pregnant with mischief and oppression,' transferred to the pagan pontiffs the revenues granted to the Christian church by Constantine and his sons. The system of clerical honours and immunities was levelled to the ground; money was prohibited to be left to the church by will; and the Christian priesthood were confounded with the lowest class of the people. An additional blow was levelled at their education. The Christians were prohibited from keeping schools, which was a virtual prohibition of all education, for it was notorious that they would not go to the schools of the pagan. Gibbon concludes by saying, that 'Julian had reason to expect that, in the space of a few years, the church would relapse into its *primeval simplicity*, and that the theologians, who possessed an adequate share of the learning and eloquence of the age, would be succeeded by *a generation of blind and ignorant fanatics*, incapable of defending the truth of their own principles, or of exposing the various follies of *polytheism*.' Julian, after a reign of but twenty-two months, fell in battle.

the church and the living generation must have gone down together to the grave. The invention was matchless; but the hand of God cut short the inventor, and his legacy was left for the benefit of Christians ! to come !

The sources of religion are above human property. But a permanent property is essential to a permanent Church. Pauperize the clergy, and you expose them to the ignorance, the passions, and the corruptions of poverty. You do worse ; you shake their doctrine ; for who can rely on the stability of doctrine, where the preacher must look to popularity for bread. Mulet the Church, and you degrade it into a dependent on national caprice ; confiscate, and you ruin. Pure religion will pass away with it into other lands. It may retain a show of existence here ; but cut off the roots, and the fall of the stately tree is as sure, as if the axe had severed the trunk. Insects and reptiles may cling to it, and feed upon its decay : but all the nobler tenants of its branches will be gone upon the wing.

But what must be the national results ? The misfortune of English opinion is, that long prosperity has rendered it comparatively unconscious of danger. A hundred and fifty years of security have made it contemptuous of all menace. But is it not to be remembered, that within the fifty years before, the constitution was once wholly overthrown ; and once saved only by the extraordinary chance of finding a

champion of liberty and religion in the house of the tyrant and bigot, and a warrior in the feeblest state of Europe ?

‘ *Imperium iisdem artibus optime retinetur quibus initio partum est.*’ The profound maxim of the Roman politician is marked on the history of every rising, and of every falling empire—‘The vigour which attained, must sustain.’ If the strength of England is invincible, it is only so when on its guard—the giant reposing in the arms of dalliance will awake only to find himself sightless, shorn of his strength, and a drudge and a scoff for life to the bitterest of his enemies.

But “the character of the people will be our protection !” History, even the history of the people of England, corrects this error. Nothing is so fluctuating as national character. In the conflicts of England, from the Wars of the Roses, down to the expulsion of James the Second, it has taken every contradictory hue ; it has been alternately daring and submissive, bigoted and pious, rebellious and loyal :—like the ocean, vast and resistless ; like the ocean, reflecting in the calm all the lights and glories of nature ; but like it, swaying before every gust, and assuming at once the fury and the darkness of the storm.

But, ‘thank God, we have lords !’—Every honourable bosom in England must echo the thanksgiving. The peerage have nobly done their duty ; yet they

are but men. "Put not your trust in princes," was the language of one of the wisest of men, himself a prince. The lords failed once; they may fail again: every art will be tried to shake, divide, and terrify them; if they give way but for an hour, all gives way along with them. Is this to be the confidence of the British empire?

A year of popish supremacy would effect all that popery ever desired—the total subversion of church and state; full vengeance on all that had repressed its ambition; exile, confiscation, and death, for its particular enemies; ruin for Protestantism and the constitution.

It is easy to register the progress of that triumph; we have only to trace its steps over the face of any country of modern Europe; France, Germany, Spain, the Netherlands. But the Irish Protestants would inevitably be the first victims: they have been guilty of three hundred years of loyalty; of an unbroken adherence to English connexion; of fertilising and civilising their portion of Ireland into the loveliness and quiet of England itself; of the pure forms of Christianity. They must be prepared for the last extremity; they must either fight or fly; they have sinned too deeply to be forgiven.

But, with Ireland in popish hands, what could save England? The nation would be already divided; the papist would have only to affect a neutrality, and hold back; to see the empire bleed to death by the abscision

of Ireland. Yet, will there be no temptation to more daring measures? Are we prepared to contemplate the march of popery, under the civil banner of some future cabinet erected by itself, and ready alike to lead its triumphs as a traitor, aid them as a conspirator, or follow them as a slave? Have we no fears of the loose population of Ireland rolling on our shore? they could spare a million! We have resisted the world, but it was with the constitution on our side; what could be our resistance, with the constitution against us, our valour branded as treason, and the scaffold before our eyes?

Such are some of our dangers. Still, if we have evils to meet, we have manly support in the sympathies of all that is pure, even in the varied religious bodies of the empire. The language of the honourable baronet (Sir G. Sinclair) who has just addressed you on the subject of the Scottish Church, shews the feeling of that important body. We have it further declared, in the published language of its first official authority, its moderator—a divine whose merits do honour to his church—that, if the establishment in Scotland has taken a political turn, it has been compelled by the *necessities* of the time. ‘With the exception,’ says Dr. Macleod, ‘of a very few individuals, all the clergy of the Church of Scotland have ranged themselves on the conservative side of politics, determined to resist the dangers that seem to threaten their most valued institutions.’

‘ Under the present aspect of public affairs, and viewing with alarm the measures of government towards our sister establishments, and their apathy to the fearful destitution of religious instruction which exists in our own land, we should deem it a dereliction of duty to remain in a state of real or apparent neutrality.’*

If you are deceived in this traffic of your religious liberty against your fears, never was a people more contemptuously deceived. Your enemies speak with the plainness of sure ascendancy. You ‘conciliate,’ and call your concession a settlement. They laugh at your conciliation as a sign of terror, and call your concession an ‘instalment.’ Every weapon that you lay at their feet in sign of your zeal for peace, is openly added to their armoury, in preparation for war. With an arrogance which, in other times, would have been pronounced treason, they threaten to divide your empire; and if the menace is still unperformed, it is checked only by the rising hope, that they will yet have possession of the whole.

But if you may trifle with rights and religion, you cannot concede men: the Protestants of Ireland will not be conceded by you. They are the sons of English freedom in its hardest days; and they retain the hardihood of that noble ancestry, invigorated and made vigilant by living perpetually in sight of

* Letter, Edinburgh, May 31, 1837.

the popish border. Those you may crush, but you cannot conciliate them away. It will not be a negotiation; it must be a slave-trade.

But one word more. The established clergy have been charged with a fondness for obsolete abuses. This is a calumny. There is no body of men in the empire more willing to adopt, nay, to lead, the most vigorous career of improvement. But they cannot discover improvement in the violation of justice; nor will they bow down to robbery in the mask of religious reform. If the state, or the church, have infirmities, there are no men more desirous of seeing them healed. But they would approach both with the reverence due to the couch of a parent; they would not see them, like the bodies of criminals, flung on the dissecting-table, to glut a savage curiosity, or teach apprentice-statesmen how to mangle. There are no men to whose uses, happiness, and natural zeal for the great establishment of England, all national advance has a higher value. But they rightly distrust and disdain all reform, whether religious or political, generated of other parentage than truth and honour. Whatever countenance the child may wear, it will have the hereditary disease in its frame; ‘*Ignavi ex ignavis.*’ Constitution never grew out of conspiracy. Reform, to be salutary, must be the reverse of local, temporary, or subservient to party objects. It must be principled; it must be gradual; it must be as much above the little grasp of faction,

as the sun is above the reach of man. Like that luminary, it must be a work of the highest beneficence, guided by the highest wisdom ; a great necessity of moral nature, enlightening the darkness of the nation without disturbance ; and, as it moves onward, calmly shedding fertility and life into the bosom of the land. It must not be a conflagration ; bursting on us at midnight ; involving the helpless and the confiding in hazard of life ; hailed only by the thief and the traitor ; and leaving no vestige of its progress but in its ruins.

IX.

ZUINGLIUS, THE SWISS REFORMER.

The parting promise of our Lord to his Church, "Lo! I am with you to the end of the world," has been unanswerably realized in the continued existence of the Gospel. If it has sometimes been lost to the general eye, it has always been restored; like a river plunging under ground, it has always continued its course, and often met the light of day again with additional force and volume. If it has abandoned its old channel, it was only to find a new and broader one, to fertilize an untried region, and reflect the shapes and splendours of heaven in a nobler and more tranquil expanse. It has never been absorbed; and even in its final days of difficulty, it shall sink, only to rise again, and spread round the world. But a remarkable characteristic of those revivals of the Gospel, is, that they were in almost every instance by the instrumentality of individuals. The great political movements of mankind are often as general as the movements

of the ocean or the air ; a vast and unaccountable impulse suddenly urges the whole. But the revivals of religion in the East, in Italy, in Germany, in France, and, in England, were nearly all personal,—while all was in spiritual slavery, an individual started forth, showing his broken chain ; while all was silence throughout the world, a trumpet sounded, summoning the soldiers of the faith to brace on their armour ; while the voice of the prophet had been unknown for ages, the voice was heard crying in the wilderness, that the “ hour was come,” proclaiming repentance, and preparing the multitude for the baptism of regeneration.

The apostles were commanded to go forth, not in the strength of human powers, not relying upon genius, eloquence, or authority, but in the strength of religion ; and they conquered, where the noblest powers of man would have been in vain.

The command was given for all times, as well as for the apostolic age. While it declared, that the great work of God was not to owe its triumph to any vanity of man ; it also declared, that simplicity, sincerity, and moral courage, qualities which may be found in every rank of man, however divested of the more showy gifts of nature or fortune, were appointed to achieve the hallowed and immortal successes of the gospel. No Christian can be suffered to shelter his indolence under the pretext, that he has not the brilliant faculties which influence the world. The

mightiest changes that the earth has ever seen, were made by men whose only talents were love of truth, love of man, and love of God. The life of the first reformer of Switzerland is an illustrious example.

Ulric Zuingle,* better known by his Latinized name of Zuinglius, was the son of a peasant in the Swiss valley of Tokenburg. He was destined for the church, and was sent successively to Basle, Berne, and Vienna, where he acquired the meagre literature usual in the fifteenth century; in the eighty-fourth year of which, on the 1st of January, he was born. After four years residence at Basle, he was ordained by the bishop of Constance, on being chosen by the burghers of Glaris as their pastor. From this epoch commenced his religious knowledge. It occurred to him, while yet in the darkness of popery; that to be master of the doctrines of Christianity, he ought to look for them, in the first instance, not in the writings of the doctors, or in the decrees of councils, but in the scriptures themselves. He then began to study the New Testament; and found, what all men will find who study it in a sincere desire for the truth, and in an earnest and humble supplication for wisdom; that in it was wisdom, not to be taught by man.

In this study he pursued a system essential to the right perception of the scriptures. Not content with reading the text, he laboured to investigate its diffi-

* Myconius de vita Zuinglii.

culties ; he studied it in the *original* ; and with so much diligence, that, to render its language familiar to his memory, he wrote out the entire of St. Paul's epistles, and crowded the margin of his manuscripts with notes of his own, and observations from the Fathers. As his knowledge grew, he was astonished to find, that some of those doctrines of the Romish Church, which he had conceived to be fixed as fate, were not discoverable in the New Testament. To clear up those perplexing doubts ; he peculiarly examined the texts on which the canon of the mass was declared to be founded ; and by adopting the natural rule, of making scripture its own interpreter, he convinced himself of the feebleness of the foundation. He now passed on from discovery to discovery. He examined the writings of the primitive Fathers, the immediate followers of the apostolic age ; and ascertained, that they differed in a variety of points from the doctrines of Rome. From the Fathers he passed down to a general study of the later theologians, and found in some, denounced by Rome as heretics, the very opinions which he had been taught by his solitary labour of the scriptures.* In the works of Bertram on the Eucharist, he read opinions in the ninth century opposed to those of the papacy. In Wickliffe's writings he found fatal arguments against the invocation of saints, and conventual vows ; and in those of

* Hottinger. Hist. Eccl. T. 6.

Huss the martyr, open and resistless reprobation of the tyranny of the papal power, and the temporal ambition of the Romish priesthood. To eyes once opened by the book of all holiness and wisdom, the delusion rapidly gave way on all sides. From the doctrines of the Romish church he next turned to its practice.

In unaccountable contrast with the inspired denunciations, he saw the people bowing down to images, and attributing the power of miracles to pictures, statues, and fragments of the dead.

He saw the scriptures, on one hand, proclaiming ONE MEDIATOR, and him alone. He saw the papacy, on the other, proclaiming hundreds and thousands, in saints, statues, and bones. One Sacrifice, once offered for all, "without money and without price," was the language of inspiration. A thousand, a million sacrifices every day, and for any individual who purchased them, was the practice of popery. "Be not lords over God's heritage," were the dying words of the apostle. 'Be kings, conquerors, rulers of all nations,' was the maxim of those who declared that they held their sceptre in virtue of St. Peter's supremacy. "The servant of the Lord must not strive," said the scriptures. 'The servant of the Lord must strive, and hunt down, and chain, and massacre, those who will not believe that he is the supreme depository of the wisdom of God, the vicar of God on earth, the spiritual Lord of mankind, the opener of the

gates of heaven, the sentencer of eternal misery, to whom he will,' was the dogma of Rome.

It is one of the most admirable features in the character of Zuinglius, that nothing could urge him into precipitancy. Those truths were irresistible, yet he knew the hazard even to truth from rashness. He had a double distrust, first of his own mind, next of that of the multitude. He felt, that the eagerness to throw off prejudices has sometimes been itself a prejudice; and he determined to abstain from all public declarations of his sentiments, until they were unchangeable. To try them by every test, he kept up a private theological correspondence with a large circle of learned men; but in his sermons he avoided all dispute, and by a course which is perhaps, after all, the true way to shake error from its strongholds,—the simple preaching of the uncontradicted and essential doctrines of Christianity; he gradually softened the repugnance, and purified the corruption of the public mind. In this course he continued for ten years.

But his career was at length to receive a more vigorous and defined direction. It would be presumptuous to decide, that providence always overrules the common chances of life in favour of its most distinguished servants; but the chief circumstances of Zuinglius's life were among the most fortunate that a preacher of the Gospel could have chosen.

The direction of the opulent and highly-privileged

abbey of Einsiedlen, in the canton of Schweitz, had been lately given to Theobald, Baron of Geroldsac; a man of noble birth, who, after receiving an education more fitted for the noble and the soldier than the churchman, had become a monk. He brought with him from the world ideas superior to the cloister, and one of his first purposes was, to make his community entitled to literary distinction. Zuinglius's character for intelligence reached him, and he offered the pastor of Glaris the preachership of the convent. Its opportunities of knowledge and literary association were so obvious, that Zuinglius accepted the offer; though the people of Glaris were so much attached to him, that they kept their pulpit open for two years, in the hope that he might change his mind, and return.

At Einsiedlen, Zuinglius found all that was still necessary to invigorate and accomplish his mind for the great work which that lay before him. The library contained the chief theological labours of the church, with a large collection of the Fathers, and of the leading restorers of learning in Germany. Among the monks too were some active and zealous minds, whose names are still distinguished among the Reformers; and at their head was a candid and high-spirited noble, who, in an age of papal violence, had the manliness to encourage their enquiries, the sincerity to follow truth, and the singular intrepidity to reduce it to practice. Zuinglius had no sooner proved, that it

was unscriptural to believe in the pardon of sins for money, than Geroldsac ordered the effacing of the inscription over the Abbey gate, 'Here plenary remission of all sins is to be obtained.' It was no sooner proved to him that the worship of relics was unholy, than he ordered the relics to be taken from the altars and buried. The nuns had hitherto read only the Romish liturgy; he ordered, that they should be supplied with the New Testament. Their vows had hitherto been irrevocable; he ordered that, while all conventual license should be strictly restrained, every nun should be at liberty to leave the walls, and marry if she so willed. Under such a governor, prudence alone was necessary to solid success, and prudence was one of the finest qualities of Zuinglius. In his two-fold office of preacher and confessor, a rash or ambitious spirit might have had great means of disturbing the general peace, by irritating public opinion. He wisely abstained from this hazardous and fruitless course; left the prominent superstitions to be detected by the increasing intelligence of the people, and holily laboured to convince them only of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. Thus, without offending their prejudices, he enlightened their understandings; and having disclosed the pure and visible beauty of the truths of God, safely left his hearers to condemn for themselves the groundless doctrines, and tyrannical assumptions, of Rome.

With the force of his strong and sincere mind turned to the great subjects of Christianity, he must have been in constant advance to a more vigorous conviction of the errors of the Popish system ; and the time must have arrived when that conviction would declare itself. But the piety of Zuinglius was the direct reverse of popular passion. It has been remarked, by one who knew human nature well, that a “reformer who seeks only improvement, applies to the higher ranks ; but that he who seeks only innovation, applies to the lower.” By the course of society, all beneficial reform must be transmitted from the possessors of property, knowledge, and public experience ; for, with the educated the instrument must be reason ; with the uneducated the instrument is always violence.

The first appeals of the Swiss Reformer were to his ecclesiastical superiors. His addresses to the Bishop of Constance, and the Cardinal of Sion, pointed out for their correction the errors which it was in their power safely to extinguish ; but which could not, without public danger, be left to be extinguished by the people.

‘ The revival of letters,’ said some of those manly documents, ‘ has lessened the popular credulity. The people begin to blame the idleness of the monks, the ignorance of the priesthood, and the misconduct of the prelates.’

‘ If care be not taken, the multitude will soon

lose the only curb capable of restraining its passions, and will go on from disorder to disorder.'

'A reformation ought to be begun immediately; but it ought to begin with superiors, and spread from them to their inferiors.

'If bishops were no longer seen to handle the sword instead of the crozier; and ecclesiastics of all kinds to dissipate in scandalous debauchery the revenues of their benefices; then we might raise our voices against the vices of the laity, without dreading their recriminations. Yet a reform in manners is impossible, unless you first get rid of those swarms of pious idlers who feed at the expense of the industrious citizen, and unless you abolish those superstitious ceremonies and absurd dogmas, equally calculated to shock the understanding of reasonable men, and to alarm the piety of religious ones.'

The Cardinal of Sion was a man of talents, who had raised himself from obscurity into high political influence with the court of Rome. The strength of his understanding made him feel that his remonstrant was in the right, and he promised to lay the statement before the Pope. But the Cardinal was more a politician than a priest, and he soon shrank from offering so obnoxious a topic to the stately and luxurious selfishness of Leo X. The son of the Medici had more engrossing objects than the purification of the Church. Those were, to aggrandize his family; to strengthen

himself as a monarch by foreign alliances ; to distinguish his name as that of the Mæcenæ of the age ; and adorning his city by monuments of the arts, in St. Peter's to build a temple worthy of the pride of a religion which claimed the supremacy of mankind.

But the period had now arrived, when profound study, continued interchange of opinion with the leading philosophers and divines of his country, and holy convictions, matured during many years, had fitted Zuinglius for the solemn and public commencement of his work of immortality.

For this perilous effort, which required the heroism of the age of the martyrs, the great Reformer chose a prominent occasion.* The history of the Convent of Einsiedlen was a striking compound of the wild legends and fantastic miracles of the dark ages. In the ninth century, a monk of noble family, probably disturbed by some memory of the furious excesses of his time, had determined to hide himself from human eyes, in the most lonely depths of Switzerland. The spot which he chose was even then called 'The Gloomy Forest.' Here he built a chapel and a hermitage, and after a solitude of twenty-six years, closed his career under the daggers of banditti. A miracle was declared to sanctify his death.—Two crows, his only associates in the wilderness, flew on

* Hartman Ann.

the track of the murderers, screaming round them; until, in the market-place of Zurich, the popular suspicion was fixed on the criminals, and the crime was finally confessed, and avenged.

Pious curiosity was now attracted to the forest; wealth followed curiosity, and a monastery rose on the foundation of the hermitage. A further miracle attested the good-will of the 'Virgin,' to whom, and to the 'Martyrs of the Theban legion,' the establishment was dedicated.—The Bishop of Constance, with some of the neighbouring prelates, had arrived to consecrate the convent; when, in the night before the ceremony, the bishop heard superhuman voices chanting hymns in the church. His pious scruples started at the guilt of adding superfluous consecration to that shrine which had been already declared holy by celestial homage; and he next day refused to perform his function. He was, however, entreated so perseveringly, that he approached the altar: but a mysterious oracle pronounced in the ears of the terrified prelate, and the wondering people, '*Cessa, cessa, frater; divinitus capella consecrata est*'—'Forbear, brother; the chapel is divinely consecrated.' The rebuked bishop shrank before the supreme sanctification, and the multitude returned home, only to come back with the fruits of sanctity that monkism loves, to the altar thus conspicuously hallowed. The robber-nobility and tyrant princes of the tenth century, who had many an act of blood to atone,

came to wash away their crimes by giving a portion of their pillage to the convent of Einsiedlen. In the spirit of a time which always combined temporal ambition with spiritual influence, the Abbot of this opulent establishment soon disdained the humble rank of a pastor, and demanded that of a sovereign. Under Rodolf of Hapsburg, the founder of the Austrian monarchy, the Abbot of Einsiedlen took his place among the princes of the 'Holy Roman Empire.' Where opulence and rank were thus fully obtained, sanctity could not be far. An image of the Virgin was soon discovered, more genuine than all the past, more wonder-working, and more productive to the sacred treasury. The glory of this wooden Empress of the Heavens, this healer of diseases, and extractor of money, beamed with undiminished radiance for nearly half the duration of the empire of Rome; and even in the sixth century from her rising on the eyes of the faithful, her splendours had scarcely approached their setting.

Once in every seven years the consecration of the chapel was solemnized with peculiar pomp. The event itself had been fixed in the Papal history by a bull of Leo the Eighth, and the details had been preserved for posterity in a volume entitled, 'De Secretis Secretorum.' It was there stated, to have been performed 'according to the Romish ritual in such cases made and provided; the Saviour himself officiating! and being attended in the ceremony by a host of

angels, evangelists, martyrs, and fathers.' To give further evidence of which fact, says the record, our Saviour concluded the ceremony by striking the fingers of his right hand into a stone at the chapel-door.' The marks were worshipped, kissed, and prayed to by thousands of pilgrims, down even to the year 1802, when the stone fell, and the holy marks never recovered the disaster.

On the festival of this 'Consecration of the Angels,' Zuinglius ascended the pulpit. The concourse was immense, from the whole range of Switzerland, and every ear was turned to catch the panegyric of the 'Mighty Mother' and the 'Host of glory' that had descended to pour the oil of holiness on that chosen spot of the world. But a mightier strength, that was to break the power of the image, was there. With the sincerity and the zeal of a new apostle to the Gentiles, Zuinglius thundered on them:—

'Blind are ye,' exclaimed he, 'in seeking thus to please the God of Earth and Heaven. Believe not that the Eternal, He whom the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain, dwells especially here. Whatever region of the world you may inhabit, there He is beside you; He surrounds you, He grants your prayers, if they deserve to be granted. It is not by useless vows, by long pilgrimages, by offerings to senseless images, that you can obtain the favour of God—that you can resist temptation—repress guilty desires—shun injustice—relieve the un-

fortunate—or console the afflicted. Those alone are the works that please the Lord.

‘ Alas, alas! I know our own crime. It is we, the ministers of the altar—we who ought to be the salt of the earth, who have plunged the ignorant and credulous multitude into error. To accumulate treasures for our avarice, we raised vain and worthless practices to the rank of good works, until the people neglect the laws of God, and only think of offering compensation for their crimes, instead of renouncing them. What is their language? Let us indulge our desires—let us enrich ourselves with the plunder of our neighbour—let us not fear to stain our hands with blood and murder. When all is done, we shall find easy expiation in the favour of the Church!

‘ Madmen! Can they think to obtain remission of their lies, their impurities, their adulteries, their murders, their treacheries, by a Litany to the Queen of Heaven? Is she to be the protectress of all evil-doers? Be deceived no longer, people of error! The God of Justice disdains to be moved by words which, in the very utterance, the heart disowns. The eternal Sovereign of truth and mercy forgives no man his trespasses, who does not forgive the trespasser against himself. You worship the saints. Did those sons of God, at whose feet you fling yourselves, enter into heaven by relying on the merits of others? No—It was by walking in the path of the

law of God, by fulfilling the will of the Most High, by facing death, rather than deny their Lord and Saviour.

‘ What is the honour that you ought to pay those saints? Imitate the holiness of their lives—walk in their footsteps—suffer yourselves to be turned aside by neither seduction nor terrors.

‘ But in the day of trouble put your trust in none but God, who created the heaven and earth with a word.

‘ At the coming of death, invoke no name but that of Christ Jesus, who bought you with his blood, and who is the ONE and ONLY MEDIATOR between God and Man ! ’

This discourse struck at all the pillars of Popery at once ; absolution for money—pilgrimages—the worship of the Virgin—and the intercession of the saints. It was listened to in mingled astonishment, wrath, and admiration. Its effect upon the priesthood was, to inflame in some instances the jealousy which no prudence of the pastor could have stifled ; yet of the monks, if some were indignant, many heard in it only the doctrines which had been the subject of long meditation among themselves ; in other instances, the conviction was immediate and complete, and pilgrims who had brought offerings to the shrine, refused to join in what they had learned to be an act of impiety, and took their offerings home. The great majority were awakened to a sense of their

condition, and, from that hour, were prepared to abjure the crimes and superstitions of Rome. But, like the light that fell on St. Paul in his journey, the fullest illumination descended on the preacher himself. Others heard and acknowledged the voice of heaven; but it was to the preacher that the words of God came with living power. From that day forth, he was no longer the same man. His energy, intrepidity, and defiance of the common obstacles of Christianity in the popular prejudices and the tyranny of the Popedom; raised him thenceforth to the highest rank of the champions of the gospel.

The mind of this great man, deeply imbued with Scriptural knowledge by his ten years' residence in his pastorship of Glaris, and further matured by his three years' enjoyment of the literature of Einsiedlen, was now prepared for the sterner duties of a leader of the Reformation. Through the advice of Myconius, a Greek professor in the school of Zurich, whom he had known in the convent, Zuinglius was chosen preacher in the Cathedral of Zurich, Dec. 4, 1518; a memorable time—one year from the commencement of Luther's preaching at Wittenberg.

In his new office, the preacher lost no time in giving evidence of his vigour. It had been the custom, to restrict the Scriptural teaching to the Dominical lessons, portions of the text marked out for the Sundays and Saints' days. Zuinglius declared that

he would take the whole of the sacred volume, and explain it in succession, so that the entire Scripture might be made familiar to the people. He boldly overruled the objections which were made to this formidable innovation on the practices of the Romanists; and on the 1st of January 1519, the first day of his 35th year, he commenced his course of Scriptural lectures. From various motives, he was attended by a multitude of all ranks; and he exercised the functions of a teacher of the truth with the ardour of a sacred servant, accountable to but one master. In his exhortations, he rebuked the prevalent crimes of all classes; the partiality of the magistrates, the violence, licentiousness, and intemperance of the lower ranks; the national guilt in ambitiously espousing the cause of sovereigns for aggrandisement; and the old and peculiar crime of selling the services of their armies to strangers.

He was fiercely threatened for this exposure; but his fortitude never relaxed; and he persisted in the plain and direct reprobation of every practice obnoxious to Scripture. He was now described alternately as a partisan and a fanatic, as the prey of a mad enthusiasm, and the accomplice of dangerous designs against the state. But his sincerity, guided by his prudence, gained the day; and all men, distinguished for honour and intelligence, were soon ranged on the side of the hallowed and intrepid preacher of the Cathedral.

A striking instance now occurred, to give him a still stronger hold on the affections of his country.

Leo the Tenth,* in his eagerness to build St. Peter's as a monument of his reign, had exhausted the Papal treasury; and demanding that it should be filled up by the purses of the faithful; he sent friars on missions to sell the forgiveness of sins. Those demands had been frequently made before, in the failures of the Roman exchequer; though they had in general excited great opposition among the local clergy. The Franciscan Bernardine Samson, the missionary to Switzerland, now came on this unpopular message; and his own conduct, though personally adroit, was too strongly marked by the Romish modes of raising money, not to increase the unpopularity. He published a scale of absolutions for the poor and the rich; six sous being the easy purchase of a soul of the former, while a crown was the price of the higher worth, or deeper depravity, of the latter. A nobleman of Berne is recorded to have made a single sweeping bargain of the divine grace for himself, his ancestors, and his vassals!

The friar, by the authority of Leo, (an authority claimed to this hour, and to the same extent) publicly declared, that the power of the pope had no limit in either heaven or earth—that at his disposal was the blood of Christ and the martyrs—that he had

* Fra Paolo Storia del Concilio di Trento. l. 1.

a heavenly right to remit both sin and the penance for sin—and that the sinner would be the heir of divine grace, the ‘moment his money rattled in the missionary’s box.’ He proceeded, granting absolution alike to individuals and states, pardoning sins alike past, present, and to come; and selling bulls authorizing their fortunate purchasers, if harassed by a too strict confessor, to choose an easier one, who should release them from vows, absolve them from the obligation of oaths, and extinguish the guilt of perjury. The habitual effrontery of those tax-gatherers of the pope, had soon risen into a ludicrous contempt for appearances. On a crowd of the common people pressing round this seller of the peace of heaven, he was heard to cry out in the open streets, “Let the rich come first, who are able to buy the pardon of their sins. When they have been settled with, then the poor may come.’

Zuinglius declared, in the face of papal vengeance, that this traffic was a crime; and he succeeded in prevailing on his fellow-citizens to repel the Franciscan. He did more; he successfully appealed against him to the deputies of the Thirteen Cantons, who happened to be then assembled at Zurich. The final result was, that the Franciscan was driven out of Switzerland.

The history of the Reformation derives its value to us, not more from its noble display of principle, than from its instruction in the mode by which religion is to

be best recovered in a degenerate age. Thus we find, that the study of the Scriptures was the light that led the Reformers to knowledge ; and the knowledge of the Scriptures was the great instrument by which they broke the popish fetters from the public mind. We see all the preachers devoting their whole strength to making known the inspired word, and that alone. The Reformer of Zurich, a man acquainted with a vast range of the literature of his day, yet brought into the pulpit only elucidations of the Bible. ‘ On my arrival at Zurich,’ he says, ‘ I began to explain the gospel according to St. Matthew. My next labour was the Acts of the Apostles, in order to shew how the gospel had been diffused. I then proceeded to St. Paul’s First Epistle to Timothy, which may be said to contain the rule of life to a Christian, and clear up the errors introduced into the doctrine of faith. I then interpreted the Epistle to the Galatians ; which was followed by the two Epistles of St. Peter, to prove to the detractors of St. Paul, that the same spirit had animated both apostles. I then commenced the Epistle to the Hebrews ; as making known, in its full extent, the benefits of the mission of Christ. In all my discourses, I avoided indirect modes of speech, artful turns and captious arguments. It was only by the most simple reasonings, that, in thus following the teaching of our Lord Christ, I attempted to open every man’s eyes to his own disease.’

Zuinglius had been hitherto merely a local preacher of the truth ; but he was now come into national collision with ecclesiastical power. His preaching had begun to produce its natural effects, more permanent, because less clamorous ; and more formidable to Popery, because wrought in the hearts rather than borne on the lips of the people. About the year 1522, it was observed with sudden suspicion by the priests, that some of their flocks had given up the practice of fasting in Lent, and,—which was the unpardonable crime,—without the usual dispensation. A heresy which thus struck at the power of Rome must be extinguished ; the whip of persecution was instantly brandished ; the culprits were summoned before the magistrates, and were cast into prison. The Swiss Reformer now came forward to defend his principles. In a tract on the ‘ Observation of Lent,’ he laid down the unquestionable doctrines,—that with God mercy is better than sacrifice,—that Christianity has abolished all distinction of holy and unholy food, and that the true fast is that from sin. He shewed that Scripture and common sense alike left every one at liberty to fast or not, as he found it desirable to his pursuits, his health, or his Christian edification. After throwing into merited contempt the idea that one food is more acceptable to God than another, or that the soul is the holier for the stomach’s receiving a fish rather than an egg, he founds his rule on the necessities and circumstances of society. ‘ Let the

opulent fast if they will; it may form a suitable interruption to a life of habitual indulgence. But the workmen in your manufactories, the labourers in your fields, find in the hardships and privations of their lives enough to mortify the flesh. The Romish regulations for those fasts, were unknown to the majority of those very Fathers by whom they are said to be founded. They are still unknown to large bodies of Christianity throughout the world. The true purpose for which they were adopted, and for which they are sustained,—is, by the payment for dispensations, to raise a large revenue for the See of Rome.'

The controversial war was now declared. Hugh of Landenberg, Bishop of Constance, published a rescript to his clergy, exhorting them to adhere with increased fidelity to the 'Mother Church.' His letter, addressed to the Council of Zurich at the same period, peculiarly desired that they would not suffer the ancient rites to be infringed. The Council, already awakened to the truth, answered this letter by a request that the chief pastors of the diocese would have a conference to examine into the causes of the dissension. But Landenberg knew too well the peril of the enquiry, and declined the examination. He next wrote to the Chapter of the Cathedral, on whom the preacher was of course dependent, complaining of 'certain innovators, who, stimulated by the madness of pride, pretended to reform the Church.' The

Bishop's language was in the form which the wrath of Rome uses to this hour. 'Receive not as a remedy this detestable poison; perdition for salvation. Reject opinions, which are condemned by the heads of Christendom. Allow them not to be preached among you, nor discussed, publicly or privately.'

Zuinglius had not been yet named, but he was conscious that the blow was meant for him; and he demanded leave of his Chapter to state the grounds of his opinion. The principle of the answer, with which he refuted the charge of heresy, was, that 'the Scriptures alone are the great authority to Christians.'

'The word of God,' says this holy and high-minded man, in one of those passages, whose truth is superior to all eloquence, 'has no need of human sanction. The Fathers of the Church did no more than reject the spurious Gospels, the work of feigned or unknown writers. Neither do we desire more, than to purify religion of whatever is foreign to it,—to deliver it from the captivity in which it is held by its enemies,—to dig again those fountains of living water, which those enemies have filled up.'

'In defence of human tradition you say, that the writings of the first disciples of our Lord do not contain all that is necessary to salvation. You quote the text—"I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now," (John xiv. 12.) But here our Lord speaks to the Apostles, and not to Aquinas,

Scotus, Bartholus, or Baldus, whom you elevate to the rank of supreme legislators. When Jesus says, immediately after, "Howbeit, when the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth"—it is still the Apostles whom he is addressing, and not men who should be called rather disciples of Aristotle than of Christ.

' If those famous doctors have added to Scripture doctrine that was deficient, it must then be acknowledged, that our ancestors possessed it imperfect,—that the Apostles transmitted it to us imperfect, and that Jesus Christ the Son of God taught it to us imperfect.

' What blasphemy! Yet do not they who make human traditions equal or superior to the law of God, or pretend that they are necessary to salvation, really say this? If men cannot be saved without certain decrees of councils, neither the Apostles nor the early Christians, who were ignorant of those decrees, can be saved!

' Observe to what these doctrines drive you. You defend your ceremonies, as if they were essential to religion. Yet religion exercised a much more extensive empire over the heart, when the reading of pious books, prayer, and mutual exhortation, formed the only worship of the faithful! You accuse me of overturning the state, because I openly censure the vices of the clergy. No one respects more than I do the ministers of religion, when they teach it in

its purity, and practise it with simplicity ; but I cannot suppress my indignation, when I see shepherds, who by their conduct say to their flocks, ‘ We are the elect, you the profane. We are the enlightened, you the ignorant. It is permitted to us to live in idleness, you must eat your bread in the sweat of your brow ; we may give ourselves up to all excesses with impunity, while you must abstain from all sin !’

‘ I shall now tell you what is the Christianity that I profess. It commands men to obey the laws and respect the magistrate,—to pay tribute where tribute is due,—to be rivals only in beneficence,—to relieve the poor,—to share the sorrows of our neighbour,—and to regard all mankind as brethren.

‘ It further requires the Christian to expect salvation from God alone ; in Jesus Christ his son, our Master and Saviour, who giveth eternal life to those who believe on him. Such are the principles from which, in the exercise of my ministry, I have never departed.’

These expositions of doctrine have a value measurelessly beyond even their historical interest. They give us the sincere impression of the scriptures, as they stamp their immortal truths on the minds of men newly awakened to a sense of religion. We see how deeply and purely their wisdom speaks from the beginning to every man who will fully bring his heart to their study. In human science, the progress is gradual ; every succeeding generation dis-

cerns error in the midst of the brightest discoveries of the past. But here truth is developed at once,—the first generation acquires a knowledge not to be surpassed by the remotest that is to be born. If intellectual science rises, like the sun from the verge of the earth, by light on light towards the meridian,—spiritual science, like the light that heralded the birth of the Messiah, bursts upon us at once from the zenith, and fills the midnight with celestial glory.

The papacy, until this period, had been content to watch the proceedings of the Reformers with a jealous eye. Leo the Tenth, busied with state intrigues, fond of the lazy indulgence of the throne, and, like all voluptuaries, disbelieving the power of any thing but pleasure or ambition to stir the energies of man, had listened with reluctance or disdain to the rumours of religious change in the north. The accomplished Italian, nurtured in the elegance of southern life, and surrounded with the arts in their day of splendour, looked with native and habitual scorn on the barbarian Swiss and German. But the day of indolence must at length be at an end; and Leo, startled by the stern remonstrances of the popish sovereigns, and by the justified alarm of the popish priesthood, was roused to final action.

In 1528, Luther's forty-one propositions were declared heretical, and his writings ordered to be burnt; while to himself was offered only the alternative of

falsifying his doctrines, or being excommunicated. This act of tyranny was followed, in the next year, by the citation to the Diet of Worms ; where refusing to appear, he was put under ban, and declared an enemy to the empire, as ‘a schismatic, a notorious and obstinate heretic, and a gangrened foe to the holy church.”

The war which broke out between Charles the Fifth and Francis the First, at the moment when the sword seemed about to fall on the necks of the reformers ; providentially put off the visitation, from the day of weakness till the day of strength. But minor persecutions by the hands of the prelates and local authorities vexed the church of God ; and in 1523, Zuinglius had appeared before the council of his canton, and demanded to be heard in public conference in behalf of his doctrine, in presence of the deputies of the Bishop of Constance.

Zuinglius now published his ‘Seventy-six Articles.’ They and the controversy are memorable, the former as being a masterly elucidation at once of the Reformed and the Popish principles of the time ; the latter as giving rise to a signal change in church government.

The ‘Seventy-six Articles’ declared that—‘It is an error, to assert that the gospel is nothing without the approbation of the Church of Rome.—It is an error, to esteem other instructions equally with those of the gospel.—The cause of the divisions of

the church lies in the traditions by which the priests justify their riches, pomps and dignities.—The observances enjoined by men do not avail us to salvation.—The mass is not the sacrifice of Christ.—The power arrogated to themselves by the Pope and his bishops is not founded on scripture.—The jurisdiction claimed by the priesthood rightfully belongs to the secular magistrates, to whom all believers ought to submit themselves.—The law of God has not forbidden marriage to the clergy.—The celibacy of the clergy is one great source of licentiousness.—Confession to a priest may be considered as an examination of the conscience, but is not an act which can deserve absolution.—To give absolution for money is to be guilty of simony.—Holy writ says nothing of purgatory. God alone knows the judgment that he reserves for the dead. Since he has not been pleased to reveal it, we ought to refrain from presumptuous conjectures.—No man should be molested for his opinions. The magistrate should prohibit those alone which threaten the public peace.'

The conference was attended by two hundred ecclesiastics, and a great multitude of other persons. The Grand Vicar and the Intendant of the Bishop of Constance were present as his representatives, and addressed the meeting. But the most pressing instances of Zuinglius could not urge them to the examination of his tenets; they spoke in general terms, and repeated the importance of avoiding all

schism. The controversy was on the point of closing in this inefficient manner: when a complaint was tendered to the Council, of the arrest of a priest for denying the invocation of the saints and the Virgin. This act of violence excited loud remark, and the Vicar, in vindicating the act of his superior, accidentally said, that he himself had conferred with the priest, and brought him to acknowledge his heresy. Zuinglius, with equal boldness and sagacity, started forward at this unwary acknowledgment; and demanded that the Vicar should state the reasons which had so suddenly converted the priest. The Grand Vicar now attempted to recover the false step of suffering himself to be thus drawn into a detail of his doctrine, and commenced a general harangue on the danger of disturbing the decisions of the Church; Particular synods he declared to be unfit for settling doctrines; general councils were the only instruments. 'The gift of interpreting the Scriptures,' said he, 'is a precious one, which God does not grant to all. I do not boast of possessing it. I know no Hebrew, little Greek, and though I know enough of Latin, yet I do not give myself out as an orator in the language. Far be it from me to erect myself into a judge in questions where salvation is concerned; those only a general council can decide, to whose decisions I shall yield without murmuring.' But his vigorous adversary insisted on his original point. The Vicar and the Bishop's doctors answered

only by quotations from the Fathers, the canon of the mass, the litanies, and appeals to the miracles still wrought by the Romish saints. Such answers Zuinglius threw into utter scorn.

‘What kind of unerring guides,’ exclaimed he, ‘are those Fathers of the Church? How often do they disagree? What are not the differences of Jerome and Augustine, for example, on the most important principles of Christianity? Look to the canon of the mass, is it not the composition of men, of popes and bishops, who were any thing but infallible? The litanies of Gregory may prove that saints were invoked in his day. But do they prove that the invocation was grounded on Scripture? If we are to believe, that the miracles attributed to the Virgin and the saints ever took place, who is to prove that they occurred by their intercession?’

He concluded with this forcible and intrepid peroration:—‘You demand my submission to the decisions of your Church, on the plea, that it cannot err. Now, if by the Church you mean the popes and their cardinals, how dare you assert that it cannot err? Can you deny that among the popes there have been several who lived in licentiousness, and surrendered their minds to all the furies of ambition, hatred, and revenge? Men who to aggrandize their temporal power, have not hesitated to stir the subject into rebellion against his prince? But how is it possible for me to believe, that the Holy Spirit could have

guided men whose conduct thus seems to brave the direct commands of Christ ?’

‘ Or do you mean by the Church, the Councils ? Can you forget how often those Councils have accused each other of perfidy and heresy ? There is indeed one Church which cannot err, and that is guided by the Holy Spirit. The members of that Church are all true believers, united in the bonds of faith and charity. But that church is visible only to the eyes of its divine founder, who alone knoweth his own. It has no pompous assemblages, it dictates no decrees, like the monarchs of this world ; it possesses no temporal sovereignty ; it solicits neither honours nor power ; it has one care, and but one,—to fulfil the commands of its Lord !’

The Popish advocates had no answer to this manly and scriptural appeal. And the Council recorded its decision—‘ That Zuinglius, having been neither convicted of heresy nor refuted, should continue to preach the Gospel as before ; that the pastors of Zurich should rest their discourses on the *words of Scripture alone* ; and that both parties should abstain from all personal reflections.’

The conference was now closed, and the great question settled, which was to place the faith of Switzerland on its hallowed foundation. But, in the necessary ceremonial of publishing the decree, the clergy were again convoked on the same evening ; and the Grand Vicar, anxious to recover his ground,

protested against the haste of the proceeding, and offered to refer the question to the doctors of some university ; answering the demand of making Scripture the sole standard, by saying, that its meaning was often so dubious, that a judge of Scripture itself was necessary. Zuinglius again rose, and repelled this thousand times overthrown subterfuge of Rome with noble sincerity.

‘ Scripture,’ exclaimed this great champion of the truth, ‘ explains itself, and has no need of a Romish interpreter. If men understand it ill, it is because they read it ill. It is always consistent with itself ; and the Spirit of God acts by it so strongly, that all readers may find the truth there, provided they will seek it with an humble and sincere heart. Thanks to the invention of printing, the sacred books are now within the reach of all Christians ; and I expect the ecclesiastics here assembled to study them unremittingly. They will there learn to preach Christianity, as it was transmitted to us by the evangelists and apostles.

‘ As to the Fathers, I do not blame their being read and quoted in the pulpit, provided it be where they are conformable to Scripture, and provided they are not considered as infallible authority.’

The effect of those conferences was irresistible. If the multitude could understand nothing else, they could understand that the doctrines which they had never dreamed of controverting, were actually

denied, nay, sternly reprobated, by individuals whom they knew to be men of character, qualified by rank and leisure for the inquiry, of acknowledged learning, and obvious ability. They heard general principles stated, which are like instincts in the heart of man—the right of every human being to think for himself—the utter improbability that the God of justice and mercy would give a revelation of his will to all men, which yet none but the priest was intitled to understand;—the palpable absurdity of supposing, that, while every man is a creature of weakness, a body of a hundred, or a thousand, can be incapable of error—the gross inconsistency of deciding, that the gospel, one of whose glories and characteristics was, that of being preached to the poor; should, in contradiction to the express words of its giver, have been preached only to the priest;—or that, when God has given us faculties, and commanded us to live by their exercise here, he should have shut up those faculties the moment they ventured to contemplate the mighty truths by which we are to live in the world to come;—or that he should put this eternal knowledge, which is our eternal welfare, into the hands of the priest; to be by him given out in what portions he pleased;—or that, having commanded the Scriptures to be searched by all men, he should yet contradict himself, and ordain that the gospel should be at the mercy of a chosen class, often not purer, nor wiser, nor more Christian,

than others ; forbidding that the Scriptures should be searched, and in the hands of every man. But, the chains were now broken, the dungeon-doors opened by a superior hand ; and the people, like the imprisoned apostle, had now only to use their natural powers, and follow.

Zuinglius had triumphed nobly, and the fruits of his success were rich and rapid. He had by this conference obtained the opportunity which he so long desired ; that of declaring himself in the presence of the great body of the clergy, and shewing with what ease the truth could put down the falsehood. His learned and holy habits had been long known ; but the dignity, and the Christian mildness, exhibited by him on this trying occasion, obtained new public homage. The reformed were proud of a leader who shewed, that neither in learning nor in intrepidity he would fail them ; the wavering were decided by his palpable superiority ; and even among the most prejudiced partizans of Rome, there were those, who acknowledged the force of unexpected truth, and turned to the study of the long-neglected Scriptures.

But it had an additional advantage, of peculiar importance to the considerate wisdom of the reformer. It relieved his cause from the imputation of being the work of private influence, or personal enthusiasm. He was no more to hurt his own feelings, or those of others, by the appearance of stand-

ing forth, a cleric, to resist clerics. He was now under the sanction of the state. His reform was henceforth the work of regular authority. His church was placed as he had always desired to see it, under the secular power; and the tyranny of Rome was superseded by the mild majesty of the law.

It is characteristic of the reformer's wisdom, that he had hitherto abstained from every practical attack on the Romish worship; obviously for the sufficient reason, that on the one hand he might avoid unnecessary offence to those who still adhered to Rome, and on the other, he might not give a cloak to the violence of the populace. In his colloquies he had, without hesitation, confuted the leading doctrine of Rome, that the mass was an actual sacrifice of Christ; yet he had not assailed the usual celebration of the ceremony. He had expressly denied the doctrine of saint-worship, yet he had not removed the images from their shrines. He safely left this result to the course of time, and to the truths inculcated by his powerful and indefatigable preaching.

The wisdom of this conduct was soon displayed, by the unhappy effects of its opposite in others. Some of the reformed at Zurich, imputing his forbearance to want of zeal, commenced an assault upon image-worship. They began by publishing a vehement pamphlet, which they called, 'The Judgment of God against images.' The effect soon

transpired in the shape of a mob riot, in which the crucifix standing over the city gates was torn down. The offenders were brought before the council, and the matter was long debated. The question was delicate; for an acquittal would have involved Zurich with the Roman Catholic Cantons, already sufficiently jealous of its reformed spirit. Zuinglius gave his opinion with his habitual manliness. He declared that images were not to be made objects of worship, they having been expressly prohibited by the Jewish revelation, and the prohibition not having been revoked by the second; the accused, then, could not be found guilty of sacrilege. But they deserved sentence as culprits against the laws, for 'having committed the act without magisterial authority.'

The council, to relieve themselves from this difficulty, summoned the neighbouring theologians to another conference. But no results followed, except to the prisoners, who, in consideration of their confinement, were dismissed; their leader, Hottinger, being banished from the canton for two years. But this was a sentence of death to the unfortunate exile. He fatally fixed himself in one of the bigoted cantons, where his openness of speech again caused his arrest. On being asked his doctrine on the adoration of saints and images, he boldly pronounced such worship contrary to the divine law. The senate of Zurich interposed in vain; Hottinger was condemned to the axe. From the scaffold he addressed the de-

puties of the cantons, entreating them to join with Zurich, and to refrain from opposition to the reform, for which he declared that he died with joy. He then addressed the judges, for whom he prayed the mercy of God, and the opening of their eyes to the gospel. His last appeal was to the people, in words which only Christianity could have taught, and which expressed at once his charity, his courage, and his doctrine:—‘ If I have offended any one among you, let him forgive me, as I have forgiven my enemies. Pray to God to support my faith to the last moment ; When I shall have undergone my punishment, your prayers will be useless to me ! ’ Thus died the first Swiss martyr.

The image controversy was revived, through an epistle of the Bishop of Constance vindicating images—by a distinction between idols, ‘ which represented false gods ; and the images of saints, who had been since their death received into heaven.’—‘ The homage to whom, he pronounced, ‘ was so far from criminal, that it nurtured piety.’

Zuinglius now, no longer on his own account, but by command of the council, published a reply, of which the following sentences are a portion.

‘ The law of Moses is express on the subject of images. Its declarations on that point have not been abolished by the gospel.

‘ That law forbids not only the adoration of any God but the Eternal ; but it forbids the making of

the likeness of any thing in heaven, earth, or the waters under the earth; and this prohibition extends to images of all kinds used for worship.

‘ The extravagant impieties of idolators, and the abuses produced by image-worship among Christians, sufficiently prove the wisdom of the law. He who first placed the statue of a holy man in a temple, had certainly no other intention than to offer him as an object of admiration to the faithful.

‘ But men did not stop there. The images were soon surrounded with a pomp, which impressed the imagination of the people; they were transformed into divinities, and honoured, as the pagans honoured their gods. Their names were given to temples and altars, and chapels were consecrated to them in woods, fields, and mountains. How many men, in the hour of trouble, instead of invoking the Omnipotent, call upon men who have been dead for ages, whose virtues have placed them in the mansions of the blessed, but who can neither hear nor succour us? How many Christians, instead of having recourse to the mercy of the Redeemer, expect salvation from some saint, the object of their superstitious devotion?

‘ There are even some who attribute supernatural virtues to these images. To increase the veneration for them, they are sometimes kept concealed, and sometimes brought forth in pompous processions. Men consult them to learn the future; and to such a degree is the credulity of the vulgar abused, that they

are made to believe that those inanimate images have uttered words, shed tears, and given commands. Look at the votive tablets that cover the walls of our churches; is there one that testifies the gratitude of a Christian towards God, the dispenser of all good, or Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world?

‘No; it is to men, whose condition on earth was like our own, that they attribute the miraculous cure of a disease, or unexpected succour in the hour of danger, or a wise resolution taken in some important circumstances of life. Is this true piety? No; such superstitious worship only serves to enrich those who patronise it.

‘If you would honour the saints, honour them, not by addressing prayers to them, which belong to God alone,—not by lavishing upon them offerings of which they have no need; but by following their example.’

This nervous and just appeal produced its solid effect, in the determination of the council of the Canton to reform the public worship. By a decree, dated 1524, it enjoined the removal, by all individuals, of those pictures and statues which had been consecrated by themselves or their forefathers. Two magistrates visited the churches of Zurich, to see that the order was put in force. The superstition of the monks was still active, and it was declared that the images would resist this desecration, and spontaneously return to their shrines. But the magis-

trates proceeded in their work, and the credit of these inactive images sank prodigiously. The dethroned saints were laid up in a public hall, in order to be preserved.

But the prudence of the Reformer and the Council was defeated by popular violence. It was loudly pronounced, that things so capable of being again made instruments of superstition should be destroyed. The pictures were burnt, the images broken, and thus some works of art were sacrificed, which the more intelligent Reformers regretted; but whose sacrifice involved a much heavier calamity, in the offence and misrepresentation furnished by the act to the Roman Catholic cantons.

Yet, for the time, the great reform proceeded effectually, because guardedly. The relics were taken from the churches, and interred secretly, to avoid disturbing the remaining prejudices of the people. The tolling of the bells for the dead, and in storms, with other superstitious ceremonies, was discontinued. The prohibition of images was not made a law throughout the Canton; it was more mildly declared, that the matter should depend on the vote of the people. Where the majority desired the removal, the magistrates were authorized to carry it into effect. The natural consequence followed; the images disappeared.

But a grand difficulty remained—the Mass. While this pillar of the Romish worship stood, all true re-

form was incomplete. Zuinglius, from the commencement of his career at Zurich, had openly declared himself against the continuance of a rite, which he had ceaselessly proved to be in direct contradiction to the letter and the spirit of the gospel.

Scripture pronounces that Christ died once, and that his one sacrifice is sufficient for the sins of those who in repentance and faith seek for pardon.

In direct opposition to this, Rome pronounces that the Mass is an actual sacrifice; that this sacrifice may be offered every day, in every corner of the earth at once, ten times, or ten million times a-day;—that it may be offered for money;—that it may be offered for the dead;—that it may redeem from future punishment men who never had a thought of repentance;—that the actual body and blood of Christ are offered up;—that they exist in what to the human senses is but a wafer;—that the hundred or ten thousand wafers are each the whole and complete body and blood of Christ;—that the priest can thus make his Maker, and that the people are commanded to worship as the Eternal God, what the priest himself will acknowledge to have been but flour and water the moment before consecration; and what to the eye, the touch, and the taste, is but flour and water still!

Zuinglius denounced the whole of this inconceivable delusion; but, with his characteristic reluctance to urge the public understanding, he desired to limit

his first changes to some alterations in the canon of the Mass; allowing the priests to retain their vestments, and tolerating whatever ceremonies were not decidedly opposed to the spirit of religion. Circumstances induced the Council to delay even those changes for a year. At the close of that period, the rapid intelligence of the public mind had prepared it for the more complete reform; and Zuinglius declared the necessity of the entire abolition. Yet even then no hasty zeal was suffered to interfere. The Mass was still performed. The law was limited to taking off the command, by which priests must solemnize the rite, or laics be present at it. It was thus gradually abandoned, until, in the year 1525, Zuinglius was empowered by the public will to solemnize in its place the Lord's Supper.

His reform now required but some civil additions; and they were effectually made. The chapter of his cathedral, by his influence, acknowledged the paramount authority of the State, and the mendicant orders were suppressed. But in these alterations, so tempting to human cupidity; the manliness, foresight, and justice of the great Reformer, were worthy of his religion. The property of the convents was not plundered, nor even alienated to the secular purposes of the state. It was kept together, and duly directed, more wisely and usefully, to the objects of public instruction in the Gospel and literature. The infirm members, male and female, of those establish-

ments, were retained in the possession of their customary emoluments ; but at their deaths their benefices and estates were devoted to the support of professorships for general and gratuitous teaching.

The cells of a great adjoining abbey were turned into a seminary for the education of young ecclesiastics ; the nuns having been previously pensioned. The Dominican convent was made an hospital. The Augustine convent was given up to the reception of the poor, and of destitute strangers travelling through the Canton. The other convents were similarly employed. The revenues were in no instance embezzled by the cupidity of the State, or of private persons. The great Reformer had in this preservation to contend with every bad passion of our nature, but he was at once sincere and prudent ; and he accomplished his work by putting the conventual property under the care of a responsible administrator ; thus saving it from future plunder, and directing its employment to objects of the highest public utility.

His next work was a system of public instruction. He had driven out the ancient superstition ; his business now was to prevent its return ; and this he knew was to be most effectually done by teaching the people to think for themselves. He revived the almost dead school of Zurich, brought to it some able professors of classical and Oriental literature, and established public lectures, chiefly in the Scriptures, which he justly placed at the head of all learning. He banished

the old system of studying only the schoolmen, and made it the principal duty of the theological teachers to study the Bible in the original languages; comparing them with the chief versions, illustrating them by the commentaries of the Rabbins and Fathers; ascertaining the customs and traditions of Judea, connected with the Scriptures; and finally directing this knowledge to the general Christian improvement of the country. The theological lectures were given in the cathedral which had so long echoed the gloomy doctrines and wild reveries of monkery. The clergy of the city, and the students in divinity, were enjoined to attend them; but the spontaneous will of the people brought crowds of all classes; a taste for literature was deeply rooted, and long after the great Reformer had passed away, men of professions the least connected with literature were to be found in Zurich, distinguished for classical and theological knowledge.

The career of Zuinglius was now about to close. But it was still to be signalized by a triumph of the faith. In 1527, some districts of Bern, the most powerful of the Cantons, petitioned its senate for the introduction of the system established at Zurich, and for the suppression of the Mass. The senate were divided, but the proposal was finally referred to a council of the clergy of Bern, and the other states of the league. Some of the Cantons objected to the meeting, but it was at length held, and attended by

names still memorable in the history of Protestantism ; Œcolampadius, Pellican, Collinus, Bullinger, Capito, and Bucer. On Zuinglius' arrival the sittings commenced. The Protestant doctrines were proposed in the shape of ten Theses ; and they were so powerfully sustained by the learning and talent of the Reformers ; that, after eighteen debates, the great majority of the Bernese clergy signed their adherence to them, as the true doctrines of the Gospel.

The 'Grand Council' of Bern then proceeded to act upon the decision. It declared the Bishops of Lausanne, Basle, Sion, and Constance, to be divested of all rights in its territory ; ordered the priests to teach nothing contradictory to the Theses ; permitted priests to marry, and monks and nuns to leave their convents ; and appropriated the religious revenues to lawful purposes : within four months Protestantism was the religion of the whole Canton. But this triumph was finally purchased by the death of the great leader and light of Switzerland. The accession of so powerful a state as Bern threw the Roman Catholic Cantons into general alarm. A league, prohibiting the preaching of the Reformation, was made between the five cantons of Lucerne, Uri, Schwitz, Unterwalden, and Zug. Protestant ministers were persecuted, and in some instances put to death ; and alliances were formed with the German princes hostile to Protestantism. Civil discord inflames all the evil passions ; and the

remaining enemies of the Reformation in Zurich and Bern laboured to represent the public disturbances as the work of Zuinglius. He suddenly appeared before the senate, and tendered the resignation of his office. 'I have,' said he, 'for eleven years preached the Gospel to you in its purity; as became a faithful minister, I have spared neither exhortations, nor reprimands, nor warnings; and I have declared to you on many occasions how great a misfortune it would be to you, that you should suffer yourselves to be again guided by those, whose ambition is their god.'

'You have made no account of my remonstrances; I see introduced into the Council men destitute of morality and religion, having nothing in view but their own interest, enemies of the doctrine of the Gospel, and zealous partizans of our adversaries. Those men are they who are now listened to. As long as you act in this manner, what good can be hoped for? But since it is to me that the public misfortunes are attributed, though none of my counsels are followed, I demand my dismissal, and will go, and seek an asylum elsewhere.'

This act of noble self-denial was received by the Council as it deserved. A deputation was sent, to entreat him to rescind his resolution. But they objected political and personal grounds in vain. At length they laid before him the unquestionable injury that must be sustained by the Reformation, if it were

thus to lose its principal champion in its chief seat, Zurich. To this argument Zuinglius gave way, and in three days after, appeared before the council, and pledged himself to adhere till death to the cause of his country.

But the persecutions of the Protestants had awakened the fears and resentment of the Reformed Cantons; and to enforce the treaty by which they were to be protected, the Cantons of Zurich and Bern determined to blockade the five Cantons. The blockade was contrary to the advice of Zuinglius, who deprecated it as involving the innocent with the guilty. At length the five Cantons collected their troops, and advanced towards Cappel, a point chosen to prevent the junction of the Zurichers and Bernese. Zurich was thrown into consternation; and when four thousand men were ordered to march, but seven hundred were equipped to meet the enemy. News now came that the division already posted at Cappel was attacked by a superior force. The officer in command of the Zurichers instantly marched to sustain the post. It was the custom of the Swiss, that their clergy should follow their troops to the field, to administer the last consolations to the dying. Zuinglius attended this detachment, but with a full consciousness of the hazard. 'Our cause is good,' said he to the friends who crowded anxiously around him, as the troops marched out; 'but it is ill defended. It will cost my life, and that of a number

of excellent men, who would wish to restore religion to its primitive simplicity. No matter; God will not abandon his servants; he will come to their assistance when you think all lost. My confidence rests upon him alone, and not upon men. I submit myself to his will.'

Cappel is three leagues from Zurich. On the road, the roaring of the cannon attacking the position of the Zurichers, was heard. The march of the troops was slow, from the height of Mount Albis, and the weight of their armour. Zuinglius, agitated for the fate of the post, urged the officers to push forward at speed. 'Hasten,' he cried, 'or we shall be too late. As for me, I will go and join my brethren. I shall help to save them, or we shall die together.' The little army, animated by his exhortation, rushed forward, and at three in the afternoon came in sight of the battle. The troops of the five Cantons were eight thousand, an overwhelming superiority. After some discharges of Cannon, they advanced to surround the Zurichers, who amounted to but fifteen hundred. The enemy were boldly repulsed for a while, but their numbers enabled them to outflank the Protestants, and then all was flight or slaughter.

Zuinglius fell almost at the first fire. He had advanced in front of his countrymen, and was exhorting them to fight for the cause of freedom, when a ball struck him. He sank on the ground mortally wounded, and in the charge of the enemy was tram-

pled over without being distinguished. When the tumult of the battle was past, his senses returned, and raising himself from the ground, he crossed his arms upon his breast, and remained with his eyes fixed on heaven. Some of the enemy, who had lingered behind, came up and asked him whether he would have a confessor. His speech was gone, but he shook his head in refusal. They then bade him commend his soul to the Virgin. He refused again. They were enraged by his repeated determination. 'Die then, obstinate heretic!' exclaimed one of them, and drove his sword through his bosom.

The body was not recognized until the next day; and then it was exposed to the sight of the Roman Catholic army, as the most consummate trophy. To some it was a sight of admiration and sorrow, but to the multitude a subject of savage revenge. In the midst of shouts over the remains of this champion of holiness and truth, the clamour rose, to 'burn the heresiarch.' Some of the leaders would have resisted, but the fury of the crowd was not to be restrained. They dragged the body to a pile, held a mock trial over it, burned it, and scattered the ashes to the winds.*

Thus perished a saint and a hero, at a time of life, when he seemed to be only maturing for a more extensive and vigorous career. He fell at the age

* Gualth. Apol. Zuinglii.

of forty-seven. But he had run his race well ; he had sowed the seeds of virtue in a land barren before ; he had poured light on a land of darkness, and his immortal legacy to his country was wisdom, freedom, and religion !

X.

CHARACTER OF CURRAN.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN was born on the 24th of July, 1750, at Newmarket, a town in the county of Cork in Ireland. He was the son of respectable parents,—his father being the seneschal of the Manor Court, and possessing some knowledge of classical literature; and his mother, a person remarked in her neighbourhood for unusual ability. ‘The only inheritance,’ their distinguished son said in after life, ‘that I could boast of from my poor father, was the very scanty one of an unattractive face and person like his own. And if the world has ever attributed to me something more valuable than face or person, or than earthly wealth, it was, that another and a dearer parent gave her child a portion from the treasure of her mind.’

In 1769, he entered the University of Dublin, where he obtained a scholarship, and originally intended to study for a fellowship, an effort requiring a larger range of science and learning, than any other

Academic course of Europe ; but whose success, by fixing him in the Church, would have essentially forbidden the distinction, or at least the species of distinction, which he afterwards so rapidly and conspicuously acquired. But his temper or his indolence shrank from the preliminary labour, and he chose the bar. In 1773 he came to England, and entered the Middle Temple. After undergoing the usual struggles of an unfriended barrister for seven years, he obtained a seat in the Irish House of Commons in 1783, a period of remarkable public animation, and of not less remarkable public men in both countries. Curran's abilities placed him in the foremost ranks of opposition. He soon distanced all his contemporaries at the bar, in causes which required the display of eloquence ; and in the unhappy time of the popular troubles, he became the chief advocate chosen by the insurrectionary leaders.

On the accession of his party to power, in 1806, by the death of their great adversary, Pitt ; Curran was appointed Master of the Rolls in Ireland, and a privy councillor. Valuable as the appointment was, he always expressed his chagrin, at what he always regarded as a party neglect ; and in 1814 sent in his resignation. In 1817, he felt his health declining, and was advised to try the effect of continental travel. But he left Ireland, with a strong impression on his mind, that ' he should never return.' The depression increased, and he complained of a ' moun-

tain of lead upon his heart.' On the 8th of October, while still in London, he was attacked by apoplexy, and on the 14th of October 1817, he died in his 68th year. His last hours were so placid, that none could mark the moment when he died. His remains were laid in one of the vaults of Paddington Church.

Many anecdotes and characters of this distinguished person appeared in the various publications of the day, the following was sent, anonymously of course, to one of the journals; from which it was subsequently extracted, and published in the appendix to the very graceful and interesting 'Life of Curran, by his son.' In that appendix it is justly observed, that 'the writer was free from any political sympathy which could betray him into exaggerated encomium.'

CHARACTER.

"The public prints which announced the death of the Rt. Hon. John Philpot Curran, a few days since, gave many valuable tributes to the memory of that celebrated person, but they have left much more room than the present writer can expect to fill, for the detail of his extraordinary powers.

From the period at which Curran emerged from the first difficulties of an unfriended man, toiling through a jealous profession, his history makes a part of the annals of his country. Once upon the surface, his light was always before the eye, it never

sank and was never outshone. Yet, if office is success, he was unsuccessful. This was his destiny, but it might have been his choice, at least in his earlier period. He had the reputation, and he cared little for the robe; he certainly was not without the reward, which to a bold spirit, conscious of eminent ability, might be more than equivalent to the reluctant patronage of the throne. To his feelings, legal distinctions might have been only a bounty on his silence; his limbs would have been fettered by the ermine. But he had his compensation, in perpetual popular honours; in much respect from the higher ranks of public life—much fear from the lower partizans,—unquestioned admiration from all. In the legislature he was the assailant whose lash was the most dreaded,—in the Courts of law, the advocate whose assistance was deemed the most essential; in his peculiar style of eloquence, he stood alone, and shone alone.

On entering parliament he joined the ranks of opposition, then consisting of men, with some of whom he had been familiarized from early life, others of them the chief names of his own profession, and the whole body exhibiting a distinguished superiority of talents over the Treasury-bench. Curran embraced the cause with all the ardour of strong feelings, powerful prejudices, and brilliant imagination. The historical aspect of Ireland was singularly calculated to lead such

a spirit astray. It was like one of those fine countenances which we find in Italian pictures, where the noblest expression of mind is tinctured with irrepressible melancholy. Her history had been an unhappy one.—Great talents and great opportunities continually thrown away.—Religion issuing in persecution, loyalty in rebellion, the proudest fidelity only betraying to the dungeon, and the most chivalric gallantry perishing on the scaffold. Even when her domestic feuds had exhausted themselves in the grave, and the powerful interposition of England promised to give the nation a breathing time of peace, a malignant destiny seemed to turn that peace only into a preparative for war. The well-intentioned policy of the superior state,—for nothing but falsehood or ignorance can doubt the benevolent spirit of that noblest of all countries,—was too limited to operate a thorough purification,—strong enough to irritate, it was too weak to reclaim: it was the application of the cautery to a limb, when the whole frame was a gangrene.

At a later period, in the commencement of the century, Ireland had undergone a revolution. But not pacific, like that of England in 1688; not one of those great beneficent changes which, like the ascent of the sun to the tropic, divide the times of nations, and announce the season of production. The Irish revolution had the storm without the calm, and the rain was blood. The people, by linking themselves to the throne of James, a dastard and a monk, were

crushed in its fall ; and the precautionary measures essential to keep down the angry remnants of the rebellion, were felt less as the natural result of conquest, than as the revenge of a capricious and insulting tyranny. The steady government of William should have been regarded as the most secure provision for national peace, by extinguishing the last hopes of the defeated dynasty—it stung the national feelings, as the last, cold contumely of power.

Yet the effects of wisdom and steadiness in government are infallible ; like the influences of the air, however acting by invisible means, they ultimately show themselves, by giving a new face to nature. Within fifty years Ireland assumed another being ; a new generation, with new habits, had succeeded to the old ; the final extinction of the Stuarts, long the mere effigies of royalty, suffered the people to turn their faces to the legitimate throne ; and, covering the past discontent, like the bones of their ancestors, in the sepulchre ; they ran their plough through the ground, and gladly obliterated even the grave.

But faction has neither eyes nor ears for the truth ; resolved not to be undeceived, it looked only to the historical aspect, while it libelled the living one ; and at the moment when every faculty of the people was receiving new vigour, commerce reviving in every port, and agriculture spreading through every quarter of the country ; when the professions were rapidly acquiring celebrity ; and manufactures, that most reluc-

tant yet most unequivocal, proof of civil progress, were making their first entrance on the soil; the orators of opposition were singing an universal dirge over Ireland—an imaginary corpse, in a tomb constructed by their own hands.

But,—as if for the punishment of a people weak enough to be cheated by the vulgar charlatanries of faction, and ungrateful enough to close their eyes against the singular bounties of Providence; real evil suddenly came. The American war broke out. The northern portion of the island, inevitably connecting its principles in government with its discipline in religion, instantly took a strong interest in the struggle. This was a perilous period for the country. Ireland was in the precise situation to be dangerously tempted. She felt possessed of a strength, of which she knew neither the limit nor the guidance. She had started from a long sleep, like the giant refreshed with wine; her natural powers doubly excited by an elating, but dangerous, draught of privilege. She had seen a hundred thousand volunteers in arms, and virtually wielding her sceptre. To consummate all; her orators had filled her ears with perpetual denunciations of English sovereignty; appeals, bold, brilliant, and inflammatory, to every passion which lies undeveloped in the bosoms of an ardent people for the benefit of political imposture, metaphoric wrongs, real and substantial treason.

Yet it is the habitual folly of party orators to forget that parliament is not the nation. Ac-

customed to feel triumph or defeat only in the echoes of the legislature, they gradually overlook that vast assemblage of interests and feelings which creates the legislature, and finally requires an account of its creature. The true statesman addresses himself to the hearts of the people, and by them controuls the obliquity of the representatives; the charlatan of statesmanship is content with the fluctuating plaudits of the house, floats on majorities and minorities, and finds himself at last left dry on shore. It is impossible to regret that the Irish opposition made this grand mistake; for its motives were as selfish as its declarations were lofty. This mistake saved the country.

The nation had grown weary of the opposition. They were disgusted with seeing parliament turned into a theatre, where a succession of candidates for salaries followed in a succession of displays for hire;—a race of political pedlars, each coming with an assortment of wares which no man wanted, and whose only true purpose was to sell himself. They had rapidly discovered the insufficiency of a tribe of empirics, each more presuming than the one before, and each vaunting his panacea, only to fill his pockets. But a whig opposition is never thoroughly exposed, until it is in power. The day of office came, and the country felt the full insolence of a faction turned into a government. Another change came—the whigs were driven from power, and their fall was hailed with a general shout of the nation. The very men who had harnessed them-

selves to their triumphal chariot, would now, still more rejoicingly, have dragged them to the scaffold. The country extinguished the last vestiges of an administration, which it could not remember but as a national stigma.—Like the Roman multitude ; not content with dethroning the tyrant whom it once worshipped, it broke down every image of whig supremacy, and flung the whole into the political Tiber.

But the period which raised Curran to his highest eminence as an advocate, was of a darker hue. The hazards of Ireland were not yet at an end. The American revolution had grown calm, but it had given the dangerous example of a people throwing off the dominion of the mother country. The French revolution now suddenly burst out ; giving the example of a populace throwing off the power of the oldest and proudest of European despotisms. If the blaze, three thousand miles across the Atlantic, had kindled the partizanship of Ireland ; what was the peril, when she saw close to her shores a conflagration which, consuming the French throne, threatened to cover Europe ? The power of the populace seemed thenceforth immeasurable and irresistible. The experiment was made without delay ; the northern portion of the island was again called on, and it answered the call. But the object was now of a fiercer order, and it must be sustained by a wilder force. It had once been reform ; it was now republicanism. The sword was to be drawn, not for

fancied rights, but for actual sovereignty ; and once drawn was never to be sheathed until it had dismembered the empire. For this guilty and comprehensive design nothing less than the whole strength of the country must be employed. The population of the west and south, the descendants of the aboriginal Irish, precipitate alike in their love and their hate, habitually reckless of danger, and filled with recollections of native supremacy, offered a vast untried body of strength ; all that was stately in the ancient clanship had passed away, but the connexion remained ; the superb barbarism and haughty chieftaincy had mouldered into dust before the light and air of British legislation ; but the sword of the peasant was preserved unrusted, and the arm that was to wield it was as sinewy as ever. The time was favourable for this capacious plan of massacre. The British government, with the French legions threatening in its front, must be comparatively unprepared for revolt in its rear. Party too embarrassed it at home. It is only an hereditary charge on the character of the whigs, that, never able to look beyond office, they openly exulted in the difficulties of the country, as increasing the difficulties of the minister ; that no public sense could wean them from petty intrigue ; and that even when the storm seemed louring from every quarter of the horizon, they trafficked with the safety of the state ; as if the loss of Ireland would be well compensated by a transfer of their worthless-

ness to the cabinet. But when was whiggism ever magnanimous? when was it ever but the largest promise followed by the most meagre performance; virtue in verbiage, patriotism longing for patronage, and self-denial grasping at salary.

The attempt to combine the north and south, eventually ruined the conspiracy. Two religions which could scarcely bear to look each other in the face, could still less march side by side. The insurrection in the north threw away its arms, and the southern revolt, thus left to struggle alone, was speedily put down; though with a melancholy havoc of the country, and a still more melancholy sacrifice of the deluded population.

In those allusions to a period which cannot be remembered without pain, there is no idea of impeaching the general character of the people. Nature has seldom gifted a nation with nobler qualities. The crime be on the heads of those who deceived them. Ireland wanted the experience which time has since supplied to all nations. The world was to be older, before it learned the inevitable end of the reform which begins by blood. The French revolution had not yet given its moral. It was still a lofty and daring figure, with its deformities covered with its armour; the fiery warrior, not yet sunk into the assassin. With the foundation of every throne shaking at its first step on the soil, it was impossible to refuse it at least the fearful homage which we pay to resistless strength and triumphant ambition. It is

unquestionable that the general delusion went further, and that, to the eyes of the continent, it was still, like the primal vision of the apocalypse, a splendid shape, going forth "conquering and to conquer." It had not yet, like that great emblem, darkened down through its successive shapes of terror ; until it moved against the world, "Death on the pale horse," followed by the unchained ministers of mischief, and smiting with plague, famine, and the sword.

Eloquence sustained a memorable loss in Curran. His mind had the originality of genius. If it be allowed that instances of extravagance are to be found in the ablest efforts of Irish oratory ; still the Irish are an eloquent people ; perhaps of modern times the most eloquent. England, great in every department of mind, has, of necessity, produced great speakers. But they have been debaters rather than orators ; their power has been largely inspired by the demands of their position. They have seldom come into the field with an native and irresistible designation for the glories of eloquence. Born for other pursuits, but capable of all, they have been impelled to the discipline by the duty. With almost the sole exception of Chatham, their fame was less conquered than earned ; it was founded upon that master-use and general force of thought which grows by vigorous exertion, and the habitual converse with great concerns. The labours of the chief English statesmen resemble the labours of the people. Leaving behind them proud memorials

of their prowess, they have all been stamped with the evidence of human formation—massive, grand, and full of utility, they still differ singularly from the vivid eloquence of Ireland: the canal, the aqueduct or the artificial hill, scarcely differ more from the living cataracts, and towering and stormy pinnacles, of nature.

Conspicuous for self-command, for senatorial dignity, and for that unwearied and majestic reasoning, which raised him to the highest rank in the first of legislative assemblies, Pitt, ruling by his eloquence, placed its strength in argument, elevation, and choice of language. His rival, Fox, a man of extraordinary intellect, made his chief impression by irregular, but powerful, bursts of feeling. But the finest efforts of both were occasional, and we look in vain in their recorded speeches for those passages, over which the memory hangs with long delight. All the attributes of “eloquence divine,” if they were ever found combined among men, belonged to another nation.

Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, and Curran, were Irishmen; all dissimilar in their styles, but all bearing the characteristics of their country; four memorable men, like Homer’s chieftains, each with his day of undivided triumph, and each coming into the field with a peculiar splendour on his brow. Of those, Grattan was the latest survivor, and perhaps in parliament the most powerful. Unattaining and obviously undesirous of attaining the Asiatic and imperial gorgeousness of the great

champion of his native eloquence, Burke ; he had the steely armour and polished and pointed weapons of the Greek warrior. In the British House of Commons he obtained boundless praise. Yet Grattan was scarcely to be judged of here. In the romance of a rich fancy, he dreamed, that he had given a constitution to Ireland ; and that it was his duty to refuse to be comforted over its grave. Like the exiles of Jerusalem, he was reluctant to strike the string in another land. But, until he died, he was the master still. His early politics were local, and his mind had been too long wasted on the services of party ; but, in the later period of his life, as a member of the imperial parliament, he had a larger scope ; and, though seldom exhibiting his powers, he proved that they were magnificent. In the stormy questions which renewed the war, none showed a greater breadth of wing ; and, in almost his last speech, one in which he urged the declaration of hostilities against Napoleon, he left all rivalry far below ; he “ sprang upwards like a pyramid of fire.”

It was the fate of Curran never to have been a member of the English legislature. His career in the Irish parliament had but occasional claims to distinction. Yet this result evidently arose from no want of senatorial faculty. In the few instances which excited his feelings, he was listened to with unqualified delight. But his lot had been cast in the courts of law, and his life was there. Parliament

was but a resting-place to him, after the labours of the day ; and he seldom spoke, but in the sport of the moment, or the humorous disdain of his adversary ; he left the heavy arms to the regular combatants, and amused himself with light and hovering hostility. Yet, his shaft was dreaded, and its subtlety was sure to find its way, wherever there was a folly to be stung. With such gifts, what might not Curran have been, early removed from the party confusions, and perilous objects which thickened the atmosphere of public life in Ireland, into the enlarged prospects and noble and healthful aspirations which elated the human spirit in this country, then ascending to that imperial height from which the world was to lie beneath her. In his frequent expressions of a wish to abandon the Irish bar ; a wish constantly thwarted by circumstances, or perhaps still more by the strong affection which he retained for his country ; may be found some solution for that occasional spleen of heart with which he spoke of England. He must have often mentally measured himself with her leading men. It was a period of singular intellectual distinction, and no man was more sensitive to fame. If we could enter into the feelings of a caged falcon, while it sees its fellows, of no brighter eye, or more rapid wing, sweeping through the fields of air ; we might perhaps have some image of a genius chained to a province and a profession. The locality made the grievance. Curran's capabilities as an orator were

of the highest order, but he always regarded them as injured and obscured. His pathos, force, and fancy were acknowledged with universal admiration, but he felt that their effect was in its nature transitory; that it was the sparkling of a flame on the ground; while Burke, Pitt, and Fox, were moving in their courses above the eyes of the world,—great lights, receiving the homage of the empire, and placed in that historic elevation from which they were never to fall.

It is as an advocate that Curran's true rank must be estimated. And yet his published speeches give an inadequate impression of his actual powers. It is said, that those speeches can scarcely, in any instance, be regarded as having undergone his revision. And of all animated speakers, Curran was the most difficult to follow by transcription. His language, generally exuberant and figurative, in a remarkable degree; was sometimes compressed into a pregnant pungency, which gave a sentence in a word; the word lost, the charm was undone. But his manner could not be transcribed, and it was created for his style. His hand, eye, and form, were in perpetual speech. Abrupt as his appeals sometimes seem, and broken as may be the links of his rich illustrations; nothing was abrupt to those who could see him; nothing was lost; except when some flash would burst out, of such sudden brilliancy, as to leave them dazzled too strongly to follow the flashes that shot after it with restless illumination.

Of his speeches, the greater number have been impaired by the difficulty of the time, or the immediate circumstances of their delivery. Some of the most powerful have been totally lost. The period itself was fatal to their preservation.

When Erskine pleaded ; he stood in the midst of a secure nation ; and pleaded, like a priest of the temple of justice, with his hand on the altar of the constitution, and all England waiting to treasure every deluding oracle that came from his lips. Curran pleaded—not in a time when the public system was only so far disturbed as to give additional interest to his eloquence, but in a time when the system was threatened with instant dissolution ; when society seemed to be falling in fragments round him ; when the soil was already throwing up flames. Rebellion was in arms. He pleaded, not on the floor of a shrine, but on a scaffold ; with no companions, but the wretched and culpable beings who were to be flung from it hour by hour ; and no hearers, but the crowd, who rushed in desperate anxiety to that spot of hurried execution ; and then rushed away, eager to shake off all remembrance of scenes which had torn every heart among them.

It is this which puts his speeches beyond the cold jurisdiction of the critic. He had neither time nor thought for studying the marble graces of scholarship. He was a being embarked in strong emergency ; a man, and not a statue. He had the lives

of men in his hand ; and he was to address men, of whom he must make himself master, or surrender those lives to the executioner before the day was done. In our more tranquil time, we can scarcely conceive either the necessity or the exertion ; but both are deeply impressed where they existed, monumental memories in the unhappy mind of Ireland.

It is to be regretted, for the honour of his consistency, that Curran had ever entered the House of Commons. There he followed the course of faction, and was a partizan ; at the bar he followed the course of his duties and his feelings, and was a patriot. The courage of the bar is a consideration of the first importance, in a profession which stands as the natural bulwark between the excesses of power, and the feebleness of the individual. Curran was eminently and uniformly courageous. In defiance of all personal hazard,—for in those days suspicion rapidly glanced from the client to the advocate,—and against all remonstrance, he threw himself into the boldest positions of advocacy. Alternately stripping with a contemptuous hand the errors of government, and resisting the dictation of the bench ; invoking the parliamentary sense of character, and denouncing the agents and prosecutions of the crown ; he was always found in the vanguard, always utterly regardless of personal consequences, never repelled by the most hopeless cause ; and, though conscious that every step which he advanced in the service of his unfor-

tunate countrymen, was carrying him further from all official rank, and that he was forfeiting the ermine for men who could bequeath to him nothing but their shrouds ; he never refused to give the most forlorn applicant to his genius, that chance for life which was to be found in his splendid intrepidity.

In the minor order of trials, Curran was matchless. His wild wit and eccentric allusions, his knowledge of native habits, and his skill in throwing light on the very spot where knavery imagined itself secure of concealment, made him first of the first, in the presence of an Irish jury. He was never more resistless, than when he seemed to give way to the volatile and sportive spirit of the moment ; and never nearer the detection of imposture than when he and the impostor seemed to laugh together. It was then that, suddenly turning on him, he tore off his disguise, and in language more searching than the scourge, tortured the naked perjurer into truth.

It was by this mixture of apparently discordant qualities, that his highest effects were produced. In the opening of his cause ; from the wayward manner in which he loitered over details, and the palpable readiness to rest himself, wherever a jest could be found ; it would have been impossible for a stranger to anticipate the mass of daring conception, the keen and stern energy, and above all, the fiery originality, condensed under that careless brow. It was in this originality that a large share of his triumph con-

sisted. The course of other great public speakers may in general be predicted from their outset ; but in Curran's eloquence prediction was in vain. His mind, always full, was always varying the direction of its exuberance ;—with all the beauty, it had all the wildness, of a mountain stream, now bounding from rock to rock, now winding its way through the thousand obliquities of the landscape, but always reflecting sunshine ; until it swells into strength, and thunders down in the cataract.

Yet in our zeal for the memory of an orator, whose fame is among the rights of his country to renown ; we do not disguise the errors of his style. His speeches exhibit occasional defects of taste, examples of distorted conception, and careless defiances of classic elegance. But in the printed speeches of what great master of oratory, living or dead, are there to be found nobler contrasts to those passing imperfections ? We are to remember of Curran, that his were not the labours of the study, but the sudden and vigorous impulse of public duty ; that they were not carved with curious delicacy, not gems to be deposited in museums, but masses built up for the pillars and buttresses of a great popular cause ; rapidly wrought to meet the emergency ; bold and rough-hewn to stand the weather and the tooth of time ; and that if, like the immortal sculptures of the Parthenon, the touch of the artist has given them surpassing beauty ; it is but so

much added to their primal purpose—that primal purpose being strength, solidity, and the perpetual support of the temple of our nobler Minerva, the constitution.

The details of Curran's private life are for the biographer. But, of that portion which lying between public effort and domestic privacy, forms the chief ground of social character; all who knew him have spoken with panegyric. Few individuals, possessed of such powers of sarcastic wit, could have been more unwilling to use them; and few whose lives passed in continual public conflict, could have had more personal friendships. He was fond of encouraging the rising talent of his profession, and gave his advice and his praise liberally, wherever they might kindle or direct a generous emulation. He loved society, and though by his abilities and his fame entitled to associate with the highest ranks of birth and office, he evidently preferred the simple intercourse of familiar friends. As a festive companion he was unequalled, "without a similar or a second;" and has left in the memory of his associates, more of the happiest strokes of a fancy, at once keen, classic, and sparkling, than any other wit of his century.

Finis vitæ ejus amicis tristis, extraneis etiam ignotisque non sine cura fuit.

Quicquid ex Agricola amavimus, quicquid mirati sumus, manet, mansurum est in animis hominum, in æternitate temporum, fama rerum.—TACIT.

XI.



LUTHER.

OF all the noble impulses which ever created, animated, and rewarded the whole dedication of the mind of man, the noblest is, beyond all question, that of the great religious reformer. The feelings of the conqueror, the statesman, or the legislator, proud and comprehensive as they are, entirely sink in the comparison. Limited to a nation and an age, their nature, like their objects, is essentially tame and transitory, to a class of feelings which belong to higher worlds, and even whose humblest efforts comprehend generations to the last hour of time. What can the prizes of earth offer, equal to a sense of the divine commission, of the apostleship of light, of the summons and the power to work the mighty miracle of giving eyes to the spiritually blind, of breaking the chain of the spiritual captive, of challenging the great adversary of good in his stronghold, and dragging him bound before man and angels; the prospect of glories, unborn of mortality; the fire of aspirations, which vindicate their own high origin;

the filling of the heart with a tide of bold promptings and magnificent deeds, as palpably the result of influence from above, as the swellings of the ocean are ruled by the lights of heaven.

Even without alluding to the infinite superiority of all that concerns the imperishable spirit ; the triumphs of the religious reformer in a human view, have a grandeur and an use, which place them in the foremost rank of human things. Unshared, like military fame, with inferior instruments, and untinged with blood ; unpurchased, like the successes of political life, by those humiliating compliances, which form so large a portion of a public career ; and unembarrassed by the clouds and difficulties which beset the most perfect work of legislation ; the religious reformer not merely acts upon a larger scale, but with a more fearless glance at both the past and the future. From the nature of things, he ought to be the boldest, the most secure, the most elevated and triumphant in heart, of all mankind ; for, his duty done, his responsibility ceases ; he is no more answerable for the consequences, than the husbandman is answerable for the harvest ; when he has sown the divine seed, all is thenceforth the work of elements above the control of man. His purpose, his faculties, and his career, less resemble those of mortality, than of one of those sons of light, who transmit the divine will through creation : passive yet rejoicing, obedient yet full of glorious energy ; moving unstained

through all the imperfections and impurities of surrounding things; whatever may be the trials which meet it on its way, triumphant by the innate virtue of its mission; and in patience and in power, administering its high functions, until the glad hour of its recal.

Of all mankind since the days of the apostles, the individual who made the deepest impression on the character of the human race, was the leader of the German reformation.

The ways of providence are mysterious, but it acts by ordinary means. It is clearly a divine law, that there shall be no waste of miracle; for miracle disturbs, to a certain degree, that human agency which it is the obvious purpose of the divine government to sustain in its vigour. Where the work can be effected by man, it is done by man; where it partially transcends human powers, partial aid is given; the unmingled power of heaven is alone displayed, where the faculties of its creatures are palpably incapable of influencing the great design; where man is the dust of the balance, unfelt in the swaying of the mighty scales.

Where the object was human, the means have always been human. When an empire was to be founded, a daring soldier was summoned to break down the barriers of the surrounding realms, and crush resistance with the sword. Even where the object was divine, the assistance was given, up to the due point, and no

further. The apostles required the possession of miraculous gifts, to ensure the public belief in their mission; they required, above all, the gift of tongues, to communicate the revelation to the ends of the earth. Those gifts were bestowed. But no new miracle gave them the knowledge, which was attainable by human means. And St. Paul, eloquent, accustomed to the business of life, trained to the habits of Greece and Rome, and versed in the learning and philosophy of the time, was chosen to struggle with the courtiers, the populace, and the philosophers of Greece and Rome.

What St. Paul was to the first century, Luther, if with a less conspicuous commission, yet with a scarcely less important effect, was to the sixteenth.

The apostolic age of Rome has yet had no rival in external grandeur, internal vividness, or vast and permanent influence on the world. The magnificent fabric of the Cæsars, the most superb ever raised by man, had reached its height. The arts of war and government, the nobler embellishments of genius and taste, volumes from which even modern refinement still draws its finest delights, works of art that will serve as models of excellence and beauty to the latest hours of the world, the proudest developements of the human mind in eloquence and philosophy, were the external illustrations of the first age.

The moral empire was more magnificent still. The dissonant habits, feelings, and prejudices of a host of

uations, separated by seas and deserts; and yet more widely separated by long hostility and barbarian prejudices, were controlled into one vast system of submission; peace was planted in the heart of furious communities, agriculture reclaimed the wilderness, commerce covered the ocean, and peopled its shores. Knowledge unforced, and thus the more productive and the more secure, was gradually making its way through the extremities of the great dominion; an intellectual fire, spreading, not with the hazardous and startling fierceness of incendiarism, but with the gentle and cheering growth of dawn, over every people.

But the more wondrous characteristic still, was Christianity; the diffusion of a new knowledge, as much more exalted, vivid, and essential, than all that had ever been wrought by the faculties of man, as the throne from which it descended was loftier than the cradle and the tomb; the transmission of new powers over nature and mind; the conquest of immortality over the grave; and the fight against that mysterious and terrible strength in which the rulers of darkness war against the human soul—above all, transcendant in glory, the presence of the Immanuel, HIM whom it is guilt lightly to name, that King of kings, whom “the heaven, and the heaven of heavens cannot contain:” God the Son; descending on earth to take upon him our nature, and, by a love surpassing all imagination, submitting to a death

of ignominy, that by his sacrifice we might be forgiven.

The splendours of that age must throw all which follow, into utter eclipse. Yet the age of Luther and the reformation bears such similitude, as the grandest crisis of human events and human agency may bear to the visible acting of providence.

The empire of Charles the Fifth, second only to the Roman, was just consolidated. A singular passion for literature was spreading. Government was gradually refining from the fierce turbulence of the Gothic nations, and the headlong tyranny of the feudal princes. The fine arts were springing into a new existence. The power of the sword was on the verge of sinking under the power of the mind. Commerce was uniting the ends of the earth by the ties of mutual interest, stronger than the old fetters of Rome. A new and singular science, diplomacy, was rising, to fill up the place of the broken unity of Roman dominion, and make remote nations feel their importance to mutual security. A new world was opened, to supply the exhausted ardour of the European mind with the stimulus of discovery, and, perhaps, with the not less important purpose of supplying, in the precious metals, a new means of that commercial spirit which was obviously destined to be the regenerator of Europe. Force had been the master, and the impulse of the ancient world. Mutual interest was now to be the master, and the

impulse of a world appointed to a nobler and more salutary career. To crown all, arose that art of arts, by which a new lustre has been given to human knowledge; by which the wisdom of every age is accumulated for the present, and transmitted to the future; by which a single voice, in whatever obscurity, may speak to mankind, and make its wrong, its wisdom, and its discovery, the feeling, the possession, and the impulse of all;—that only less than miracle, the art of printing.

But in this expanse of imperial and intellectual brightness, there was one lingering cloud, which threatened again to overspread the whole. As paganism in the Roman empire, had degraded the natural understanding of the people, and finally corrupted their habits into utter ruin; superstition had assumed the paramount influence in the rising European world; with the same seat, the same ambition, and still deeper and more corrupting arts of supremacy.

To rescue Europe, one of those great instruments which providence reserves, to awake or restore the hopes of nations, was now summoned.

Martin Luther was born on the 10th day of November, 1483, at Eisleben, a small town in the county of Mansfield, and electorate of Saxony. His father, John Luther, was employed in the mines; in which he had raised himself, by his intelligence and good conduct, to property and respectability, and held the office of a local magistrate.

At Eisleben, Luther was placed under the tuition of a man of learning, George Æmilius. At fourteen he was sent to a school at Magdeburgh; from which, within a year, he was transferred to a superior seminary at Eisenach, under the care of the Franciscans. Here the first evidences of his application and ability were given in his school successes, his knowledge of the abstruse grammar of the day, and the spirit and ease of his Latin versification.*

In 1502, this distinguished pupil was transferred to the College of Erfurt; where he made himself master of the Aristotelian logic, and of the more valuable knowledge of the Latin classics, then becoming popular from the authority of Erasmus. Greek and Hebrew were still comparatively unknown; the first professorship of Greek in the University of Wittenburg was that of Melancthon, sixteen years after.

In 1503, Luther took the degree of Master of Arts; and now, completed in all the science which universities could give, he was urged by his family to apply himself to the study of the law, as the most direct road to fortune. His mind had already pointed to theology, but he gave way to opinion, and began a reluctant study of the Civilians. Accident alone deprived the law of a man, whose eloquence and sagacity might have conferred new honours on the profession; but

* Præf. ad Seckend.

whose daring vigour and sacred sincerity of heart were destined to achievements, before which all human honours sink into nothing.

In 1504, Luther, walking in the fields one day with Alexius, a young friend, was overtaken by a thunder storm; and saw with horror his companion struck dead at his side. At this frightful catastrophe, the thought of the utter uncertainty of life, and of the necessity of devoting it to preparation for the final hour, smote him. It was the monastic age; and piety could conceive no higher form of service to God or man than seclusion within conventual walls. On the spot, he made a solemn vow, to abjure the world and take the cowl.

The determination was communicated to his parents, and after some remonstrance against this sacrifice of emolument and distinction, was complied with. But his younger relatives were still to be made acquainted with his retirement from life. This was done in a curiously characteristic manner. Luther, like most of his countrymen, was attached to music; and he sang and performed with skill. He summoned his friends to an evening entertainment; gave them music, and at the close declared to them his unchangeable resolution, thenceforth, to bid farewell for ever to the enjoyments of man.

In 1505, he became a member of the Augustines at Erfurt; commencing his career with that fulness of determination which formed so striking a

feature of his life. He sent back his lay habits to his father's house, returned his Master of Arts' ring, and declared his intention of changing his Christian name to Augustine. He now not merely submitted to the severe discipline which was prescribed by the rules, however practically evaded by the members of the religious orders; but he courted their extreme rigour, and soon became remarkable * for his mortifications, his labours, his fasting, and his prayer. He abandoned all his previous studies, and took with him only Virgil and Plautus; the latter a singular choice, yet which we cannot attribute to a love for its peculiar style in the mind of a young ascetic who had so sternly renounced the world.

But the personal drudgeries of the conventual life were not less severe, and were even more humbling, than its religious restrictions. Among other offices, Luther was compelled to stand porter at the gate; and was sent through the town with a bag at his back to beg for the convent. This constant succession of mean labours, which at once deprived him of time for study, and occupied it in pursuits exhausting and degrading, at length became too heavy for even the buoyancy of his mind, and he sank into a state of despondency, which rapidly influenced his religious opinions. To find his way out of this labyrinth, he applied to the head of the Augustines in Germany,

* Melanct. Præf.

Staupitz, a man of sense and feeling. Staupitz recommended to the inquirer submission to the course of his duty ; but enjoined on the prior of the convent the more effectual command, to relieve him from his drudgeries, and give leisure for literature to a mind which he already pronounced * likely to render distinguished services to religion.

Up to this period the Bible had never been in the hands of Luther. Fragments of it were read in the church service, but beyond those the wisdom of Revelation was a dead letter. The Faculty of Theology at Paris, had just branded itself to all succeeding ages, by the declaration that ‘ Religion was undone, if the study of Greek or Hebrew were permitted.’ † And the general opinion seems to have been comprehended in the speech attributed to a popular monk— ‘ They have invented a new language, which they call Greek ; you must be on your guard against it. There is in the hands of many a book which they call the New Testament ; it is a book full of daggers and poison. As to the Hebrew, it is certain that whoever learns it, immediately becomes a Jew.’

The year 1507 was a memorable epoch in the life of this great servant of religion. In this year the Bible first fell into his hands. He had already taken orders ; when he found a neglected Latin copy of the Scriptures lying in the library of the convent. Its

* Seckendorf, p. 19.

† Villers on the Reformation, p. 93.

subject instantly laid hold of his mind. The study became at once fearful and delightful to him. Deprived of all assistance in an inquiry which had been hitherto closed on Christendom, he was driven to his own resources; and he suffered no text of the sacred volume to escape him without the most eager effort to ascertain its meaning. Like all men who thus study Scripture; which will not give its holy wisdom to the negligent, the hasty, or the proud; he found its difficulties rapidly clearing before him, his knowledge increasing, and his conviction of the profound wisdom of inspiration, and the essential truth of Christianity, growing more strongly into the substance of his mind. This result has been promised to all, who will seek for the truth in prayer;—if there be one exercise of the human heart and understanding on which the spirit of the Almighty pre-eminently descends, it is the conscientious search into the wisdom of the Bible.

But, mingled with those elevating sensations, were others that belong to the feebleness of our mortal nature. Luther's whole previous system of thinking on religious subjects required to be swept away, before the foundation for his purified knowledge could be laid. The strong discordance between his habitual conceptions and the unearthly teaching of the inspired word disturbed him, and there were periods when he sank into such despondency, as to feel himself ready to expire. The terrors of the divine justice, exempli-

fied in the punishment of the infidel and the criminal, pressed with painful strength on his imagination; until he was urged, by this very conflict of mind, to search more deeply into the grounds of the divine mercy. He has been known to hurry away from a dispute on doctrine, and, overpowered by the struggles of his own heart, to fling himself on his bed in an agony of supplication, repeating the soul-searching words of the apostle:—"He hath concluded all in unbelief, that He might have mercy upon all."

Those trials are well known in the history of conversion; and if they do not occur with equal conflict in all instances of the change from natural darkness to divine knowledge, they yet have taken place in many of the most powerful intellects, and holiest hearts, of the Christian world.

Still, the first efforts of the awakened heart to relieve itself from those throes of conscience, are often marked by human fallibility. Luther, like thousands in his circumstances, sought relief in the more rigid observance of personal mortification. Fasting was the great conventual standard of virtue. Luther, when he was to celebrate mass, now abstained from food between midnight and noon. He sometimes even fasted for three days together. This discipline, joined with intense study, threw him into a violent illness. But his illness was probably more of the mind than of the body, for it was to the mind that the medicine was applied. Even in the ignorance and corruption of

the conventual life, God had not left himself without witness.—An old brother of the Order, who attended his sick-bed, discoursed with him on ‘the remission of sins,’ and finally brought him to the great conviction, that ‘Justification was of grace, by faith.’

In the Superior of the Augustines, too, Luther found at once a protector and a guide; Staupitz commended his application to the Scriptures, and advised him to make himself an able ‘*textualis, et localis* ;’ a master of the leading doctrines, and quick at the quotation of Scripture language.

To those acquirements of nature, nature had added the important one of fluency in public speaking; a faculty neglected by the monks, but which he cultivated by preaching for his brethren in the churches of the surrounding villages. Thus furnished with the knowledge, the will, and the active ability; his time at length came to be called into a service, before which the glories of the world are a dream.

In the middle of the fifteenth century, the art of printing had been discovered. Even before the close of the century, the spirit of this wonder-working discovery had transpired, in an almost universal conviction of the value of literature to the prosperity and honour of nations. In 1495, the German Electors, in their assembly at Worms, passed a resolution in favour of the erection of universities in their several states. Frederick, Elector of Saxony, a man whose temper and wisdom well entitled him to the name of ‘the

Sage,' lost no time in acting on this auspicious resolution, and he founded the far-famed University of Wittemberg. Staupitz was applied to for the recommendation of a scholar of his order, and he named Luther, who was appointed to the professorship of logic in 1508, at the age of twenty-five.

One of those signal circumstances now occurred, which impress their character on a life. Seven of the Augustine convents in Saxony, having quarrelled with the Vicar-general of the Order on discipline, the question was referred, as usual, to Rome; and it is a striking evidence of the early and general respect for Luther, that he was chosen as their delegate.* Rome opened an overwhelming scene to the eyes of the German scholar and divine. In his convent he had imagined, that in the central city of the church, he should find himself in the supreme seat of Christian virtue. He found himself suddenly plunged into a centre of Italian perfidy, religious indifference, and glaring licentiousness. The spirit of Christianity had been long extinguished, in the perpetual intrigues of a court struggling to preserve its influence among the armed rivalries of France, Germany, and Italy. The decencies of religious ceremonial were forgotten or perverted, in the insolent levity, or fantastic innovations, of a clergy degenerated into political minions; and too necessary to the vices of their superiors, to be in awe of their discipline. Individual life was a tissue

* Ulenberg, Vit. Luth. p. 9.

of the most desperate excesses of profligacy and blood. The restraints which have been since imposed on popery by the presence of a pure religion, were not then thought of, to tame and rebuke this audacity of vice; and Luther saw Rome in the full riot of the grand corruption of Christianity, inflated by a thousand years of power, fearless of change, and maddened by those terrible delusions which Providence suffers to thicken round the head and heart of the wilful rejectors of its wisdom.

‘I would not,’ he often said afterwards, ‘have missed, for a thousand florins, the lesson given to me by my journey to Rome.’ That lesson was destined to work mighty consequences.

The profligate extension of the doctrine of Indulgences at length called forth the great Reformer.

From the year 1100, Indulgences had been among the sources of papal revenue. To stimulate the Crusaders, Urban II. had granted the remission of all penances to those who should embark in the enterprises for the recovery of the Holy Land. The next use of Indulgences was for the support of the fanatical and furious war against the Waldenses. But, to make Rome the centre of unity to Christendom, and to collect within it the chief personages of Europe, had long been the policy of the papal court, with a view to both power and revenue. In 1300, Boniface VIII. proclaimed the Jubilee, a grand general meeting of the subjects of the Romish faith at Rome, for a

month—to be renewed every fifty years. To allure the multitude, Indulgences were published to the European world. The Jubilee was found so productive to the papal treasury, that the half century was deemed too slow a return, and Urban VI. reduced the years to thirty-three; Paul II. went further still, and reduced them to twenty-five. The Jubilee, which returned in 1500, under Alexander VI. exhibited all the rank offence of a vast carousal, adding to its original corruption the daring scorn of virtue and public feeling that grows from long impunity.*

The Indulgences, once the simple release of the penitent from the censures or penances of the church, had soon assumed the more important character of a release from the guilt of human crimes, and the presumed sentence of Heaven. The merits of the Saints had been reinforced by the merits of the Saviour; and the Pope, thus furnished with an unlimited stock of applicable innocence, declared himself in a condition to make the peace of every culprit, living or dead.

The election of Leo X. precipitated the crisis. Leo, educated in the love of the Arts, a personal voluptuary, of expensive habits, and of that epicurean spirit which looked only to putting off the evil day, had drawn deeply on the wealth of the Popedom. To raise money became indispensable, and he attempted it under the double pretext of the war

* Seckendorf, page 9.

against the Turks, and the building of St. Peter's. Large sums were raised by the sale of Indulgences throughout Europe, and the money was instantly absorbed by the expenditure of the court of Rome. In the time of Zuinglius, we have seen the same process adopted among the Swiss cantons. But the sum to be extorted from Saxony was appropriated to the payment of an early debt of Leo to his sister Magdalen,* incurred when, in the time of Alexander VI. he had fled to Genoa. The payment of this debt was probably a matter of peculiar importance, for it was through the influence of Magdalen's husband, Francheschetto Cibo, an *illegitimate* son of Innocent VIII., that he had been created a Cardinal at the age of fourteen, and thus placed within sight of the papal throne. Magdalen appointed, as her receivers, Arcemboldi, a man remarkable for his extortion, and Albert, Archbishop of Mentz and Magdeburg. Albert delegated the office to Tetzal, a Dominican monk, of singularly reprobate character, but whose recklessness in the collection of this unpopular tribute probably wiped away his sins, in the eyes of the superior plunderers.

Tetzal was a Dominican, a member of that order which had usurped the most extraordinary power ever possessed by monks, the masters and agents of the inquisition, the haughtiest opponents of all reli-

* Guicciardini.

gious reformation, and the most violent persecutors in an age of religious tyranny. The new delegate was known for his activity, his popular address, and his contempt of principle. In his harangues on the efficacy of indulgences he gave the most revolting license to his tongue, and by alternate terror and temptation, wrought strongly upon the popular feelings. Luther, at this period, had been preparing lectures for his class on the Scriptural grounds of repentance. Indulgences made a natural portion of the subject.* He found himself ignorant of their history; he was thus urged to examine their origin; and the results of his inquiry were speedily made known in his utter surprise and scorn at the whole guilty pretension.

The course of his professional duty brought his discoveries into action. Like the priests of his order he regularly took his seat in the confessional. But in the year 1517, when Tetzel's indulgences had become popular, it was found that the purchasers refused to undergo the ordained penances,† on the ground that they were already remitted by the indulgence. Luther, in his disgust at this evasion of the ancient discipline, refused to give them absolution. They applied to Tetzel. The Dominican, zealous for the credit of his commodity, and secure in the protection of the Romish See, expressed the haughtiest contempt for the interference of an obscure

* Luther, 1, 100.

† Seckend, p. 17.

German monk; and followed up his scorn by the more formidable threat of throwing Luther, and all who adhered to him, into the prisons of the inquisition. As one of the commission charged with the extirpation of heresy, he could have effected his purpose at a word; and to give evidence of his being in earnest, Tetzels ordered a pile for the burning of heretics to be raised; an expressive emblem of the peril of remonstrating with the delegate of the popedom.

It is one of the idle rumours of later years, that Luther's opposition arose from discontent at seeing the sale of indulgences taken out of the hands of the Augustines. But it is not clear, that those monks had ever been employed in the sale in Germany. The charge was not dreamt of in the Reformer's lifetime—it has been openly abandoned by the more distinguished of the Romish historians—and, in addition, Luther was at this period a monk, a public adherent of the popedom, and a personal admirer of Leo, whose vices, at the distance of Germany, were veiled in the splendours of his love of literature, his munificence, and his rank as the head of Christendom.

The true cause of his hostility—the noble and generous hostility of truth and virtue, to the most corrupting means of the most corrupting delusion that ever broke down the morals or the liberty of man—was its palpable contradiction to Scripture. Luther instantly applied himself to the proof. The

forms of his scholastic education still clung to him, and he threw the question into the shape of a controversy in the schools. He now published his celebrated "Ninety-five propositions," embracing the whole doctrine of penance, purgatory, and indulgences; suspended them on the church door in one of the thoroughfares of Wittemberg, and challenged a public disputation. The preamble of this paper was as follows:

‘ Amore et studio elucidandæ veritatis, hæc subscripta Themata disputabuntur Wittembergiæ, præsidente R. P. Martino Luthero, Eremitano Augustiniano, Artium et S. Theologiæ Magistro, ejusdem ibidem ordinario Lectore.

‘ Quare petit, ut qui non possunt verbis præsentibus nobiscum disputare, agant id literis, absentes.

‘ In nomine Domini nostri Jesu Christi. Amen.’ *

The challenge was not accepted, and he printed his ‘ Propositions.’ This was virtually the first sound of the Reformation. The public mind was now, for the first time, turned to the great controversy. Luther’s letter, sent at the same period to Albert, Archbishop of Mentz, briefly contains the principles of his doctrine.

‘ I do not complain,’ said he, ‘ so much of the manner in which the Indulgences are published, (which I have not witnessed,) as of the injuries which

* Luth. i. 51.

they must do to the multitude ; who believe, that if they purchase those pardons, they are secure of their salvation, and safe from future punishment. The souls intrusted to your care, are thus stimulated to what will lead them to ruin, and how hard must be the account which you will have to render to God for all those ! From this cause I could be silent no longer ; for no one can be certain of his salvation by any gift conferred on him by a bishop. It is by the GRACE OF GOD ALONE that salvation can be obtained !

‘ Works of piety and charity are infinitely better than Indulgences, and yet they are not preached to the people with so great pomp or zeal, nay, they are supplanted by Indulgences.

‘ The first and only duty of bishops, is to instruct the people in the gospel and the love of Christ. Jesus never commanded Indulgences to be published. What horror, therefore, must that bishop experience, and how great his danger, if he allow the sale of Indulgences to be substituted among his flock for the doctrines of revelation. Shall not Christ say to such persons, ye strain at a gnat and swallow a camel ? What can I do, most excellent prelate and illustrious prince, but entreat you, by the Lord Jesus Christ, to direct your attention to this subject, to destroy the book which you have sanctioned by your arms,* and impose on the preachers of Indulgences a very different

* Albert's insignia were on the title-page.

way of recommending them, lest some one should arise and confute both them and that book, to the great reproach of your Highness. The consequences of this I dread extremely, and I fear it must happen, unless a speedy remedy be applied.'

This letter shewed equally that he had yet to learn the insincere character of the Archbishop of Magdeburg, and to strengthen his own views into confidence and system. But the time for both was at hand.

The Propositions produced so powerful an effect on the public mind in Germany, that Tetzels found himself compelled to stoop to the controversy. He published two theses, comprehending the extraordinary number of one hundred and fifty-six propositions; and in an assembly of three hundred monks combated the obnoxious tenets. But, by taking the Pope's infallibility as the groundwork of his proof, he left the question as open as before; his groundwork was denied, and the disputation closed in his burning Luther's book, and in seeing the students of Wittemberg burn his in retaliation.

But the authority of the Pope was still resistless. Ages of dominion; the unhesitating homage of the immense priesthood who lorded it over the public mind of Europe; and the popular ignorance, which saw in the Pontiff the fountain of faith, of temporal authority, and of supernatural power, had accumulated a weight of sovereignty on the popedom, that had never before been possessed by man. Among

the most striking proofs of this prescriptive power, is Luther's own prostration before the Roman throne ; while he assailed, with the most heroic vigour, the offences of its subordinates. Of Leo, whose personal character was hitherto undeveloped in the north, and in whom he saw only the monarch of the Church, Luther long spoke with submissive veneration.

‘ But what can this most excellent person do alone in so great a confusion ? ’ is the language of some of his letters on the church disturbances. ‘ One who is worthy to have been Pontiff in better times, or in whose pontificate the times ought to have become better. In our age, we deserve only such Popes as Julius the Second or Alexander the Sixth, or some atrocious monsters similar to what the poets have created ; for even in Rome herself, nay, in Rome more than anywhere else, good popes are held in ridicule.’

Of his theses against the corruptions of the Church, he had the same fears. He was eminently anxious, that they should not be construed into any approach towards shaking off his allegiance to his spiritual sovereign. Startled at his own celebrity, he made it the subject of frequent and sincere apologies to his ecclesiastical superiors. In his letter, written in 1518, to Jerome Scultetus, the Bishop of Brandenburg, he thus humbly explains the necessity which urged him to publication.

‘ On the appearance of the new doctrine of Indulgences, not only my intimate friends, but many who were unknown to me, requested by letters, and verbally, my opinion. For some time I avoided any open declaration, but at last the dispute became so violent, that I was induced to go so far as even to incur the danger of offending the Pope !

‘ But what could I do ? It was not in my own power to determine anything upon the subject, and I was afraid to contradict those whom I wished to respect. They, however, argued so plausibly, in attempting to prove what is false and vain ; that they arrested my attention, and fairly involved me in the controversy. That I might please both parties, I judged it most expedient neither to assent to, nor dissent from either, but, in the mean time, to reason upon the subject, until the Church should determine what our opinions ought to be ! I therefore published a disputation, and invited all persons publicly to declare their sentiments. As I knew several very learned men, I requested them in private to open their minds to me. I perceived that neither the doctors of the church, nor the canonists, generally supported my opinions. There were only a few canonists and scholastic doctors who seemed to approve, and even those were not very hearty in their concurrence.

‘ I gave a general challenge upon the subject of indulgences, but no one appeared. I then perceived that my published disputations were dispersed more

widely than I had wished, and were everywhere received, not as matters of discussion, but of positive affirmation. I was therefore compelled, contrary to my hope and wish, to publish the arguments for my Propositions, and thus expose my ignorance. I thought it better to incur the shame of being deficient in knowledge, than to allow those to remain in error, who took it for granted that my Propositions were asserted as undoubted truths. Of the accuracy of some of them I myself was doubtful—of several I am still ignorant. Some persons deny them—I assert none pertinaciously. I submit them all to the Holy Church and the Pope.’

Yet even in these humble acknowledgments, the firmness of Luther’s love of the truth, let it lead him where it would, is expressed with resistless simplicity.

‘It is most just that I should lay at your feet what I have been employed in. I not only give you leave to blot out whatever you think fit, but I shall not be concerned, if you should burn the whole. Not that I stand in dread of the bulls and threats of those who, not knowing what it is to doubt, wish to circulate whatever they dream, as gospel. Their audacity, joined to their ignorance, induced me not to give way to my own fears. Had not the cause been one of so great importance, no one should have known me beyond my own corner. If the work be not of God, I do not pretend that it should be mine. Let it come

to nothing, and be claimed by no one. I ought to seek nothing else, than that I should not be the occasion of error to any one.'

But the hazard of raising papal wrath, and the tremendous consequences of that wrath, were too well known by German examples, not to have been contemplated by Luther. In an epistle to Staupitz, as the head of his order, enclosing the printed defence of the Propositions for the Pope's perusal, he speaks in the spirit of one prepared for the last sacrifices.

'I request that you will send these trifles of mine to that most excellent pontiff, Leo the Tenth, that they may serve to plead my cause at Rome. Not that I wish you to be joined with me in the danger; for it is my desire that those things may be done at my own hazard. I expect that Christ, as judge, will pronounce what is right by the mouth of the Pope. To those of my friends who would alarm me for the consequences, I have nothing else to say, than what Reuchlin said, 'He who is poor has nothing to fear; he can lose nothing.' I possess no property, neither do I desire any. There remains to me only a frail body, harassed by continual illness, and if they take away my life by open violence or stratagem, they make me but little poorer. I am satisfied with the possession of my Redeemer and Propitiator, the Lord Jesus Christ, whom I shall praise as long as I exist. If any one be unwilling

to join with me in these praises, what is that to me? Let him raise his voice after his own fashion. The Lord Jesus will save me for ever.'

But he was soon forced again into the field. He was told that the brethren of his order dissented from some principles of his doctrine; and he determined to bring the matter to a decision. Having previously published twenty-eight Propositions in Divinity, with twelve Corollaries, against the Greek philosophy, which it was the extraordinary habit of the time to introduce into theological discussions; he set out on foot for Heidelberg, the place of the annual assembly of the Augustinians. The result of the controversy was triumphant. 'All the Wittemberg doctors,' says his letter to one of his former teachers, 'nay, the whole university, with the exception of one licentiate, Sebastian, are now of my way of thinking; and many ecclesiastics and respectable citizens now unanimously say, that they had never heard nor known Christ and the gospel before.'

But the most important share of the triumph was the public adhesion of Martin Bucer, already famous as a scholar, to the new doctrines. Bucer took notes, applied for explanations to Luther, and published an account of the controversy, respectful to the opponent monks, but highly commendatory of his teacher.

On his return from Rome, in 1500, Luther had taken the degree of Doctor in Divinity. As Doctor,

he had obtained the right of teaching publicly as well as privately ; and Frederick, the Elector, attended some of his sermons, with whose force and simplicity he was so much struck, that, on the preacher's desiring to devote himself solely to the study of divinity, the Elector permitted him to vacate the chair of logic for that of theology. The additional strength thus given to his studies, and the additional influence to his authority, were among the palpable sources of the Reformation.

But the true struggle for religious and civil freedom was at hand : the conflict, from which Protestantism, like a new creation, was to be summoned by a spirit not less than that of the Supreme. The papal exactions had exhausted the Romish vassals, as the papal tyranny had disgusted their princes. A feeling of scorn for the notorious ignorance of the Romish ecclesiastics was rising in this age of restored literature, to reinforce the civil discontent. The proverbial duplicity of the Romish court, which had made its friends doubtful—the wasteful luxury, which, scandalizing the devout, drained the poor ; and the restless ambition of a power, great only by the perpetual quarrels of Europe, all combined to break up the whole long train of evil influence by which kings and people had been bowed at the Roman footstool.

To the mere historian nothing is more intricate than those sudden changes of human feeling. To the man who seeks for wisdom by the light of Provi-

dence, the cause is not seldom to be found in the divine will to protect the progress of religion. In the furious contests of the German princes, the alternate alienations and submissions of the empire, and the eager intrigues which engrossed the court of Leo, the young Reformation found its best shelter,—the storm raged among the ancients of the forest, while the lowly produce at their feet, more precious in the eye of heaven than them all, was suffered to flourish, and fill itself with healing virtue. In the shock of Italian subtlety, kingly violence, and popular indignation, the power of the priesthood was gradually unnerved. Loftier interests than those of angry monks absorbed the soldiers and statesmen of the time; and Luther, who a few years before, would have perished in the flames of the Inquisition, passed unharmed, though not unmolested, through life, and went down full of years and honours to his grave.

A great political movement now urged the advance of the Reformation. Selim the First, the son of Bajazet, had reposed from the conquest of the Asiatic provinces, only to prepare an irresistible armament for the seizure of the European.* A powerful fleet was to be directed against Rhodes, the bulwark of Christendom in the Mediterranean; and an army, composed of the invincible janizaries, was to march on Hungary. The Italian States and the Imperial

* Guicciardini, l. 13.

were thus menaced at once ; and Leo was too intent on the increase of the papal influence, to suffer the peril to lose any of its alarms through the weakness of his appeals to the popular imagination. Prayers were ordered to be put up for the safety of the civilized world ; a solemn exhortation was issued to all Christian princes to concentrate their force against the terrible enemy of all ; and with the ostensible object of forming a German league against the invader, Cardinal Thomas de Vio di Gaëtè, better known as Cajetan, was despatched to the Diet of Augsburg. The extinction of Luther and his doctrine was unquestionably among the chief purposes of his mission.

Cajetan's first proceeding was to conciliate Maximilian, who had openly declared his resentment against Leo, and his disgust at the whole system of the papal policy. ' Had not Leo deceived me,' the emperor was heard to exclaim, ' he would have been the only pope whom I could have called an honest man.'* Cajetan proposed in the diet, as papal legate, that a portion of the church revenues should be placed at the Emperor's disposal for the Turkish war. The result of this palatable concession immediately appeared in an imperial letter, dated Augsburg, August the 5th, declaring Luther's opinions ' heretical and damnable ; acknowledging the Pope's right to judge of doctrine ; entreating Leo to extinguish

* Lechen, p. 43.

the new heresy, and pledging the imperial power to observe the decision of Rome, and to compel its observance throughout the empire.' But the progress of this negociation had already encouraged Leo to the habitual violence of the papacy ; and on the 7th of August, two days after the despatch of the imperial letter, Luther was startled by a summons to appear within sixty days at Rome. The fate of those who had once fallen into the papal grasp was a terrible omen. The dungeon for life, or the scaffold, was before him ; and, as if to give double assurance of his ruin, he found appointed as his judges, Prierio, and Ghinucci, bishop of Ascola, both public arraigners of his doctrine.

In our age and country we fortunately can have no conception of the justifiable terror that must once have seized any man menaced by Rome. He had from that moment no country ; to shelter him was to be accursed ; to protect him was to draw down the popular hatred, the public sword, and the indefatigable revenge of an universal power. Luther's friends, and every friend of religion and freedom throughout Europe, trembled for the approaching sacrifice of this great antagonist of mental slavery.

But his cause was in loftier hands than those of man. Maximilian's anxiety to secure the throne, at his death, to Charles, made the Elector of Saxony's friendship of the highest importance to him. Luther, as a subject of Saxony, had petitioned Frederic that

the commission for his trial should sit in Germany. This was obtained; and furnished by his sovereign with letters to the senate and principal people of Augsburg, and supplied, for his immediate wants, from the Electoral purse, he arrived at Augsburg; in his own phrase, "*pedester et pauper.*"*

His letter to Melancthon exhibits the manliness and composure which religion had restored to his mind.

'There is nothing new going on here, unless that this city is full of the rumour of my name, and that every one is desirous of seeing Erostratus† the incendiary. Continue to behave manfully, and to lead the youth in the right path. I am willing to be sacrificed for them and you, if it be God's will. I choose rather to die, than recant what I have said, and become the occasion of casting disrepute on the most commendable studies. Italy is plunged in Egyptian darkness; all are ignorant of Christ, and of the things that are Christ's, yet those are the men who are to remain masters of our faith and morals.'

Still such was the unresisted authority of the papal power, that Luther again shrank from the collision, and shrank even after he had repelled Cajetan in three several conferences, defying him to produce scripture for his doctrine. Those conferences, which were private, closed in a threat of Cajetan to send his stubborn antagonist to Rome, and in Luther's

Luth. pref. † The Ephesian who set fire to the Temple of Diana.

writing a deprecatory letter, admitting that it was his duty to have spoken with more reverence of the Pope ; promising to let the doctrine of Indulgences rest, if he should not be forced to the discussion, by the Romish controversialists ; and desiring that the whole controversy might be referred to Leo, for the settlement of his general conduct and doctrine. Luther's language, on this occasion, should be a lesson to those who expose themselves to persecution. In all the great conflicts of the faith, the most forward have been generally the first to give way ; while the meek, the humble, and the self-distrusting, have been the firmest in extremity. Human presumption is often flung into shame by the approach of the real trial. The mighty providence that loves the meek and quiet spirit, will not give the praise of martyrdom to human vanity. The true strength for the final struggle is in the abjuration of our own, and the humble hope in the strength to be administered alone by the eternal source of fortitude and virtue. The agony in Gethsemane may have been partially revealed for this lesson ; the bloody sweat but an example of the terror that may besiege the mind in the prospect of a death of torture ; and the command ' to pray that we may not be brought into trial,' but a result of the divine knowledge, that though the spirit may be willing to bear, the human nature is made to shrink ; for the " flesh is weak," and not to be trusted in the presence of desperate pain.

But Luther's letter was an useless degradation. Whether from the conviction that he had offended the popedom beyond forgiveness, or from what seems the actual knowledge of intended violence ; * within three days he mounted a horse provided by his friend Staupitz, and before evening, was forty miles from Augsburg. Staupitz, Lincius, and the prior of the Carmelites, with whom Luther had lodged, wisely fled a few days after.

His first work, on his return, was the publication of his famous letter to the Elector, detailing the conferences with Cajetan, and refuting the Dominican's arguments. He had now fully ascertained that it had been his adversary's intention to send him to Rome ; and the pathetic close of his letter deeply shews his resignation, and the sense of his danger.

‘ I am almost prepared to submit to the pains of exile, for I perceive that my enemies have laid snares for me on all sides ; nor do I know where I can live in safety. What can I, a poor and humble monk, expect ? or rather, what danger ought I not to dread, since so illustrious a prince is exposed to threats, unless he send me to Rome, or banish me from his territories ? Wherefore, lest any injury should befall your highness on my account, I am willing to forsake my native country, and to go wherever a merciful God shall be pleased to direct, leaving the issue to his will.

* Act. Aug. Ap. Luth. Ap.

‘ Therefore, most illustrious prince, I respectfully bid you farewell, and take my leave, with infinite thanks for all the favours that you have been pleased to confer upon me. In whatever part of the world I may be, I shall never be unmindful of your highness, but shall pray sincerely and gratefully for your happiness, and that of your family.’

Frederic’s cautious habits had concealed from Luther the strong interest which he took in the safety of this great ornament of his states. But the resolution to protect him had been already adopted ; and the Elector’s answer to an insolent rescript of the Legate, demanding that Luther should be banished from Saxony, and sent to Rome, and declaring that ‘ his pestilent heresy should not be suffered to exist,’ suddenly displayed the determination of a prince, remarkable for his politic reluctance to all unnecessary avowal of his opinions.

‘ Luther’s appearance at Augsburg I consider as a fulfilment of all that has been promised on my part. Notwithstanding the assurances that you gave me of allowing him to depart with tokens of your regard ; a recantation, I hear, was required of him before the subject was sufficiently discussed.

‘ Many learned men can see nothing impious, unchristian, or heretical in Luther’s doctrine ; and its chief opponents appear to be among those who do not understand it, or whose private interest stimulates them to opposition.

‘ I am always ready to do my duty as a Christian prince ; and am therefore at a loss to conceive, why there should be held out any such threats ; as that the Court of Rome should follow up the cause ; that Luther should be sent thither, or that he should be banished from my principality.

‘ He has, hitherto, been convicted of no heresy, and his banishment would be very injurious to the University of Wittemberg. I enclose an answer to the other parts of your letter, from Luther ; whom I do not consider in the light of a heretic, because he has not been proved such, and because it is consistent with justice that he should have a hearing.’*

This letter was decisive ; Cajetan could no longer hope for the sacrifice of the great Reformer. He returned to Rome, and found the fate of disappointed negotiators ; he was charged with precipitancy, where no prudence could have insured success. The mortification sank deep into the proud spirit of the Dominican ; he gradually withdrew from public life, and gave himself up to the nobler occupation of rivalling the Reformers, in those attainments which had so often put the ignorance of the Papal clergy to shame. During the eleven years of his remaining life, he distinguished himself by the study of the original languages of Scripture, and still holds a rank among the most learned of his order.

Miltitz, a Saxon and a layman, was next sent to

* Luth. i. p. 221.—Meid. L. i.—Secken. p. 53.

soften, what the sternness of the Romish prelate had failed to break down. He invited Luther to a friendly conversation at his friend Spalatin's house at Altenburg, in January, 1512. The conference was better followed by a supper, in which Luther's joyous and open nature indulged itself in the conversation of his intelligent countryman, without overlooking the true object of every mission from Rome. His letter to his superior Staupitz gives a brief yet characteristic account of the scene. 'Atque vesperi, me accepto convivio, lætati sumus, et osculo mihi dato, discessimus.—Ego sic me gessi, quasi has *Italitates* et simulationes non intelligerem.'* But the papal power was still the great overshadowing influence of every mind of Europe, and no courage of intellect was adequate to the idea of finally resisting the authority, or doubting the sanctity, of the 'mighty mistress of the faith.' Luther still most anxiously and sincerely drew the line between the guilty agents, and the 'immaculate source of Romish power.' In his letter of the 3d of March 1519 to the Pope, he declares himself overwhelmed with regret at the charge of disrespect to the Sec.

'It is those, most holy Father, whom I have resisted, who have brought disrepute on the church. Under the shelter of your name, and by the coarsest pretexts, they have gratified a detestable avarice,

* Seckend., p. 63.

and put on the most revolting hypocrisy. Now they proceed to throw on me the blame of the mischief that has happened; but I protest before God and man, that I never did, nor at present do wish to make any infringement on the power of the church or your holiness; confessing, in the fullest manner, that nothing in heaven or earth is to be preferred to it, except the power of Christ Jesus, who is Lord of all.'

Nothing can be more idle, than those subsequent charges of hypocrisy which were heaped upon the writer of this letter. Luther's whole spirit was sincerity; an extravagant homage to Rome, the first lesson and the last in the lives of her subjects throughout the earth; with the secular priest the subject of all teaching, and with the regular the very form on which his doctrine, his order, and his existence, lived; still chained the loftiest and the freest minds. The superstition which enabled Rome to work its evils so long undetected, hung over the genius, sagacity, and independence of mankind with an oppressive and bewildering depth, from which Europe was to be relieved by no energy born of human nature. A more resistless influence, descending from the throne of Eternal Wisdom and Mercy, was alone to work the miracle.

But the characters of the successive great leaders of the Reformation finely displayed that suitableness of means, which perhaps forms one of the most ad-

mirable and unquestionable proofs of the acting of Providence in the higher changes of nations.

The mind of Luther was matchlessly adapted for the peculiar work that fell to his share. Magnanimous, bold, and contemptuous of all consequences to himself, he lived and breathed only for the cause of truth; the impression of the moment absorbed his whole ardent imagination; and whether the hereditary grandeur of the Popedom towered before his eye, or he looked into that deep and ancient gulf of tyranny and crime, from which its false supremacy rose; he was ready to proclaim to the world with equal sincerity the reverence which over-shadowed his spirit, and the stern reprobation which made him shrink from the 'Mystery of Iniquity.'

No client of the Popedom has ever expressed more willing or more eloquent submission; but no convert from darkness to light, no slave of superstition awakened to Christianity, no blind Bartimeus summoned from sitting by the road-side, and living on the alms of knowledge, to the sudden glory of intellectual day, and the still sublimer vision of the God of Redemption; ever went forth with bolder and more resistless strength and scorn against the crowned and superb Pharisees and Sadducees of the Popedom. The men who followed in the history of this noblest of all Revolutions were chiefly of more restrained and circumspect minds; * if some of them

* Seckend, p. 63.

were Luther's superiors in the scholarship of the age, their attainments were exercised with less of that headlong and unsparing vigour which so often turns a controversialist into a personal enemy. With the innocence and holiness of the primitive times of Christianity, they mingled those more softened manners which were required by their contemporaries. Occasional instances of rashness are to be found among the most accomplished of those extraordinary men, but the uncalculating career of Luther's mind had no successor. Every failure, not less than every exploit, in his progress, is to be attributed to his eminent possession of the one grand quality, the sincerest heart of mankind. It urged him to extremes; where others knelt, he prostrated himself; where others withheld obedience, he started up into the loftiest attitude of hostility. Such an arm was made to strike the sword through the helmet of Popery, when the armed giant stood in his ancient power, defying the strength and hopes of nations. Other means were required, when the armour was thrown aside for the still more perilous coverture of subtlety and hypocrisy; when the hoary poisoner of kingly minds, and the gloomy stirrer-up of popular passions, was to be uncloaked and uncowed, and cast out naked before the world.

But, if Luther's sincerity often plunged him into difficulties which prudence would have easily avoided; we must not degrade so noble and so rare a quality,

by forgetting that it led him rapidly to the highest of all truths, the knowledge of the Gospel. In all the stubbornness of his prejudices, the natural result of the temperament, we find a substantial knowledge of the spirit of Christianity, that never was administered by the unassisted human understanding. It is an insult to religious honesty, to doubt that such will always be its reward. The atheist, the deist, the general wretched race of the scorers, are false to themselves, when they tell us that they have been sincere in their search for the truth. They never desired to find it. Their only desire was to find some flaw, some excuse for a metaphysic sneer, some pert opportunity for shewing that they were more sagacious, satirical, and foreseeing, than the believers in the wisdom of Heaven. They turned over the pages of the Bible not to learn, but to insult; to controvert the historian, and put the prophet to shame. They never approached it on their knees, with their heads bowed, as before the oracles of the supreme Lord of Wisdom, with the supplication on their lips, that the weakness of their human intellect might be strengthened by the strength of the Divine; that their natural blindness might be washed away in the fountain of that uncreated light which wells forth by the throne of the Eternal; that all the unworthy passion of human applause might be purified; and that, at whatever sacrifice, they might be led into that sacred and elevating knowledge which is better than

life itself ; loftier, immeasurably loftier, than its haughtiest learning ; and happier, unspeakably happier, than all the enjoyments that earth can give.

If the infidels of the last age had thus sought the truth, they would have found it ; and the world would have been spared the guilt and folly of the Voltaires and Humes. If the champions and converts of Popery at this moment would do this, Popery would perish away, like stubble in the flame. If they will not, their delusion will only gather thicker round them, until it engenders a Revolution, to which all the fury and all the havoc of the past were but the tossings and spectres of a dream.

Luther's career had hitherto been comparatively obscure. His struggles were against the arts and violence of men seldom above his own rank, and whose defeat could scarcely contribute to the honours of the scholar and the theologian. But the discipline was useful ; it compelled him to cultivate the powers which were yet to grapple with kings and councils ; it gave him that confidence in his own resources, which the most powerful minds acquire only by use ; and it trained him to that knowledge of human nature, even under its aspects of craft and treachery, which was essential to control the hasty confidence and rash intrepidity, of one of the noblest but most uncalculating hearts that ever beat in man.

One controversy he had still to sustain ; curious

from its resemblance to those which have signalised the revival of conversion in our day ; while it characterises the scholastic manners of its own.

Germany, since the age when she ceased to pour out her armed hordes on the civilised world, has teemed with a less warlike but scarcely less contentious population, the hordes of scholarship. There disputation erects her native throne, and the candidateship for that uneasy and cheerless seat, is unceasing and immeasurable. But no theme of literary contest could have ever equalled the Reformation, in its power over the whole heart of man. Superb novelty, the stirring wrath of the old opinions startled by this new assailant, the fear of change, the hope of political aggrandisement, the proud hostility of Rome, doubly enraged by the shock of its temporal crown, and of its spiritual supremacy ; the more solemn feelings kindled by the magnitude, and majesty of the Scriptures, revealed after the concealment of ages ; were the impulses of the theme ; impulses which comprehended every class of human susceptibility, and filled every class which they comprehended.

Among the learned men whom this great controversy stimulated, was Bodenstein ; better known by the name of Carolostadius, which, according to the custom of the German literari, he had adopted from his birth-place, Carolostad, in Franconia. He had already attained considerable literary rank, and was

Archdeacon of the church of All Saints at Wittemberg, before his conversion by Luther.*

His zeal plunged into the centre of the battle; and, resolved to throw away none of his strength, he struck his first blow at an antagonist of the highest academic renown, Eckius, who, though but thirty years old, had carried off the honours of no less than eight universities. Pamphlets were written, and retorted with equal asperity; but this remote warfare producing no result, it was determined on both sides to bring the question to a public argument at Leipsic. Higher authorities soon involved themselves in a contest, on whose fate the partisans of the champions, with the usual exaggeration of party, seem to have conceived that the Reformation itself was to depend.

The Bishop of Mersburg, hearing that Luther had been summoned, and dreading the results of any struggle with this formidable reasoner, fixed an interdict of the disputation on the door of the church in which it was to be held. But Duke George, less provident, and more sanguine, conceiving that the Popish champion must be the victor, ordered the interdict to be torn down. Still, the reasoning which was to be suffered in a disputation, was not to be suffered in a sermon; and Luther was prohibited from preaching in any church in Leipsic. But he had

come to preach ; and there were few obstacles which could finally resist the determined purpose of such a man. He obtained leave, through the Prince of Pomerania, to preach before a limited audience in the castle. He availed himself of it with stern effect ; and his sermon on this occasion is one of memorable name, as an elucidation of his doctrines, and still more memorable as the cause of his first decisive breach with the papacy.

The form of this famous disputation displayed the ancient pomp of the schools. The entrance of the Reformers into Leipsic was triumphal. Carolstad, in a chariot and alone, led the way. The Prince of Pomerania came next, with Luther and Melancthon at his side. A train of the students of Luther's university, wearing armour ! followed ; and closed a procession, emblematic of that singular mixture of religion and the sword which was yet to convulse the civilised world.

The assembly was worthy of this pomp, and comprehended all the leading individuals of the city and province—the Duke's counsellors ; the doctors and graduates of the university ; the magistrates of Leipsic ; with a crowd of other important persons. The argument was conducted with the solemnity of a contest between the two faiths. Scribes were appointed to take down the discussion ; and the whole ceremony was formally opened by an oration from Moselanus, a scholar of distinguished name.

Yet this debate, ushered in with such formidable preparation, came to nothing. For, by a singularly injudicious line of conduct, Carolostadius, instead of forcing his antagonist to the testimony of Scripture, and adhering to those great features of inspiration which require only to be shown, to be acknowledged, suffered himself to be led into the endless difficulties of the doctrines of the 'divine purposes.' During an entire week, which exhausted the patience of all the hearers, the two disputants wasted their acuteness on the mysteries of 'Fate and Freewill;' exhibited their learning in recriminations from the Fathers, and sought for triumph in bewildering each other in labyrinths wherein the human intellect was never able to find the clue. The manlier minds present saw the absurdity of both; and even Melancthon hazarded the declaration, that the argument gave him the most practical evidence of what the ancients termed 'sophistry.' Eckius himself grew wearied; and summarily closed the struggle by the bold manœuvre of declaring that Carolostadius had, without knowing it, come over to his opinion. But the Popish champion had contemplated a nobler antagonist. From the beginning, it was his ambition to have disputed with Luther; and before his argument with Carolostad, he had addressed Luther; enquiring whether the report were true, that he had refused to join in the controversy? The reply was, 'that he was disqualified from taking a part, without

the Duke's protection.' The protection was at length obtained, and the controversy began, with a vigour proportioned to the fame of the two leading theologians of Germany.

Luther had published thirteen propositions, which had been impugned by Eckius under as many heads, comprehending the chief theorems of purgatory, penitence, indulgences, &c. The pope's supremacy was artfully adopted in the commencement of the disputation by Eckius, with the double purpose of conciliating the favours of the popedom, and of embarrassing an adversary, who had always exhibited a peculiar reluctance to declare against the authority of Rome. The universal episcopacy of the pope was equally allowed by both. But there was a marked difference in the foundation—Eckius declaring that this episcopacy originated in divine authority; Luther unhesitatingly pledging himself to the proof that it was altogether human. The Fathers were largely appealed to by the Romish advocate; but the great Reformer was not to be baffled by false quotation and oblique evidence,—the subtle secret of Romish controversy in all ages: he took the volumes into his own hands, and shewed the shadowy and feeble grounds on which these venerable writers were presumed to have authorised the Romish dominion. But this toil of quotation threatened to be endless; and after five days of enquiry, this part of the debate was closed by mutual consent, and the question of

purgatory was begun. Indulgences were the next point; and here Eckius unexpectedly, but fully, joined his opponent in the ridicule of this most offensive doctrine. The doctrine of repentance concluded the debate, which, after eleven days of continued discussion, finally closed on the 15th of July, 1519.

Yet the ceremonial was not closed by the cessation of the argument; and as if to give a model of the whole stateliness of controversy in those days, the decision was referred to the two great authorities of law and literature, the universities of Paris and Erfurt, with the reserve of an appeal to the last supreme authority, a general council.*

Our chief record of this famous debate is by Melancthon, who speaks with high praise of the ability displayed on all sides; giving Carolstad the merits of zeal and knowledge; Eckius, of literature and variety and promptness of argument; and Luther, of force, manliness, and learning. But if the testimony of a brother reformer to Luther's triumph should be doubted, we have unequivocal evidence in the facts of its result; many of the students of Leipsic leaving their university for that of Luther;† and Eckius immediately making a formal application to the Elector Frederic, 'that his adversary's books should be burnt.' The man who converts his hearers, and

* Luther, Op. vol. I. Sleid, lib. 1. Kottiner, de Prædest. lib. 4.

† Seckend. p. 92.

drives his adversary into the folly of appealing to violence, has gained all the victory that reason and right can gain.

The opinion of the Universities was partially and tardily given. Louvain and Cologne, strongholds of Popish influence, decided against Luther. Paris, where the Popedom was always less influential, took two years to decide, and then evaded the question ; by passing sentence merely on some theses from Luther's volumes, without alluding to his name. Leipsie, best acquainted with the controversy, yet probably equally reluctant to offend the Popedom, and to resist public opinion, came to no decision.

But the renowned leader of the Reformation was to limit his struggles and his triumphs no more to the subordinate ministers of superstition on the obscure stage of a German province ; but to grapple with the whole power of Rome, and, in the presence of mankind, give it that overthrow from which it has never recovered.

Miltitz, the dexterous and learned envoy of the Papacy, had steadily pursued his purpose of bringing Luther to the acknowledgment of the Papal authority, in all matters human and divine. After some negociation, he had induced the Augustine monks to send a deputation to their brother, requesting him to make this acknowledgment by letter, as the most authentic form. The request was complied with, and the letter was prefixed to his ' Treatise of

Christian Liberty,'—a brief description of the privileges annexed to Christian feelings, under the two heads,—‘ That the Christian is the freest of men, and subject to none ;’ and, ‘ That the Christian is the most ready to serve all, and be subject to all.’ But the letter is the more important document, and strongly expresses at once the writer’s habitual deference for the person of the Pope, and his growing contempt for the corruptions surrounding the Papal throne.

‘ By means of the impious flatterers of your Holiness, who, without cause, are full of wrath against me, I have been compelled to appeal from the See of Rome to a General Council. But my affection for your Holiness has never been alienated, though I begin to despise and triumph over those who had sought to terrify me by the majesty of your authority. One thing, however, I cannot despise, and that is the cause of my writing this letter,—I mean the blame thrown on me for reflecting on your Holiness in person.’

After contradicting this charge, he proceeds to state the actual object of his writings: ‘ I have inveighed sharply against unchristian doctrines; and reproved my adversaries severely, not for rudeness, but impiety.

‘ So far from being ashamed of this, my purpose is, to despise the judgment of men, and to persevere in this vehemence of zeal, after the example of Christ.

The multitude of flatterers has rendered the ears of our age so delicate, that as soon as we find that our sentiments are not approved of, we immediately exclaim, that we are slandered ; and when we find ourselves unable to resist truth, we accuse our adversaries of detraction. But, let me ask, of what use were salt, if it were not pungent ? or of the point of a sword, if it did not wound ? Cursed be the man who doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully !'

He then boldly turns on the flagitiousness of the agents and ministers of Rome.

' I have resisted, and shall continue to resist, what is called the court of Rome, as long as the spirit of faith shall live in me. Neither your Holiness, nor any one, will deny, that it is more corrupt than Babylon or Sodom ; and sunk, as I understand, in the most deplorable, desperate, and avowed impiety. I lament that, under the sanction of your name, and under the pretext of the good of the church, the people of Christ should be made a laughing-stock.'

' Not that I attempt impossibilities, or expect that the endeavours of an individual can accomplish any thing in opposition to so many flatterers in that Babel. But I consider myself a debtor to my fellow men, for whose welfare it behoves me to be solicitous ; so that those Roman pests may at least destroy a smaller number, and in a more humane manner. During many years nothing has been poured on the world, but monsters in body and mind, along with

the worst examples of the worst actions.' 'It is clear as day, that the church of Rome, in former ages the most holy of churches, has become a den of thieves, a scene of prostitution, the kingdom of sin, death, and hell. So that greater wickedness is not to be conceived even under Antichrist himself.'

This was the manifesto of that memorable war in which Luther was to lead the powers of European knowledge, liberty, and religion, against the haughty domination of the Popedom. It roused the whole wrath of the Vatican. A German monk had displayed the superhuman audacity to assault the Supreme Lord of the faithful, the 'Vicar of Christ on Earth;' the holder of the twofold sword of temporal and spiritual empire! The whole hierarchy was in an uproar. An assembly of cardinals, canonists, and theologians, was instantly summoned, and the thunders which had awed so many monarchs, were to be levelled at the head of the revoler. But the council suddenly felt that the old activity of Romish vengeance could not now be let loose with the old success; their debates were long and perplexed; and the only point on which they agreed was the guilt of the offender, which they pronounced to be impiety of the most daring and glaring kind. Still, the theologians were retarded in their indignation by the canonists; who reasoned, that no notoriety of crime ought to prevent a man from being heard in his own defence. The rescript was eventually divided into

three heads. By the first, the doctrine was condemned; by the second, the books were ordered to be burnt; and by the third, Luther was summoned to appear in due season, to stand his trial in Rome. No less than forty-one heresies were proclaimed as the evil fruit of his labours; and he was compared with Porphyry, as an open antagonist to the truth of the gospel.

But punishment of a more practical nature was haughtily prepared for the criminal and his partisans; and the wrath of Rome had large and fierce variety of vengeance. Luther, and all enlisted in his opinions, were laid under ban. By this, they were in an instant cut off from all rights, natural and acquired, pronounced guilty of high treason, incapable of any legal act, of property, freedom, or worship, infamous when they lived, infamous when they died, and unfit for Christian burial. The name of the man, and the memory of his revolt, were equally to be sunk in contemptuous oblivion. His books were to be burnt. It was made a crime to publish, to preach, or even to read his works. The heresiarch himself was ordered to attend, and take his trial at Rome, within two months; and, in case of disobedience, the civil and spiritual authorities alike were commanded to seize him and his adherents, and send them to Rome.

Those are the testimonies of history; and from those nothing but frenzy will disdain to be taught; as nothing but political delusion will dare to question

their practical warning. We have here the Papacy speaking without fear the sentiments which fear only can ever make it suppress, and which are to it as the blood is to the heart, and the marrow to the bone. Let the Papist who, among us, would boast of his passion for general liberty, of his zeal for general toleration, or of his faithful separation of the allegiance due to his own sovereign from the homage paid to the head of his church,—read the Bull published against Luther; and ask himself, whether he has not been the tool of a palpable and insolent imposture? Let the friends of truth take this document into their hands, and ask those who are still undeceived,—whether human language can express a sterner spirit of tyranny over the individual, a haughtier usurpation over states, a more unhesitating and remorseless determination to pursue to blood and ruin every opinion that is not moulded into the shape prescribed by Rome?

Luther's sole crime had been the attempt to think for himself on points essential to the first interests of man. He had before him the Scriptures, and he had laboured to understand the great code by which he was to be judged at the tribunal, not of man, but of the Eternal. He had offered no human resistance to the authority of his spiritual superiors. He had merely examined the Bible for himself; as every man is bound to do by the express command of inspiration, and as every man obviously must do, who de-

sires to attain that solid and heartfelt conviction of its value, without which practical virtue is a phantasy. He was no rebel, but an inquirer ; no preacher of insolent dogmatism and proud self-authority, but a scholar and a reasoner ; no sceptic, but “ ready to give a reason of the faith that was in him.” His personal character was touched by no impurity. He stood open to the eyes of mankind, and defied them to discover a stain. Yet this man of learning, integrity, and genius, was to be dragged through the whole course of the deepest punishments reserved for the traitor and the murderer ; consigned to the scaffold ; and then, stript of every hope which Rome could strip from the disembodied spirit, consigned in her furious creed to eternal ruin !

On earth his memory was to be obliterated, his labours of genius and learning were to be destroyed, and his dead body was to be deprived of those rites which Rome had pronounced indispensable to the repose of the soul. And, for the purposes of this atrocious vengeance, the rights of all temporal sovereigns were to be invaded. No matter to what king Luther was the subject ; he was declared the subject of a still superior king, whose dominion extended to every corner of the earth ; the laws of nations were to be dust and air before the paramount law of Popery ; neither innocence before the tribunals of his own country, nor allegiance to his own sovereign, nor the will of that sovereign himself, could be suf-

ferred to stand between the slave and that towering and stupendous presumption, which, seating itself on 'the throne of God, made itself be worshipped as God.'

The Bull was now to be published in Germany, and Eckius, with the double activity of a beaten disputant, and of a candidate for preferment, undertook the mission. His character had been long before painted by the strong discrimination of Luther: 'Eckius is totally treacherous, and incapable of the obligations of amity.'* At Rome, and in his private correspondence, he continually boasted of his services to the papacy, of his confidential intercourse with the Pope, and of the light which he had been the first to throw on the 'unpardonable guilt' of the new opinions. Still in Germany he professed the strong reluctance with which he had undertaken the publication of the Bull. But it is difficult for the most acute treachery to be always on its guard; some of those wily letters fell into the hands of the reformers, were published by Luther with notes, and Eckius was shewn to be what he was, a traitor and a tool.

A letter from the sagacious Miltitz is preserved, which, stating the arrival of the popish missionary, is curious, as a memorial of the times.†

'I found Eckius at Leipsic, very clamorous and

* 'Totus infidus est, et aperte rupit amicitiae jura.' † Seck. p. 116.

full of threats: I invited him to an entertainment, and employed every means in my power to discover what he proposed to do. After he had drunk freely, he began to relate, in pompous terms, the commission which he had received from Rome, and the means by which he was to bring Luther to obedience. He had caused the bull to be published in Misnia on the 21st of September, at Mersburg on the 25th, and at Brandenburg on the 29th. He was in the habit of displaying the Bull with great pomp. He lodged with the public commissary, and Duke George ordered the senate to present him with a gilt cup, and a considerable sum of money.

‘ But notwithstanding the Bull itself, and the pledge of public safety given to him, some young men of family affixed, on the 29th of September, in no less than ten places, bills containing threats against him. Terrified by those, he took refuge in the monastery of St. Paul, and refused to be seen. He complained to Cæsar Pflugius, and obtained a mandate from the rector of the university, enjoining the young men to be quiet; but all to no purpose.

‘ They have composed ballads on him, which they sing through the streets, sending to the monastery daily intimations of their hostility. More than one hundred and fifty of the Wittemberg students are here, who are very much incensed against him.’ He subsequently adds, that the startled missionary finally fled by night to Fribourg.

This inauspicious commencement was never recovered. The power of reason was arrayed against the violence of the papal anathema. The crimes of the monkish orders, and the grossness of manners, even among the higher ranks of the popish clergy, had long disgusted the people. When at last a great reasoner arose, and demanded why those things should be, and whether they were sanctioned by Scripture ; the eyes and understandings of men followed him with the eagerness of newly-awakened faculties. The papal sceptre was from that hour the staff of the magician no more—the day of darkness and of the things of darkness was gone ; the true prophet stood in the presence of the kings of the earth against the pompous worker of delusions ; the Reformation came, in its simplicity, but bearing the commission of God ; and as Moses put to shame the spells of the Egyptians ; it extinguished the false miracles of Rome, and led forth the people to a liberty that could never have been achieved by man alone.

The public opinion now sustained the natural disgust of the German sovereigns. The Elector of Saxony declared himself wholly adverse to the promulgation of the bull in his territories. The Elector of Brandenburg, and Albert of Mecklenburg, took the public opportunity of their passing through Wittenberg, on the way to so important an exercise of their functions as the emperor's coronation, to hold a long and friendly conference with Luther. He

received, from quarters of high rank, assurances of protection, and offers of asylum, in case of his being obliged to retire from Saxony. The people expressed their feelings by the most unmeasured menaces against the agent employed to promulgate the Bull. Even the high ecclesiastics and universities shrank from the responsibility. The bishop of Bamberg sheltered himself under a verbal criticism, from publishing it in his diocese. At Louvain, though the heads of the university burned Luther's books, a strong party of the students and people insisted on burning a number of the works of his opponents at the same time. At Mentz, the burners of his books were in hazard of their lives. At Erfurt, the students tore the copy of the bull, and flung it into the river ; * the rector of the university publicly giving his sanction to their pulling down every similar copy, and opposing Luther's enemies by all the means in their power. The bishop of Brandenburg dared not publish it. And even in the immediate presence of the Romish See, in Venice and Bologna, the doctrines of the Reformation were felt and honoured.

Luther's letter on this formidable trial of his own strength, and of the fidelity of his friends, exhibits a loftiness and determination worthy of his immortal cause. It is addressed to Spalatin.

* Scult. Ann. Evang. 1520.

‘ The pope’s bull has come at last. Eckius brought it. We are writing here many things to the pope concerning it. For my own part, I hold it in contempt, and attack it as impious and false, like Eckius in all things. Christ himself is evidently condemned by it. No reason is assigned for summoning me to a recantation, instead of a trial. They are full of fury, blindness, and madness. They neither comprehend nor reflect on the consequences.

‘ I shall treat the pope’s name with delicacy, and conduct myself as if I considered it a false and forged bull, though I believe it to be genuine. How anxiously do I wish that the emperor had the courage to prove himself a man, and in defence of Christ, attack those emissaries of Satan.

‘ For my part, I do not regard my personal safety, let the will of the Lord be done.

‘ Nor do I know what course should be taken by the Elector; and, perhaps, it may appear to him more for my interest that he should suppress his sentiments for a season. The bull is held in as great contempt at Leipsic as Eckius himself. Let us therefore be cautious, lest he acquire consequence by our opposition, for, if left to himself, he must fall.

‘ I send you a copy of the Bull, that you may see what monsters there are in Rome. If those men are destined to rule us, neither the faith nor the church have the least security. I rejoice that it has

fallen to my lot to suffer hardships for the best of causes, but I am not worthy of such a trial. I am now much more at liberty than before, being fully persuaded that the pope is Antichrist, and that I have discovered the seat of Satan.

‘ May God preserve his children from being deceived by the pope’s impious pretensions. Erasmus tells me, that the emperor’s court is crowded with creatures, who are tyrants and beggars; so that nothing satisfactory is to be expected from Charles. This needs not surprise us; ‘ put not thy trust in princes, nor in the sons of men, in whom there is no stay.’ ”

The growing conviction that the papacy was Antichrist, not only lightened the burden of opposition in Luther’s conscience, but urged him to the public disclosure of his discovery. In defiance of the old anathemas pronounced against all appeal from the pope to a general council, he boldly made that appeal; and in his protest on this occasion, launched out into the strongest epithets of scorn.

‘ Leo X. in impia sua tyrannide induratus perseverat.—Iniquus, temerarius, tyrannicus judex.—Hæreticus et Apostata.—Antichristus, blasphemus, superbus contemptor sanctæ ecclesiæ Dei.’ *

Cologne, Louvain, and the Vatican, had burned his books, and he now unhesitatingly retaliated the

* Luth. ii. 122.

sentence of heresy. On his public notice of burning the Romish decretals at Wittemberg, a vast concourse assembled, to witness this solemn and final act of abjuration. On the 10th of December, 1519, the population of the country and city, forming themselves into regular divisions, marched to the spot selected for the ceremony. A small funeral pile was erected in the centre, and set on fire by one of the chief members of the university. Luther then advanced, bearing Gratian's Abridgment of the Canon Law, which, with the Decretals, the Clementines and Extravagantes, and last, the Bull of Leo, he cast into the flames, exclaiming, 'Because ye have troubled the body of the Lord, therefore let eternal fire trouble you.' He then moved to the city, with the multitude silently marching behind him.

This ceremony, and all ceremonies, would be trivial, but for its meaning. In this point of view nothing could be more important. The burning of the Papal law was the open proclamation of endless resistance to the popedom. The bridge was now cut down between Luther and reconciliation. The sword was drawn, and the scabbard was flung away for ever.

To prevent all doubt of his motives and purposes, Luther now published 'Reasons' for the burning of the books. In this work, he summoned his learned countrymen to examine for themselves the body of

papal law, divesting their minds of the prejudices that had so long humbled mankind before the Romish throne, and, scorning the mysteries in which the popedom had laboured to involve Christianity. Declaring the doctrines of the Canon law ‘abominable and poisonous,’ he proceeded to give his evidence, in the shape of thirty Articles. His reprobation of the guilty system is bold, eloquent, and learned. He is sometimes so strongly wrought upon by its arrogance, that he bursts into exclamation. ‘Never have the popes vanquished, by either Scripture or argument, any one who has spoken or written against them. Their alternative has been to excommunicate, burn, and destroy, through kings, princes, and the other slaves of the papacy.’

Well might a man of sense and virtue exclaim against a code, which actually placed a human being in possession of the homage of God. ‘The pope,’ says the Canon law, ‘is GOD UPON EARTH, superior to all belonging to heaven and earth, whether spiritual or temporal. All things belong to the pope, and to him no one shall dare to say, What doest thou?’*

The bull of 1520 had failed; its only result being to increase the strength of the Reformation. A still more decisive measure was resolved on; in January 1521, a Bull was issued, executing the menace of the former, and declaring Luther excommunicated. But

* Luth. ii. 122.

he defied the measure, as he had scorned the threat ; and by his defiance rose into additional popular respect. That any man in the centre of popish Europe could have thus dared, and yet live, is among the wonders of the time. But there is no study more valuable to the christian, than to trace, through the changes and chances of human action, the providence that protects the great agents of the divine will. A few years earlier, and the reformer must have been crushed by the popedom, then in undisturbed power ; but at that period Luther was an obscure monk, busied in the ceremonial of his cloister. A few years later, and he would have found Charles the Fifth trampling down the Electoral princes ; and would probably have perished in a struggle, from which his high spirit disdained to withdraw ; and whether he perished in the field, or on the scaffold, his death might have been a blow, all but fatal to the Reformation.

But at this exact period, the popedom was compelled to pause ; by the precariousness of its situation between the angry powers of France and Germany. To extinguish Luther was impossible, without the active interposition of Charles ; but all negotiation with Germany was looked on with keen jealousy by Francis, the sole protector of the papal states against the imperial sword. Charles himself, scarcely more than twenty years old, naturally shrank from involving his new dominions in the fury of civil war ; and,

though a bigot and a tyrant by nature, he had still both the chain and the sword to forge, before he declared himself the public antagonist of Protestantism.

Luther was now to stand for the faith in the presence of the most exalted tribunal of Europe—the first assembly of the German princes held by the emperor. He was summoned to attend in the city of Worms.

The Elector Frederic, who seems to have at all times singularly tempered his respect for authority with a regard for Luther's safety, had previously informed him of the summons, through his friend Spalatin; and asked, whether he would venture to brave the influence of Rome? The reply was heroic:

‘ I shall not hesitate to go; for I shall consider the summons of the emperor as proceeding from the will of God.

‘ If personal hurt be offered, a not unlikely thing, I shall commend my cause to the God who delivered the three children from the fiery furnace. Should it not seem meet to God to preserve me, of what moment is my life, compared with the life and sufferings of Christ?

‘ It is not for me to determine, whether the danger to the gospel be greater or less by my life or death. The truth of God is a rock of offence, placed for the rising and falling of many in Israel.

‘ My chief duty is, to pray that Charles may not

stain his government, at the outset, with my blood or his own. Let me rather die by the hands of the Romanists, lest he and all connected with him should be involved in sorrow, by a guilty participation. You well remember what befel the Emperor Sigismund,—after the murder of Huss nothing succeeded with him. He died without a son; and Lladislaus, his grandson, soon followed him to the grave; so that his name became extinct in a single generation. His wife Barbara was a disgrace to the name of queen.

‘ But, if it be determined that I am to be delivered, not only to the pope, but to the gentiles, let the Lord’s will be done. I have now told you my mind fully. Your conjectures, as to me, are correct in every thing, except in the chance of my flight or recantation. I am unwilling to fly, but much more unwilling to recant. May the Lord Jesus send me support, for I can do nothing without putting in hazard the piety and salvation of many persons.’

This admirable declaration, which combines, in the highest degree, the fortitude of the man with the resignation of the Christian, was followed by a letter to the Elector; relative to the safe-conduct which Frederic had insisted on procuring for him, before his attendance on the Imperial summons.

‘ As to myself, I am most ready to appear at the Imperial Diet of Worms, before equitable, learned, and good judges; provided I obtain a sufficient secu-

urity and safe-conduct for both going and returning. By God's help, I shall make it appear, to the conviction of all, that I have not been actuated by wilfulness nor by selfishness, but that whatever I have taught, or written, has proceeded from my conscience, and from an ardour for the salvation of the Catholic Church, and the extirpation of the most dangerous abuses and superstitions.'

The Emperor at last, on the 6th of March, issued the summons for his appearance, within twenty-one days; guaranteeing his safety on his journey; a guarantee which was reinforced by the pledges of the sovereigns through whose territories his road lay. Its language shewed the importance to which the Monk of Wittemberg had risen in the eyes of the proudest government of the world. The Emperor's rescript was addressed,

'Carolus, Dei Gratia Romanorum Imperator, Augustus, &c. &c.

'Honorabili nostro, dilecto, devoto, Doctori Martino Luthero,' &c. &c. And to an attempt of the Papal agents to censure him, by submitting his works to the magistrates, the College of the Empire replied, that no such measure could be taken until the writer was present to make their defence.

Luther now commenced the most memorable of his journeys; and if the mind of a man, full of an immortal cause, could have found room for a feeling of human triumph, he might have felt singular exul-

tation. He bore the national heart along with him. The most unusual marks of public homage were offered to him as he passed along; thousands and tens of thousands revered and blessed him as the visible instrument of Heaven in restoring them to its knowledge; the crowd honoured his learning, purity, and fortitude; and even his most declared enemies were forced to respect the powers of mind that were already shaking the throne of tyranny and Rome.

The senate of Wittenberg provided him with a conveyance. Along his road he received the highest marks of public attention. At Erfurt the whole population came out to meet him; and there he preached on 'Justification,' and on 'The Corruptions of the Priesthood.' Instead of shrinking as he approached the place of trial, his determination became even more fixed. In his letter from Frankfort to Spalatin, he says—

'I have been indisposed ever since I left Eisenach, and am not yet recovered. The mandate of Charles was issued, I understand, to affright me; but Christ is alive, and I shall enter Worms in spite of the gates of hell, and the powers of the air. I am resolved to meet Satan, and to strike him with terror.'

His friends did not share his intrepidity. They dreaded to see him in the hands of power. But their letters produced no other result than the famous exclamation, 'To Worms I will go, if there were as many devils there as tiles on the houses!'

On the 16th of April, Luther entered this city of his death or triumph. His entrance was striking and solemn. Attired in his friar's cowl, and seated in an open chariot, with the Imperial herald on horseback leading the way, he was escorted by a procession of Saxon nobles and the people. A multitude received him at the door of his residence; and the chief strangers of rank in the city immediately waited on him, from motives of respect or curiosity, to see one who had so suddenly become the most remarkable man of his time.

On the next day he was summoned to attend the Diet. The crowd was now so great, that the streets were rendered impassable; and the only access to the hall of the Diet was through gardens and private houses. Every roof from which a view could be obtained, was covered with spectators: the German apathy was completely roused, and Luther was the hope, the admiration, or the fear, of all.

At the Diet two questions were proposed to him by the Official of the Archbishop of Treves:—

‘Whether he avowed himself the author of the books bearing his name?’ and ‘whether he was disposed to retract, or persist in their contents?’

To the former, Luther at once answered in the affirmative. To the latter, he demanded, as is presumed, by the advice of his counsel, ‘that time should be given for his reply.’ The meeting was then adjourned; many voices crying out to him, not

to be afraid of those who could 'kill the body, but not the soul.'

On his entering the hall next day, the 18th, he was again questioned by the Official, as to his avowal of the opinions contained in his volumes. Luther, now called upon to give a reason of the faith that was in him, gave it with the boldness of the great Apostle, whom, in his redemption from personal darkness, in his perils, in his labours, and in his lofty and holy energy of soul, he so strongly resembled. Like Paul, he stood before kings and high-priests, before tyrants and bigots, and, like him, and sustained by the hand which had sustained him, he put tyranny and bigotry to shame.

His answer first adverted to the nature of his doctrines; which he shewed to be deductions from the plainest principles of Christianity. On the formidable topic of the Papacy, he boldly declared, that he would be guilty of the deepest baseness, in disavowing declarations so fully founded on the words of Scripture, and the notorious corruptions of the Romish Church. He demanded, that his guilt should be proved, or his innocence admitted. In the words of our Lord—'If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?'

The Official, who bore the ominous name of Eckius, impatiently declared that Luther had not answered his question; and demanded whether he was ready to recant?

‘ I have only to say,’ was the firm answer, ‘ that unless I shall be convinced by Scripture, (for I can put no faith in Popes and Councils, as it is evident that they have frequently erred, and even contradicted each other,) unless my conscience shall be convinced by the word of God, I neither will nor can recant; since it is unworthy of an honest man to act contrary to his own conviction. Here I stand? it is impossible for me to act otherwise;—so help me God!’

This boldness offended the young Emperor; and, on the next day, Charles evinced his impatience by issuing an excommunication against the Monk who had thus dared to brave the mightiest potentate of Europe in his own council. But the rescript had been too rashly launched, to strike a man already so high an object of public honour and admiration. The princes of the Empire felt no desire to give effect to a document promulgated without their consent. The multitude continued to increase round the residence of Luther, and persons of the first rank had no hesitation in visiting him, in defiance of the excommunication.

In order to lessen the popular odium of this act of unqualified tyranny, the excommunication was now suspended for three days; during which the Archbishop of Treves attempted to subdue him by persuasion. The attempt failed, like all the rest; and his final answer was:—‘ I will not recant, unless I

am convinced by Scripture, and by Scripture alone. If this work be of men, as said Gamaliel, it will come to nought; but, if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it.' The Archbishop now abandoned the controversy; the safe conduct for twenty-one days was given, and Luther, accompanied by the Imperial herald, set out for Wittemberg.

The arguments of Rome had been signally baffled in these conferences; but she had means in reserve which had oftener achieved her victories. The parting words of the Official pronounced, that 'the Emperor, the defender of the Catholic faith, was determined to do his duty;' and the menace was realized in an Imperial decree, of the following month, declaring Luther a schismatic and heretic, and placing him under the ban of the Empire—a right being thus given to all men to seize his person and property, and those of his adherents. But the execution of this decree was defeated by a circumstance strongly displaying the regard of the Elector Frederic for his illustrious subject.

The Imperial herald, who had escorted Luther as far as Friedberg, had scarcely left him, when, as he was travelling along the border of the Thuringian forest, he was seized, near the village of Schweina, by a party of horsemen in masks; and thence hurried back through the forest to the castle of Wartburg, an old residence of the Thuringian Landgraves, among the mountains near Eisenach. This singu-

lar mode of securing the person, probably saved the life, of the great Reformer.

Yet the solitude to which he was necessarily condemned, until some change should be wrought in the Emperor, soon wearied the active spirit that had been, for many years, moving among the busiest circles of men ; and Luther would have gladly run the hazard of returning to Wittenberg. The monotony of his seclusion, the change of his habits, and his natural dislike to the appearance of a constraint, which to the last had something of mystery which it was difficult to solve ; might have been sufficient to excite his impatience. But he had the higher motive, of dread lest his absence at this most critical time of young Protestantism might either expose the Church to hazard, or dishonour his cause by the appearance of having abandoned it for personal considerations. The latter feeling seems to have peculiarly oppressed him. He writes to Melancthon—

‘ For the glory of the Scriptures, and the consolation of mankind, I would rather submit to a violent death, than that you should think me languid in the cause. Even though I should perish, the word of God shall not perish ; and you, I hope, like another Elisha, would succeed Elijah.

“ If the Pope proceed to attack all who are of my sentiments, Germany must be involved in tumult ; and the sooner the attempt is made, the sooner will he and his abettors be defeated.’

But this solitude was not unproductive. He occupied his time in study, and from the mountain-fortress of Wartburg sent forth a succession of powerful performances, which he would probably never have found leisure to produce in the whirl of active life. His 'Tract on Auricular Confession,' shewing the corruption of a custom of the primitive church into an instrument of cupidity and avarice—his 'Notes on the Gospels'—his 'Letter to the Students of Erfurt,' on disrespect to the clergy—and his memorable work on the guilt and folly of Monastic Vows, attest his diligence; while, from the utter obscurity of his retreat, and the popular sympathy felt for the sufferings of the man and the minister, they descended with a vast increase of force among the nation.

At length news came from Wittemberg which made him brave the chances of Imperial violence. A professor of canon law had been appointed in the university. Against this law, as the ancient ally of the Popedom, Luther had waged the most determined hostility; and the appointment was too like a triumph of the evil influence, to let him lie tranquilly upon his pillow. He suddenly appeared at Wittemberg, ready to meet the chain or the stake, in honour of the truth. But there he gladly found that his opinions had taken too firm root to be easily overpowered; and that they were even producing results of the first practical good. His Augustinian bre-

thren had already abolished private masses, one of the most lucrative resources of the Romish ritual; and begging for the order, the monkish dress, and the perpetuity of the monkish vows, were given up at the same time.

A singular antagonist was now to increase Luther's celebrity. Henry VIII., jealous of fame in every form, undertook the hazardous task of overwhelming a man, against whom no adversary had hitherto been able to stand. Henry's answer to the book on 'The Babylonish Captivity of the Church,' now remains only as one of the idle monuments of an age of scholastic folly. But Rome, little suspecting the temperament of the man on whom she lavished her praise, received his 'Defence of the Seven Sacraments' with grateful pomp. The volume was accepted in full conclave, and the title of 'Defender of the Faith' was conferred, to swell for ever the honours of the British diadem. The title was scarcely given, when Henry's defiance turned the short-sightedness of the great Infallible into the laughter of the world.

Luther, strong in the strength of his cause, feared no man. He answered the monarch even with less ceremony than the monk. His reply is learned and argumentative; but, from what peculiar circumstance we cannot now distinctly discover, his style is singularly contemptuous. The controversial habits of the age were harsh; and Henry, unhesitating as he was

in his epithets, must have been astonished at finding himself so closely rivalled.

In this year Leo died, as was presumed, by poison.*

On Luther's return to Wittemberg, he commenced the great work that alone could give stability to his cause—the translation of the Bible. The first efforts of printing had been employed in the promulgation of the Scriptures; and Germany possessed translations of parts of the Bible so far back as the year 1477. But they were few, repulsive to the eye, and, from their rudeness, scarcely less repulsive to the understanding. Luther applied himself for a year to the study of the original languages; and in 1522, commenced his colossal work. His own account of his purposes to Spalatin is brief, but clear. ‘I translated not only John's Gospel, but the whole of the New Testament in my Patmos. But Melancthon and I have begun to revise the whole of it; and it will, by the blessing of God, do us credit. We sometimes need your assistance to direct us to suitable modes of expression; prepare yourself, therefore; but supply us only with such words as are simple, and avoid all that are confined in their use to the camp or the court. We wish the work to be distinguished by the *simplicity of its style*.’

St. Matthew's Gospel was published first; then

* Ciacon. V. Pont. 1417.

St. Mark's; then the Epistle to the Romans. The entire New Testament appeared so early as September 1522. To promote the circulation, the volume was made as cheap as possible; and the parts were also published separately. Luther's still more arduous labour, the translation of the Old Testament, was next and instantly commenced. He thus writes, on the 2nd of November,—‘ In my translation of the Old Testament I am only in Leviticus. It is inconceivable how much writing letters, business, conversation, and many other things, have interrupted my progress. I am now determined to shut myself up and use dispatch, so that the five books of Moses may be sent to press by January.

‘ We shall print them separately. After that, we shall proceed to the historical parts of Scripture, and lastly, to the Prophets. The size and price render it necessary to make those divisions in the publication.’

The Romish advocates were all in arms on the appearance of a work which has been always fatal to the delusions of Rome; but it was received with joy by the people, and Luther exultingly saw it spread to the borders of the land. This translation still stands at the head of all the German versions. Its simplicity, force, and dignity, have had no rivals; and like our own authorized version, it is appealed to as the noblest example of the old national tongue.

The Reformation had now triumphed; but its suc-

cess brought with it the usual concomitants of worldly fortune. Ambitious minds began to discover in it the means of public distinction ; and the first serious anxieties which Luther felt, were awakened by the spirit of partizanship. Carolostadius had the weakness of ambition ; and intelligence had reached Wartburg, that he was urging himself into a name by rash attacks on public opinions and public worship. He had even gone the length of exciting the populace to tear down the images and ornaments in the Popish churches ; an act which could only connect its authors with riot, and which the progress of knowledge would have soon effected without tumult. In a letter to Longus, an ecclesiastic of Erfurt, Luther says :—

‘ I am not permitted to come to you ; nor is it lawful to tempt God, and unnecessarily to court dangers ; since here at Wittenberg I must lay my account with a *sufficient number* ; I who have been excommunicated by the Pope, put under the ban of the empire, exposed to death on every side, protected by none but God.’ A subsequent letter to the Elector contains almost the language of a man who contemplated martyrdom. ‘ I am of opinion that the kindness or opposition of your Highness, and even the hatred of the whole world, ought to be only secondary considerations in the present peculiar circumstances of the Church. Your Highness is master of my body and my destiny in this world ; but Christ is the Lord of souls. The Gospel which I preach,

has its origin with God, and by God's grace neither persecution nor death shall wrest it from me. Neither cruelty nor terror shall extinguish this light.' *

The death of Leo X. had opened Rome to the intrigues of all the cabinets of Europe. But Charles was on the spot, his dominions surrounded the Roman states; he was lord of the opulence of the New World,—and he prevailed. The tiara was placed on the brow of his former tutor, Adrian, a monk of Utrecht, created a cardinal so late as 1517, and one of the extraordinary number of thirty-one, whom the late Pope, alike the most indolent of men, and the most headlong and profligate of politicians, had raised to the hat in one day.

Adrian possessed such learning, and such Christianity, as were to be found in convents. And, with equal sincerity and feebleness, he commenced the purgation of his church. But, the task was too Herculean. The trade of ecclesiastical preferments had long been the crying sin of Rome; with the double impolicy of avarice and fear, she had laboured to create an interest in the permanency of her establishment, by rendering it a resource for the high families of her European empire. The more intelligent or intrepid sons of the nobles were destined for the prizes of the state and army. The more incapable were pensioned on the easy opulence of the immense

* Secken. p. 57.

benefices in the gift of Rome. The result was inevitable; and contemporary writers exhaust every power of language in describing the gross sensuality, the shameless ignorance, and the intolerable usurpation, flourishing under this flagrant system. The higher Ecclesiastics were only more conspicuous examples in the Church, of the vices which they had acquired in their noble father's halls: the lower ranks of the clerics naturally followed the standard set before them; and public ordinances were found necessary to prohibit the priesthood from 'meddling in traffic, from frequenting taverns,' (then the receptacles of every impurity,) and from indulging in the vices, by name, to which those taverns offered the especial temptation. The new Pope, not improbably stimulated by the general outcry for reform, published, as his first measure, a 'Declaration,' a singular and self-condemning document, which had chiefly the effect of authenticating the whole of the charge. He began with the tiara itself.

'Many abominable things,' said this important paper, 'have been committed in this *holy Chair* for several years past,—abuses in spiritual things,—excesses in the mandates given,—in fine, every thing changed for the worse.

'No wonder that the sickness should descend from the head to the members, from the high pontiffs to the inferior prelates. In what relates to us, we shall endeavour that our court, from which, perhaps,

all this evil has proceeded, shall undergo a speedy reform. If corruption has of late flowed from it, sound doctrine and reformation shall now proceed from the same source. To this we shall account ourselves the more obliged to attend, as the whole world appears most ardently to desire such a reform.

‘ I have accepted the Pontificate, that I might reform the spouse of Christ—assist the neglected and oppressed—and appropriate to the learned and virtuous the money which has of late been squandered on grooms and stage-players.’ *

This ecclesiastical confession of the vices of the Papacy, was followed by a lay declaration scarcely inferior in the rank of its authors, and altogether superior in its practical effect—the long-celebrated ‘ *Centum Gravamina*,’ or List of Grievances, drawn up by the Diet of the German Princes, to be transmitted to Rome. It contained a detail of the corruptions of the priesthood, and the church system, which the princes declared that the iniquity and notoriety of the facts alone compelled them to submit to the Pontiff for their speedy reform ; concluding by the suggestion of a general Council for the purpose in Germany. This document becomes the more unequivocal, by its proceeding from sovereigns still attached to the Popish cause,—one of its sections being a confirmation of the Edict of Worms against Luther, and another a demand that the preachers of

* Sleid, l. 4.

the 'New Doctrine,' should be suspended from their functions.

Yet those declarations were virtual pleadings on the side of Christianity; and Luther was not asleep while Popery was thus unconsciously shearing the locks in which the secret of its strength lay. He translated Adrian's Rescript into German, and sent it, illustrated by his own resistless remarks, to scatter light through the world.

But we must hasten to the close of this great man's triumphs. In 1545, he had reached his sixty-second year, with a frame, never of peculiar strength, and now much exhausted by perpetual labour, and the numerous cares which hourly thickened round the leader of the Reformation. His chief associates had died before him, or were yielding to age. Zuinglius had perished in battle, and Œcolampadius had died of grief for the loss of his admirable friend. A painful complaint, probably the result of his sedentary habits, had for several years tortured Luther, and under its paroxysms he seems to have sometimes abandoned the hope or the wish to live. Yet, by temperance he continued to retain strength of mind and frame, sufficient for the revision of his numerous writings, and chiefly of his translation of the Scriptures.

But in this year his complaint became more decided, and his constitution, long racked by the stone, began evidently to give way. Violent headaches, and

the decaying sight of one of his eyes, gave symptoms of an event which must soon deprive Protestantism of its first and ablest friend. But his course was loftily completed. He had fought his fight ; he was now to receive his crown.

He had taken a journey to Eisleben, his native place, on the application of the Count of Mansfield, to arbitrate a dispute relative to the mines. In full consciousness of his own infirmities, he had undergone this harassing journey, as a promoter of peace.

‘ I write to you,’ said he, in a letter to a friend, a few days before he set out, ‘ though I am old, decrepit, inactive, languid, and now with but one eye.

‘ When drawing to the brink of the grave ; I had hopes of obtaining a reasonable share of rest ; but I continue to be overpowered with writing, preaching, and business, in the same manner as if I had not discharged my part of those duties in the early period of life.’

The journey was in the depth of a German winter ; and by the overflowing of the river Issel, it was prolonged to five days. The effort was too much for his feeble frame ; and after various changes of his disorder during three weeks, Luther, on the 18th of February, 1546, breathed the last breath of a life, devoted to the most glorious duty that Providence gives to man,—the promulgation of its own eternal truths, in simplicity, in holiness, and in power.

The highest honours were paid to his memory.

His body, after lying in state in the principal church, was escorted by the principal nobility of the Electorate on horseback, and an immense concourse of the people, on its way to Wittemberg. Wherever it stopped, the population of the towns received it with tears and prayers; hymns were sung, and sermons were delivered over the remains of their common father in the faith. At Wittemberg, the whole university, the magistracy, and the people, came out to meet the procession; and the funeral ceremony was begun with an oration by Pomeranus, a celebrated divine, and closed by a pathetic sermon from Melancthon. His picture was afterwards hung up in the hall of the university. But the true and imperishable monument of Luther is,—THE REFORMATION.

XII.

SPEECH.

In acknowledging the Toast of 'CHURCH AND STATE,' given at the Anniversary of the City of London Conservative Association, held in Merchant Tailors' Hall, March, 1840.

MR. CHAIRMAN.—I regard this toast as the great pledge of fidelity to the constitution; and from the manner in which it has been received, I am evidently entitled to conclude that such also is the feeling of this assembly, composed as it is of the chief property, character, and loyalty of London.

Gentlemen—Your Chairman, in alluding to the hazards of the country, especially remarked on those which threaten the national religion. In this view I perfectly agree with him. Whatever the foreign perils of the country may be now, or in future, she can have none so perilous as those which assault her church. She has been engaged in many a severe struggle, and it has only increased her strength; she has received many a malignant blow, and it has only

proved the solidity of her armour ; but the single evil that she has ever to dread, is from within, the disease of the heart ; the drying up of that fount of her life-blood, the possession of the purest form of Christianity.

Deprecating as I do, and as every man who is not bewildered by national vanity must do, all conflicts with foreign nations ; the triumphs of England in the last and greatest of European wars prove that her solitary strength has nothing to fear from the world. I allude even to that war, only from its evidence of the inexhaustible strength administered by public principle. England, first opening her gates to the fugitive hopes and rights of Europe ; then issuing from them only to throw her shield over its fallen thrones ; and finally returning, after the most illustrious victories, satisfied with having broken the chains of nations, affords the noblest instance of magnanimity in the annals of Empire. I see alike in her proud security, her triumphant strength, and her self-denying benevolence, a monument raised to the glory of our age, which mankind will never suffer to perish. And I see on that monument, inscribed by a more than human hand, National Religion.

There is no question clearer in its nature, than the connexion of Church and State. 'The Establishment has been called a 'Parliament Church,' and a 'Law Church.' I shall not pause to object to the names. I respect the Legislature and the Law, and I cannot

discover humiliation in being protected by the one, or conformable to the other. But if those names are to imply, that the church is the creation of the state, or the slave of the state, or that it is unable to exist but by the state, we come to an issue at once. Those conclusions I fearlessly deny. The propositions which I hold, and which I challenge any man of common sense and common knowledge to dispute, are, that the Church is *essential to the State*—that the Church can exist without the monarchy, though the monarchy *cannot* exist without the Church,—and that whatever the monarchy may offer in protection, the Church more than repays in security.

On this topic, I waive all theological discussion, as unsuited to the time and place ; and restrict myself to considering the subject merely in its public action. Who can doubt, that a Church may exist without the State, be the form of that State what it will. The Apostolical Church existed without a connexion with the State. The episcopal Church of Scotland exists without a connexion with the State. The American episcopal Church exists without a connexion with the State. The Church of England, inheriting its spirit, its doctrines, and its orders, from a source higher than human councils, would still exist, if the State were under the heel of revolution to-morrow. The unquestionable fact is, that the Church *requires* from the State little more than what every institution, and every individual requires from it,—the protection of

its property; and, in ample, and in incomparable return, supplies the State with that hourly nutriment of morals and religion, of private virtue and public principle, without which the Constitution could not survive an hour.

On this high subject, I make no allusion to present times, or to things so shadowy and vanishing as the acts of existing party. On such questions, we must turn from the heated passions and narrow foresight of the moment, to that great and calm teacher, who rebukes the follies of the living generation by wisdom gathered from the grave. I appeal to history.

I take the two pre-eminent epochs of our constitutional annals, the two antagonist revolutions of 1661 and 1688. I see them both producing liberty; but the one producing it after long travail, bringing it to light in convulsion, and stamping its physiognomy with the convulsion in which it was born: the other shaping it, like our first ancestor, in finished beauty, giving it dominion by an original charter, and establishing it on an unstained and unrivalled throne.

I have no desire to speak slightly of that first Revolution. It was the first crisis that developed the true shape and muscular energy of the national character. It exhibited great enterprize, great perseverance, great conquest of difficulties. It was a natural stage in the progress of an imperial people to empire. Time and the monarchy had dissolved the chains by which the baron bowed the serf to the earth; the

chains of the monarchy itself remained, and the people were already too high-spirited, to be reconciled to their weight by their gilding. I fully admit, that the period was come for the cessation of arbitrary government. England was to have a throne raised on nobler foundations than the broken spears and cloven helms of feudalism. Like the Roman Capitol, founded on the human head; its permanency and its power were to be sustained by the glowing blood and immortal intellect of its people.

But, it is the justice of their right which aggravates the injustice of their wrong. It is the splendour of their march to freedom, which throws a condemning light on the depth of their fall. It is the ease and rapidity of their ascent above the highest level, and almost above the highest view, of European liberty, which warns us most strikingly against evils, so powerful as to dash them from their height, and leave the nation, plumeless and crushed, upon the ground.

I date the whole national calamity from the assault on the establishment. From the moment in which the redress of political grievances was turned into the plunder of the Church—from the moment when the first sacrilegious hand was laid upon the altar, the land was swept with a storm of retribution. Till then, all had gone on with scarcely an impediment. Certainly, nothing had occurred in the shape of serious evil. The various limitations of the prero-

gative had been unavenged. The various encroachments on the privileges of the aristocracy had produced no menaces of public misfortune. There was a general feeling that some change was essential to the state: and the gentle nature of the King, though irritated at the first sound of those popular blasts which rushed so unexpectedly through the royal chambers, yet was beginning gradually to discover, that their roughness was compensated by the fresh vigour which they gave to the national frame. But, at that moment, the grasp was laid on the Establishment, and all was ruin.

The Long Parliament, name of terrible memory, assembled. The assault on the Establishment began. "One of the earliest acts of the legislature was the appointment of a 'Committee of Religion,' consisting of the whole house: this subsequently branched off into various sub-committees, one of which took the appellation of 'The Committee for providing Preaching Ministers, and removing Scandalous Ones.' (Nov. 6, 1640.) The practical effect of those committees was, to intimidate the clergy."* This blow was followed by a rapid succession of injuries. The Lord Keeper was ordered to leave the clergy out of the commission of the peace. A motion was made to deprive the bishops of their seats in the Lords. Another was made to abolish bishops, deans, and

* Short's History of the Church of England. p. 467.

chapters. Finally, the bishops being obliged, by the clamour thus raised against them, to “fly from the House by stealth,” they were eventually sent to the Tower on a charge of high treason, and there detained, until deprived of their votes; as they, soon after, were of their property. We have no time now for detail. I can allude only to the consequences. If the tree is to be judged of by its fruits, nothing could be more criminal in the eyes of the Great Disposer of men and nations, than those insults to his Church. For nothing could have brought down more instantaneous suffering.

The Parliament instantly lost even all appearance of a legislature. It became a vast faction. All the grace, wisdom, and dignity of national council were gone, and the nation saw in it only an undisguised and desperate conspiracy to overthrow all past power and engross all future. The conduct of the Commons was to be accounted for only by infatuation; like that of the Jewish kings, to whom a false prophet had been sent. Sitting in the robes of legislators, they exhibited the practices of banditti; their only conception of power, violence—their only conception of law, rapine—their only conception of government, a licentious impunity for plunder, passion, and revenge.

By a frenzy, without example, they now proceeded to a general destruction of the State, without limit, rule, or end. Blow after blow, they broke down, not merely those barriers, which might be obnoxious

to the ambition of a party, but every buttress and defence essential to the being of society. Even the peril of this general dissolution of things to themselves was wholly overlooked. They not merely carried the royal ship out to sea, without compass or ballast; but, as the gale rose, they employed themselves in cutting away her masts, and opening her planks, until all went down together.

They first tore down the king's ministry. They threw the head of the government, Strafford, and the head of the church, Laud, into dungeons; the Cabinet was instantly dissolved. Thus having stripped the country of a government, they proceeded to find its substitute in a tyranny.

‘A new jurisdiction,’ says the historian, ‘was erected in the nation; and before their tribunal, all those trembled, who had before exulted in their credit and authority.’ *

Having crushed the government, they proceeded to crush all inferior authority. They now assailed the lords-lieutenants and deputy lieutenants of counties by a new charge, ‘delinquency;’ a charge, of the true texture for the use of a tyrant, elastic enough to close on the humblest, and to extend to the greatest,—of all the instruments of power, the most formidable, an undefined crime.

They next flung the ruins of the municipal govern-

* Hume. Charles I.

ment on the ruins of the administration ; and declared all the sheriffs, and all employed by them in levying the ship-money, delinquents !

‘ A very rigorous sentence,’ observes the historian, for the sheriffs had been doing no more than their duty, to which they had been bound by their office, and under severe penalties.’

They next seized on the officers of the customs, and adding plunder to tyranny, forced them to purchase their pardon by a payment of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

They next resolved, ‘ that every man who had concurred in the sentences of the courts of high commission should be liable to the penalties of the law : ’ a sweeping sentence which involved nearly every man connected with public life.

‘ No minister of the king,’ says the historian, ‘ no member of the council, but found himself exposed by this decision.’

They had extinguished the law, they had now only to destroy its officers. They ordered the judges who had given their votes against Hampden, to be accused before the Peers. “ All men saw with astonishment the irresistible authority of their jurisdiction.” The fall of the throne was now in prospect, and the assault was recommenced on its natural defender, the Church. By a new ecclesiastical statute, the whole bench of Bishops, and the most considerable of the inferior clergy, found themselves exposed to the

imputation of 'delinquency.' 'Thus,' says the historian, in language of that solemn warning which ought never to pass from our memories,—'the whole sovereign power being transferred to the Commons; and the government being changed in a moment from a monarchy to a pure democracy, the popular leaders proceeded to consolidate their authority.' And what was that consolidation? Regicide. By impeaching the Church they had torn away the shield; by impeaching the ministry, they had torn away the sword; and the monarchy now stood naked. Charles saw the grave dug before his eyes; he was spared only until he saw his councillors and friends flung in; and then one fierce blow flung himself, where falsehood and faction—where hypocritical rapine and sanctimonious avarice—where licence under the name of liberty, and thirst of power under the name of patriotism, can trouble no more. In the language of the great dramatist :

There he lay.

His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
His gashed stabs looking like a breach in nature
For ruin's watchful entrance.

Who could refrain ?

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make his love known !

It is to the honour of England, that all were not equally guilty; that there were gallant men who struggled in council and in the field, to avert the national crime. But, with the expulsion of the Bishops

from Parliament, the death-blow of the monarchy had been given. From that hour faction had the game in its own hands, and it was played with fierce and contemptuous superiority. The civil war was only a gloomier episode in this history of treason; a drainage of the national blood, that threw the nation at the feet of its oppressors : The two years' struggle was only a prouder pageant of royalty to an untimely tomb.

I now ask, who were the authors of this dreadful catastrophe ? I ask, whether any revolution ever took place in any country, in which rabble ignorance, or rabble violence, had a less share ? I ask, whether it was not of all revolutions, the most aristocratic ? Whether, if the multitude poured in to share the plunder, was it not the nobles and the gentry who stormed the battlements ?

I touch on those topics with reluctance. I acknowledge the respect due even to the errors of a great people. It would be more satisfactory to my feelings, with filial awe and averted face, to throw the mantle over the nakedness of our common parent, than to expose it, overcome by its new and dangerous intoxication. But the lesson is one of the most solemn portions of our national experience ; it shews us man, and how little we can depend upon man.

But are we to be told, that those deeds can never be re-acted in England : that we are too enlightened,

too moral, too experienced, in the nineteenth century for the extravagances of the seventeenth.

The Long Parliament exhibited among its members the first gentlemen of England, some of the most learned in the laws, many of the noblest descent, and still more of the most heroic hearts. Were they, like the leaders of the French Revolution, infidels and atheists? They were religious, some of them even enthusiasts in religion. Were they individuals of feeble capacity, and narrow political experience, the natural dupes of political delusion? Perhaps no assembly that England, or Europe, ever saw, contained so many accomplished and powerful minds. ‘Then was the time,’ says Hume, ‘when genius and capacity of all kinds, began to exert themselves, and to be distinguished by the public.’ Every kind of temper animating every kind of talent; every man seeing those objects placed before him which best suited his faculties, and straining after them with an effort which gave new vigour to those faculties; the sagacity of Pym, the ardour of St. John, the daring impetuosity of Hollis, the chivalric valour of Hampden, the brilliant excentricity of Vane, and the profound subtlety, yet magnificent ambition of the future master of them all—Cromwell.

If all revolutions develope unexpected ability; if the increased glow of the political horizon kindles the soil beneath, and shows its hidden metals starting to the surface in streams of fire; still, we look in

vain among the leaders of continental change, for the character of the English republican. We can no more compare their levity, vice, and selfishness, with the solemn and lofty sincerity of the man of the commonwealth, than a firework with a fixed star.

But what was the conduct of the clergy in those terrible times? They unhesitatingly took the side of the king, while that side was most unpopular, disastrous, and even dangerous. They followed the royal steps to the field, the prison, and the grave. Who now doubts that their fidelity was virtue; that their simplicity was true knowledge of the principles of freedom; that their faith led them to discover the only path to national prosperity?

In the spirit of that unhesitating loyalty, in which the old Englishman left his dying command to his sons, to 'stick to the crown, though they found it hanging on a bush;' the clergy no sooner saw the throne in danger, than, forgetting its early neglects, they gathered to its support, adhered to it with a sacred constancy, and perished by its side. Laud laid down his head on the same scaffold with Charles.

We are now in a situation to form a judgment; we look from the height of two centuries; we stand at a distance of time sufficient to clear away the vapours which rise from the heated soil of faction. All men now acknowledge, that the support of monarchy was as much the support of the constitution in 1641, as it is in 1840. This is *our* loyalty;

principled, unvarying, hereditary, and only strengthened by transmission and time.

Such is the practical answer of the church to its calumniators; it does not rest its cause on living testimony alone, it appeals to those who are now beyond the follies or the fictions of the world. It summons its evidence from the tribunal by which all living character must be tried in its turn; it calls the confessor and the martyr, the statesman and the soldier; the men whose monuments, like those of the prophets of Israel, we build only in condemnation of ourselves, if we are not made wiser by their precepts and their example. Its allegiance is not the flattery of to-day, to be turned into the libel of to-morrow; not a party impulse, but a conscientious conviction—not the flag of a flying camp, to be raised or lowered from hour to hour; but the standard of England, raised on the tower of the constitution, and never to be taken down, until all is ruined together.

England, then, had her lesson; but, under what a penalty! The fall of the church was avenged by evils as direct, as immediate, and as irresistible as ever smote a nation. The punishment was *judicial*; the crime instantly wrought its own punishment. Overthrowing the great instrument of rational religion, the people exposed themselves to the invasion of religious frenzy. The space from which the Church had been swept, was suddenly filled with the wildest multitude of fanaticism. Even what remained

of the Establishment was converted into the means of new mischiefs to the country; the pulpits were seized by low ignorance, the livings were engrossed by low rapacity; the parishes were ready-made localities for safe hypocrisy and easy extortion. Like the ruins of some great city, the broken vaults and dismantled chambers of the Establishment became the haunt of the mendicant and the madman, the refuge of the outlaw, and the den of the robber. Sects of every monstrous form and squalid folly covered the land, embittered the life of the people, and perplexed public council; until, in their rivalry for power, abandoning even the pretext of liberty, they carried a tyrant on their shoulders, through public carnage; and finished by bowing themselves and their country to an usurped throne.

I demand, are we disposed to go through the same round of revolution again? Or, on what grounds are we authorised to conclude, that such things may not occur again? Where is the impossibility? Are we of another nature than our fathers? Are we more fortified against political change, than the bold, firm, and religious race of the primitive gentry of England? Have later times taught us a loftier defiance of political corruption, a graver political prudence, a more indignant scorn of lucre, a more willing homage for law, or a more reverent sense of religion?

Where is even the improbability. Relying largely as I do, on the sober and manly portion of the

English mind ; I cannot disguise from myself the strong similitude which our times bear to the political physiognomy of the seventeenth century. I cannot shut my eyes to those vast assemblages of the armed populace, who inscribe their banners with "Downfall to the Constitution." I cannot be deaf to the loud and taunting proclamations by organized sects, of their utter hostility to the whole frame of society as based upon religion.

Those sights and sounds may subside, but it is only for a season ; and it would be madness to think that they will be extinguished by our indolent disdain. I do not say, that the actors are yet full dressed for their parts, or that the curtain is yet ready to be raised. But this I say ; that the stage is there, that the actors are there too : and that if any one man of great popular ability and great popular favouritism, were to start forward on the boards ; we might find the curtain springing up at once, and the whole wild and sanguinary illusion of the political tragedy moving before us in all its passions and in all its terrors.

I acknowledge my astonishment, that no such man has yet appeared ; that we have hitherto seen no produce of democracy, but its virulence and its dulness ; that among all the myriads who have been of late years led or driven into the strife of politics, not one has exhibited any commanding capacity. I confess myself amazed, that their whole Conscription, unsparing as it has been, has not furnished them with

single conspicuous champion. This is even so contrary to the course of nature, that I should be almost inclined to refer it to the protection of providence. For never was there a time when a profligate man of genius might commit more wide-wasting evil against the constitution. With the chartist and the socialist waiting for the signal, what would be the effect of a radical Bolingbroke? With the feverish millions of popery, what would be the effect of a popish Charles Fox? It is fortunate for England and for Europe, that nothing of that rank has appeared. We have abundant imitations of the Clodius; none of the Catiline, or the Cromwell.

But we must not 'lay the flattering unction to our souls,' that such will never come. The great incendiary may be among the multitude at this moment, unconscious of his destination, until the torch is put into his hand. Who saw Robespierre in the village attorney? Who saw Napoleon in the subaltern of artillery? Nature makes talents, but circumstance makes character. Where the materials of conspiracy are suffered to lie strewn around, a spark from the heel of the peasant will awake the explosion. Nothing would surprise me less, than to see starting from the radical ranks, some man of such intellectual power, that all gave way before him; some new senatorial mind, some splendid malignity, some lofty and desperate leader of council; compelling into one mass all the rude, dark, angry elements of tumult, and hurrying them against the constitution.

Our times might create such men. "Where the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together."

I do not predict that this convulsion *must* come. On the contrary ; it is my earnest hope, that the country will sustain the church, and thus provide for itself the most unassailable security. But, if the church should be enfeebled ; still more, despoiled ; I see no limit to the extent, and no end to the existence of the convulsion. We may retain the outward form of society, but the heart will be torn out, and the blood will circulate no more. We have once seen the monarchy in its shroud, are we impatient to try the experiment of its dissolution in the grave ?

But, if I am to be told, that we are alarmed without cause, that there is no intention of molesting the church ; that the danger of the Establishment is only the cry of pusillanimity, or party. How am I to reconcile this with the *knowledge*, that its spoil has more than once in our day been made a notorious stipulation ; that hatred to it is the badge of thousands and tens of thousands, worthy of the darkness in which they assemble : nay, that its utter ruin is the bond, which has power to bring together and keep together factions disdaining and hating each other ; traitors, whose principles on all other points are wide as the poles asunder ; that this one enmity is strong enough to neutralize the mutual malice, combine the instinctive repulsions, and march under one confederate banner the fanatic, the infidel, and the slave of superstition.

I insist on the argument—that the Established Church was a sacred gift to England; that in its possession she had the noblest means ever offered for the civilization of a people, for the safety of an empire, and the purity of a religion: that she was accountable for its use, and punishable for its injury; and that the act of breaking down the church was then, and would be now, avenged, as an insult to the bounty of heaven.

I insist on the fact,—that the whole course of national evil flowed from the first demonstration of hostility to the church. This was the cloud which covered the rising sun of British freedom, and shook from its skirts the thunder and the hail. The process is clear, and it is consecutive;—the first insult to the church overthrew the government;—the next overthrew the monarchy—the last overthrew the realm.

It is notorious, that the bishops had scarcely been driven from Parliament, when, as if a sudden host of tormentors had burst up from the bosom of the abyss, war raged in every shape of ruin. First blazed the great Irish rebellion; one of the most sudden and sweeping explosions in the annals of conspiracy; a shock by which England saw her whole power in the sister country lifted up from its foundations, and shattered into a thousand fragments.

While her ears were yet full of the cries of Ireland, she heard the roar of civil flame round herself; without the warning of a moment, she saw the conflagration.

gration advancing on every side, and found all her institutions enveloped in the blaze. Even when the havoc died through exhaustion, she saw it roused again by a blast from the north; a Scottish invasion came, to swell the sufferings of the land.

But, was liberty gained after all? Was the blood of the nation accepted as the purchase of a purer constitution? Was she enabled, by wading through that tide of human wretchedness, to bring up from among the wrecks of her throne, and the corpses of the noblest of her sons, a newer charter? Totally the reverse. Five pitched battles, the siege of her chief cities, numberless conflicts, the desperate waste of gallant life, produced nothing, produced worse than nothing. Liberty perished on the field; and before the smoke of battle had subsided, a tremendous shape had risen in the darkness, and usurped its place. England suddenly found herself in the grasp of Despotism. A mad rebellion had been retaliated by an iron tyranny. To its astonishment, and to its shame, the nation saw the throne of a mild monarch filled by a reckless conspirator; its visions of a fantastic freedom scattered by awaking in the dungeon; the altar, to which it had summoned a dazzling creature of imagination, tenanted by the frowning and contemptuous reality of irresponsible power.

And yet, such was the national disgust for the insults, the spoil, and the oppressions of the democracy, that the people felt relieved by the despotism.

Like men tossed on the ocean, they rejoiced in reaching the most barren spot that could give rest to the sole of their feet; they embraced the sterile security of the protectorate. Disgusted with the vanities of their old idols, they left the Commons to their fate, and took refuge in the colossal shadow of Cromwell.

And who shall blame them for the choice? I say, infinitely better one tyrant than ten thousand; better the stern justice of one proud and powerful mind, than the mean arrogance and capricious mercies of a cabal: better to trust in the sense of personal dignity, than the avarice of rabble possession; better to lie down at once in the lion's den, where the noble brute, at least, when he is satiated, will spare; than be flung into a nest of snakes and scorpions, whose very nature it is to torment, and sting, and kill.

But I call you to contemplate a more cheering topic; the contrast, in the revolution of 1688; the GLORIOUS REVOLUTION, and well deserving of the name. If history ever furnished a noble national example, expressly to substantiate a noble political theory, she furnished it there. The contrast is total, and the conclusion irresistible. In the time of Charles the First, the people were the aggressors; and the prerogative was assailed through the church. In the time of James the Second, the monarch was the aggressor; and the church was assailed through the prerogative. The church had once stood second

in danger, it now stood first. And be it remembered, by those who are in the habit of charging it with a slavish dependence, *that it stood alone!* The Commons, once so bold, had long sunk into such servility of panic, that when one manly member* attempted to rouse them, by saying ‘He hoped Englishmen were not to be frightened by a few hard words,’ they washed their hands of this formidable criminality, by actually committing him to the Tower. The peerage were equally overawed. When the King’s speech was read, proclaiming the ‘Dispensing power,’ in other words, the demand of an authority above all law; all were thunderstruck, not a voice was uttered; until one man rose, and that man was Compton, Bishop of London. The constitution was already in the grave. It was the church alone, which in the strength of a mightier impulse, stood by that grave, and bade the dead arise. It was that church too, which in a further emergency of this great time, completed the work, released it from the bonds and cearments still fettering its limbs, and bade it go forth to the world, a pledge of the power that wrought the miracle.

The controversy of the time was not, as in 1641, a mingled question of political and ecclesiastical interests. It was supremely a question of the church; for James had already extinguished the

* Coke of Derby.

parliament. And the results were as strongly contrasted as the cause. Instead of the long and sanguinary struggle of the Commonwealth, the church now conquered without a blow, and the nation triumphed without a convulsion. The whole was less like the broken and insecure efforts of man than the influence of some of those vast physical agencies, which, above human means, and beyond human control, bring the seasons in their change; or some of those magnificent ministers of providence who harmoniously guide the sphere of mortal fates, and, invisible to mortal eyes, 'ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm.' Without injuring the slightest interest of individuals, it changed the whole spirit of the monarchy; without enfeebling the throne, it gave a new strength to the nation; without disturbing the surface of society, it poured light and heat into the depths; and constituted, for a hundred years, the source of that regulated freedom, which has itself constituted the source of our whole national prosperity to this hour. We have the decided testimony of Mackintosh, and all the leading writers on our Legislation, that no country of ancient or modern annals ever enjoyed a hundred years of prosperity and progress, so rapid, and so unbroken, as England, from the accession of William the Third. And that progress is still but slightly intermitted. Without ambition, England has achieved universal influence; without war, she has gained unbounded territory; her commerce is the life of

all nations ; her liberty their hope ; her language is extending through the borders of the world ; her sceptre touches the antipodes. Continents have been given to her redundant population. CHRISTIANITY has been confided to her imperial mission. Her gigantic embrace, without an effort, goes round the globe.

But we must not now forget the courage of the church, in the completeness of its original triumph. It was a service of imminent danger. The power of the throne at the crisis was immense. Besides the influence which at all times surrounds the diadem, James had the whole body of that faith which he had espoused, ready for action in both kingdoms ; an army encamped within an hour's march of the metropolis, and a powerful force in Ireland ; the whole Romish influence of Europe zealous in his cause ; and the French king, its leading monarch, ready to assist him with fleets and armies. With this vast weight of physical force, he had also the moral force that waits upon success. He had just put down the insurrections of Monmouth and Argyle. The peasantry were terrified by the slaughters of the West and North ; the nobility and chiefs of parties were warned by the streaming scaffolds of Russell and Sydney. With Jefferies for a judge, and Kirk for an executioner, all seemed ready to fall the prey of a vigilant, vindictive, and bigoted despotism.

Yet, it was in the face of this peril that the Church stood for the truth, and the truth alone. Her cause

was unalloyed with avarice, or ambition. She entered the field for rights above the world; and, I solemnly believe, she was aided from sources above the world. Her standard was 'Conscience,' and "in that sign she conquered.' Never was there a conquest more instant, more complete, or more unlike the ordinary operation of human victory. With two great contending faiths in the land, religious feud sank at once; with two rival kings at the head of armies, not a life was sacrificed; with two haughty creeds, 'Right Divine' and 'Republicanism,' ready for conflict, she modelled them both into a limited monarchy! The tyrant's strength dissolved before her step; armies melted away, councils broke up, partisans shrank; until the royal bigot, abandoned by all, set the seal to his own ignominy, and the *perpetual exclusion* of his race, by flying from the throne.

I have done: though the subject is still full of the most important recollections. But the principle is beyond all controversy. It is this—that on the safety of the Church of England depends the safety of the State of England. We have the unanswerable testimony of two revolutions, each exercising the deepest influence on its time; the two grand modellers of their ages. In the revolution of 1641, the Church assailed by the ruling power, and abandoned by the people, sank; and the monarchy, the constitution, and the country, instantly sank along with it. In the revolution of 1688, the Church, assailed by the

ruling power, but adhered to by the people, stood; and standing, saved the monarchy, retrieved the constitution, and raised the country to a rank unknown before. She conquered without a blow. In the former instance, liberty was lost; buried in a sea of civil blood. In the latter, liberty was won, without the loss of a single drop of gore. In the former, the recovery of the country was slow, and her liberty required half a century, to set it upon its feet. In the latter, the recovery of the country was instant, and her liberty shot upwards on the wing.

The Church was victorious. But her victory was wasted in no insolent indulgence of fortune. The fanaticism of the Commonwealth had largely disgusted the nation. Detected hypocrisy had made the multitude careless, and the higher orders contemptuous, of religion. England had become the head quarters of infidelity. The church now applied herself to heal this most fatal of all national diseases. The labour cost her half a century, but it succeeded; and England became the fount of religious truth to Europe. Could this noblest of all successes have been achieved by any fluctuating, dependent, and unlearned sectarianism? or could it have been done by less than the system, the independence, the learning, and the public stability, of a national church? It is also memorable, and the fact is in the highest degree instructive; that this new triumph of the Church was signalized by the most unexampled triumph of the

State. Europe saw, at the precise period which left infidelity at its dying gasp, a sudden splendour burst round the arms of England; the triumphs of Chatham in the middle of the last century, astonished the world. And that splendour grew. From that hour British dominion received a new impulse. India, Canada, and Australia were given into its hand. England might still have her human difficulties; she lost the United States; but, for the precarious sway of a restless colony, she was proudly compensated by the tranquil diadems of three empires.

The church took the lead then; and she held it on, and she holds it still. The last great struggle of Europe, the French Revolution, was essentially a struggle of principle. It was Infidelity in arms against Religion. In that tremendous conflict, when every form of worship on the continent fell in succession before the sword, and the enemy might almost have cried out, in the words of the Assyrian of old, “Have any of the gods of the nations delivered out of our hand? Where are the gods of Hamath, and of Arphad? Where are the gods of Sepharvaim, Hena, and Ivah?”*—the Church of England was the strength of the people. Like another Hezekiah laying the letter of the heathen on the altar; her king was seen going at the head of his nobles to the temple, bowing down before the

* 2 Kings xviii.

Supreme Disposer of kingdoms, and returning with the promise of an illustrious security.

And what has been her conduct since,—has she retrograded,—has her object been either the accumulation of wealth, or the accumulation of power? It has been, to purify her discipline, to multiply her benevolence, to extend education, and give additional places of worship to her people—to reform the excesses of the rich, to preach the gospel to the poor, and to be in charity with all. She has prospered, and she is prospering more than ever, at this moment. In her three-hundredth year she exhibits more than the ardour of her youth; she is sending her missions through the world, she is building her bishoprics in the remotest regions:—Spreading the gospel with the speed and splendour of an angel's wing, the Church of England is expanding into the CHURCH OF MANKIND.

XIII.

NAPOLEON.

WRITTEN IN 1841.

THE body of Napoleon, brought from St. Helena by the permission of the British Government, was carried in a triumphal procession with great pomp through Paris, and deposited in the Church of the Invalides. (December 15, 1840.)

The honours which France has paid to the remains of Napoleon, after the lapse of a quarter of a century from his fall, naturally revive the memory of that most singular and most dazzling character in European annals. He must be regarded as the most extraordinary being who has appeared in government since the Roman empire; if we are to estimate individual eminence by splendid ability and superb fortune.

The French Revolution was a perpetual demand, and a perpetual trial, of all the prouder and more perilous qualities of the human mind. It was a triumphal chariot, which all men were alike invited to

ascend ; but, whirled along by steeds of such fierceness, that all who grasped the reins were dashed successively to the ground. **NAPOLEON** was the single exception. He reined them to the goal.

Almost from the moment of his appearing, he took, and he preserved, the first rank. He stands, the first man of Republican France, when all the old impediments to personal display had been equally levelled before every man : the first soldier of his time, in the midst of an universal struggle for military glory : the most magnificent, lofty, and despotic of sovereigns, in an age of kings ; and the sole founder of a throne in Europe ; that throne itself raised on the ruins of a Republic ; and that Republic covering the ruins of a Monarchy.

Napoleon is not to find his rival in sovereigns subduing only the savage clanships of early Europe, or coming calmly to the possession of hereditary thrones. Among all the great wielders of the sword, the Charlemagnes, Frederics, and Catherines, he is supreme : he moves in an element above them all. The beneficent and generous conquerors are of a higher class than either. The deliverers of their country, the assertors of the rights of nations, those illustrious minds which, necessarily mingling in the tumults of European conflict, yet fought and conquered only for the protection of mankind—the Maurice, the Gustavus Adolphus, the William the Third—belong to another class of historic existence. They more

resemble, in their purposes and their power, those guardian spirits of nations which, unstained themselves, perform the stern but saving commands of Providence in our troubled world ; possessed of vast means, gifted with great faculties, but wholly exerting them at the summons of duty. The others are like the creations of mythology—the Homeric deities, beings of mighty strength and splendour, but inflamed by human passions and corrupted by human crimes, prone to mingle in the conflicts of men, to stoop from their golden heights for the feeble prizes of mortal ambition, and waste their thunders on the mortal field.

In his life, the matters important to posterity will be the circumstances of his time, and the extraordinary influence by which, after being carried along the current of events for a period, he suddenly became master of its course, and thenceforth ruled it according to his will. Napoleon, born in 1769, and, educated for the military service, had distinguished himself so highly at the siege of Toulon in 1793, when he was but twenty-four, as to obtain the notice of the army and the government. His next scene was Paris. The attack of the armed populace on the Directory compelled the trembling faction in power to shelter themselves behind the soldiery. Napoleon was pointed out by Barras. While the Directory were in instant expectation of being dragged to the scaffold, still wet with the blood of that embodying of Jacobinism,

Robespierre ; Barras put the young Corsican at the head of their troops, with the brief, but expressive character—‘ Here is an officer who is ready for anything.’ That officer realized the promise ; swept the armed Sections before his guns ; and the child of the Revolution, like the Roman parricide, made his first step to the throne, by treading on the body of his parent.

But it is from 1796 that we must date his career as a soldier. French Liberty had commenced by cheating all mankind. It was swindling, on the largest scale ever practised on the credulity of man. With the loftiest maxims of human welfare continually on its lips, all its subtlety,—and it was boundless,—was employed in the darkest means of disturbing the reason, and envenoming the miseries of nations. Nothing could be more successful than its evocation of the fiend. Nothing could be more pompous in its structure, or richer in its decorations, than the altar which it erected to universal benevolence ; but the incense on the altar was poison, and the flame was kindled to blind, not to illumine. No jugglery of heathenism was ever more false or foul than the priestcraft of the solemn hierarchs, who ministered in the white robes of philosophy at the shrine of French freedom. In our day, the respect which honourable minds desire to retain for human nature, even in its lowest state, can scarcely suffer us to conceive the utter falsehood, the atrocious malignity,

the simple, unalloyed wickedness which constituted the spirit of the Revolution. But its especial character was blood. Like its prototype, "it was a murderer from the beginning." Even in its first hours, it showed a thirst for slaughter, which stamped its nature. The acclamations of Europe, which, struck with its sudden vigour, its lofty protestations, and the bold rapidity of its stride over the wrecks of feudalism, had followed its early progress, soon died away; men could not wade after it so deep in gore. Still it rushed on, flinging aside at every step some portion of that Jesuitical mask which it first wore: hourly rending away with a more contemptuous hand some fragment of those ties which allied it to the common family of nations; until, at length, it scaled the steps of the throne, tore down its unfortunate possessor, and with the guillotine for its footstool, and the populace for its ministers, seated itself in full supremacy of ruin.

From this period it assumed a new form. It had hitherto been a civil evil—the assassin and incendiary of France—a frenzied liberty preying on the nation. It was thenceforth to become an European tormentor; a tyranny threatening or trampling on all governments; an iron domination, either crushing the people of Europe into abject slavery, or dragging them in chains to the field, to make slaves of others. All had hitherto been delusion, the promise of universal peace and prosperity. Satan had worn the

garb of an angel of light. The deception had now done its work, and the angel was the evil spirit again in his supremacy, "a giant armed."

The limited Monarchy had first taken the shape of the Republic—the Republic had assumed the darkening features of the Democracy. The Democracy, possessed of absolute power at home, now looked for proselytism, to be repaid by plunder, abroad.

Then arose the Propaganda.—France declared war against the world: found in her contagion a new and cheaper element of war; and dispatched her lepers to spread their mortality. Revolutionary doctrines made straight the way for revolutionary conquests; and when she poured forth her armies at once over Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands, like streams of miasmata shooting from one centre; she found sovereigns and subjects equally enfeebled; Europe already at her feet; its whole public strength prostrate; the whole frame of society sicklied and subdued; before a hand was raised to push it into the grave. She sacked the Lazarhouse!

Napoleon's conquest of Italy was the most brilliant in the history of the Republic. The conqueror rose instantly into fame. He threw a light upon the nation, which reflected the lustre back upon himself, and made him the most conspicuous soldier of his country. Another change was to exhibit him the most uncontrolled and uncontrollable sovereign.

Pride is the grand temptation of all the higher

order of human minds. The passion to seize power is the passion of Republics ; to retain it, of Despotisms. Napoleon, the conqueror of Italy, had already reached the summit of military renown. But this elevation had only showed him that there was a still loftier height to be attained. The diadem glittered in his eye ; yet the republic lay, a great chasm, between. To give time for filling it up, he projected a design which exhibited at once the ambition, the daring, and the recklessness, of his genius. ‘The expedition to Egypt,’ said he, long afterwards, ‘was meant for the conquest of Syria, Asia Minor, and Turkey in Europe. I would then have marched to France.’ He would have thrown the wreck of the east on the west, and on both have piled up his throne. Of all the dreams of human ambition, this was the most boundless ; and if it is ever to be achieved by man, it will be by the combined sagacity and daring, the inexhaustible perseverance, and burning ambition, of a spirit resembling Napoleon, in all but his fall. Throughout his whole career, from that hour, he retained the idea of ranging man into two great divisions. ‘The east,’ said he, in his memorable conversation with Fox, ‘is one great family ! the west is another. Whoever sets the nations of either at war, breeds dissension in a family. All should be at peace with each other.’—All in the slavery which he called peace, that all might submit to the tyranny which he called empire. With Na-

poleon, alone of all sovereigns, perpetual conquest was a principle. He declared, that war was essential to the government of France ; and, for the first time among nations, openly proclaimed the maxim ; not yet forgotten in the resiless mind of his country ; that power is the essential object of all policy ; and territorial aggrandizement a justifiable cause of war. Yet all was for himself. At the head of a world of slaves, France was only to be the first slave.

Napoleon at the age of twenty-seven, had been made Commander-in-Chief of the army of Italy. Even then he had a prophetic sense of his triumphs. ‘ In twelve months,’ said he, ‘ I shall be either dead, or an old General.’ Within those twelve months he fought the battles of Lodi, Castiglione, and Arcola, and was the first General of Europe. He followed glory to Asia.

His absence in Asia only increased his power in France. It gave him the romantic interest of the Crusader ; until he was recalled to be the Sovereign. While he was fighting on the sands of Palestine, the Russian had come, and Italy was conquered. Suwarrow’s tactics were a terrible novelty. He combined the wild rush of the Tartar hordes with the steady strength of European armies. For this the French troops were unprepared. They found themselves outmarched when they attempted to manœuvre, and crushed when they ventured to stand. The descriptions of Suwarrow’s battles are the description

of massacres,—the attack incessant, the execution terrible, and the spirit of the opposing force utterly extinguished in the field. The battles in central Italy were days of ceaseless slaughter. The single battle of Novi utterly destroyed the army of Joubert; the rest of the campaign against Moreau and Macdonald was a continued pursuit, with the sword perpetually mowing down the flying battalions of France, until they were driven over the Alps, and Italy was cleared of every footstep of her invaders—nothing remaining of them but the bones which whitened her mountains, her morasses, the ramparts of her cities, and the banks of her rivers.

The Italian campaigns of Napoleon were the most refined application of military science; those of Suwarrow the fiery force of irresistible courage. Napoleon, by the dexterity of his tactics, the variety of his manœuvres, the incessant activity of his movements, and the intuitive skill with which he discovered the weak points of his enemy, exhibited the most dazzling examples of European war. But Suwarrow's Italian battles were of a character altogether distinct, and altogether superior. They were less scientific than startling: assaults daring, desperate, and furious; rather bursts of vengeance than displays of soldiership; less a gallant struggle against a gallant enemy, than an overwhelming and rapid retribution on a crowd of armed criminals, whose time was come. The conquest, on which Napoleon, with all his genius, was forced

to consume two years, was achieved by the great Russian in a month. If Napoleon afterwards reconquered it in a day, at Marengo, that day was lost by Austrian confidence, as the country was abandoned by Austrian timidity; a mock negotiation accomplished what could not have been effected by the sword. But the first Italian campaign of Suwarrow still remains unrivalled—an evidence of the power which may be inspired into a slow and formal national force by a single original and daring mind. Russia, neither before nor since, has produced such a leader of men, and may never produce another Suwarrow.

In 1799, the terrors of France and the temptations of sovereignty alike recalled Napoleon from Egypt. On the 19th of November, he entered the hall where the Council of Ancients were assembled at St. Cloud; and, after having fiercely defended himself from the charge of intending to overthrow the republic, retired to perform the same farce in the council of Five Hundred. But there he was received with uproar, as “a second Cæsar, come to act the dictator.” Some furious members of the assembly sprang from their seats, rushed upon him, and the dagger was at his throat; when General Le Febvre tore him away, and carried him out of the hall. Napoleon, thus repelled, sent in a platoon of grenadiers with bayonets fixed, to settle the controversy. The President, Lucien, whom a moment of indecision would have sent, along with him, to the scaffold; encouraged

by the sight of the troops, now rose, pronounced that the members who had attempted to seize his brother were "traitors, purchased by the gold of Pitt;" the platoon of grenadiers silenced all reply, and Lucien proposed a decree on the spot,—“ That General Bonaparte, and all who had assisted him, deserved well of their country—that the Directory was at an end—and that the executive power should be placed in the hands of three provisional consuls, Bonaparte, Sieyes, and Roger Ducos.” Thus had Cromwell finished the democracy of England a century and a half before. Napoleon soon after appointed himself First Consul; in the first instance for ten years; then for life; then Emperor—“ Thane, Cawdor, Glamis, thou hast it all:” the Macbeth of a mightier stage!

Another change was to exhibit Napoleon in a new rank, and Europe in new trials. From the field of Marengo the First Consul took up his diadem; and its lustre was ominous to thrones. The European governments were vast, but decrepit, accumulations of power. They had many a hoary crime to answer for. The partition of Poland, an act of enormous guilt, had filled the cup of wrath; and the fierce hand of France was commissioned to hold it to their lips. The world has never seen an infliction of unconscious justice more sudden, or more condign. Austria was the first attacked. In 1805, her armies, which had so long and so gallantly fought the Republicans, were suddenly swept before the French Emperor,

like the harvest before the scythe ; in three months, she laid down her arms in Vienna !—In 1806, Prussia, the land of soldiership, the camp of the Great Frederick, which had baffled France, Austria, and Russia for fifty years, was crushed in a day !—In 1807, the Russian Emperor was hunted into his own territories, and after the desperate battles of Eylau and Friedland, was forced to sign the treaty of Tilsit, a treaty which placed the virtual sceptre of the Continent in the hand of the conqueror. Three years had prostrated Europe !

But, from this moment higher objects were to be accomplished. As the war of the Revolution was the mightiest struggle of the modern world ; involving the highest interests, the greatest combinations of power, the creation and fall of thrones, it was to be made the source of a still more solemn lesson. As the clouds of the early collision cleared off, a great moral was to be seen emerging. The good and evil principles were to become more distinct, until they engrossed the field. The minor contests died away, and the fate of nations was suspended on the issue of the contest between France and England—between France, seeking all things by force, and contemptuous of all religion : and England, the protectress of human right, the assertor of universal justice, and the worshipper of the purest faith of Christianity.

If man can be taught a belief in Providence, by the strongest proof that events can give ; he must be

taught by the events of this great war. During a quarter of a century of battle, with continual changes of continental fortune, England never suffered any one great casualty ; was never defeated in a pitched battle ; never lost a fleet, a colony, a foot of territory. From the period when the war became naval, with all the world against her, she fought a succession of the most glorious victories ; and when, after having closed up the ocean against Napoleon, she was summoned, in her habitual patronage of human rights, to protect the rising independence of Spain ; she commenced a career of soldiership, unshaken by a single defeat ; a constancy of success to which Europe has no parallel ; a great triumphal era of seven years—a march marked only by trophies, from the shores of Portugal to the plains of the Netherlands, and finishing in the twofold capture of the enemy's capital, the extinction of their empire, and the captivity of the Emperor himself, until his mortal career was closed. Thus lived, and thus died Napoleon.

Never was there in human annals a more striking lesson of the sleepless justice of heaven. Rising to a sudden and unrivalled eminence, which more reminds us of the work of some magnificent imagination than of the realities of the world ; ascending from the tumults and darkness of the democracy, like Milton's master-fiend ; and not unlike him in his intellect, his universal power, and his fierce hostility to the peace of man ; we see Napoleon, like the tempter, suddenly

doomed to feel a still more powerful hand—to be stricken in the moment of his proudest elevation—to find himself the denizen of darkness and the dungeon—

“ His fulgent head,
And shape, star-bright, appeared ;
 He stood, expecting
Their universal shout and high applause
To fill his ear ; when, contrary, he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn.” MILTON.

While he involved all his daring and brilliant confederates in his fall ; he felt that the ruin was but retribution. Napoleon was the only European sovereign on record whose personal overthrow brought down the whole fabric of his empire—all whose principedoms perished with himself—the only emperor who died in fetters.

Those things are said, not in a spirit of vain glory, but in deep humility and solemn reverence. The triumphs of England belong to higher causes than the sword of man. We look, for the lustre which shone round her helmet in hours when all else in Europe was dark, to a nobler region than is trodden by the loftiest step of human ambition. But we are not thus taught merely to exult in the past ; we learn to hope for the future. Having discovered the true fount of all victory, we have but to keep the way open to the spring,—to make war only in the spirit of justice, and peace only in the spirit of sincerity.

France is still indignant ; her military pride writhes at the memory of Waterloo. And yet, of all nations, France has the amplest reason to rejoice in the sword which swept Napoleon from the throne. His nature was selfishness ; sometimes dark and malignant, sometimes superb and regal ; sometimes the slime and fang of the serpent, sometimes the brilliancy and bound—but the serpent still. And like the serpent, his longer and closer connexion with France would have only involved and crushed her the more in the folds of a policy at once the most wily and the most inextricable. His wars had already cost her two millions of lives ; his trophies had been gained, only to embitter defeat by their resumption ; his victories had only pampered the national pride, until they brought the Cossacks from their deserts to parade the streets of Paris. In all his triumphs over thrones, he did nothing for the people. Aggrandizing his family at the expense of Europe, he degraded France by a continued vassalage. If he gave her provinces, he gave them exhausted by military plunder ; and exhausted her revenue, to supply the waste of their usurpation. If he conquered, every new conquest added a link to the chain which fettered her limbs. If Napoleon had remained in the Tuilleries to this hour, France would have remained a slave ; her land but a larger bastille ; her people but a conscription governed by gendarmes ; her laws a theory ; and her sovereign a tyrant scoffing at the

name of freedom, and ruling by the scourge and the sword.

France is a powerful, and ought to be a great country. But Faction is her tempter ; and such it has been from time immemorial. She had mobs, and mob leaders, when her tribes had nothing to slay each other for, but acorns ; and nothing to carry from the field of battle, but scalps. Cæsar, their conqueror, said, two thousand years ago, ‘ The Gauls have a dissension in every village.’ The folly of her “ three glorious days of 1830,” was the folly of the *Ædui* and *Sequani*, of the agueish dwellers in the swamp, and the shivering savages of the naked hill. Europe desires to see France intelligent and happy. For thus alone can she fulfil her duties to general civilization. But Europe will not suffer her to be a mother of banditti—the Bedouins of the West, ready to spring out upon the peaceful traffic, and block up the common highway, of nations. She desires to see the throne of France fixed on a solid foundation ; even if that be of the most dazzling materials,—marble, gold, or adamant,—she will neither covet nor care ; she demands only that it shall be firm. But she will not suffer a throne to increase its height ; which in a moment may topple over, and crush its neighbours. She will not suffer a great government to stand upon a magazine of gunpowder, open for the touch of the first ruffian to scatter the blazing fragments round the world.

Louis Philippe has shown himself a great sovereign. By his talents and by his firmness he has already converted the jealousy of the ancient thrones into the acknowledgment, that he was born for a throne. By calming the rashness of his people, he has saved Europe from war, and France from extinction. But the day of danger is not past. Jacobinism, like the curse of the thorn and thistle—self-sown and self-cultured, remains, to entangle the step, and exercise the continual labour of Kings.

There are living men in France who stood round the scaffold of Louis XVI. ; epicures in revolt, who have not forgotten the luxurious days of Republican supremacy ; if the bolder rebels have been sent headless to their ‘ place,’ there are those, who, like the Demons, that they might not be precipitated into judgment, have been content to hide among the swine. To the old actors in the great overthrow of 1793, the shout of the mob will always be a summons to try their chance again. That the men of sense and principle in France—that the noble families—that the sons of those whose melancholy history was written on the streaming steps of the guillotine, must deprecate the return of Democracy, may be well believed. Yet, it is now fifty years since the day of regicide. A new generation has been born. In France nature is always inverted ; the fools decide for the rational, the young are the councillors of the old, the child is the master of the man—wise without experience, intelli-

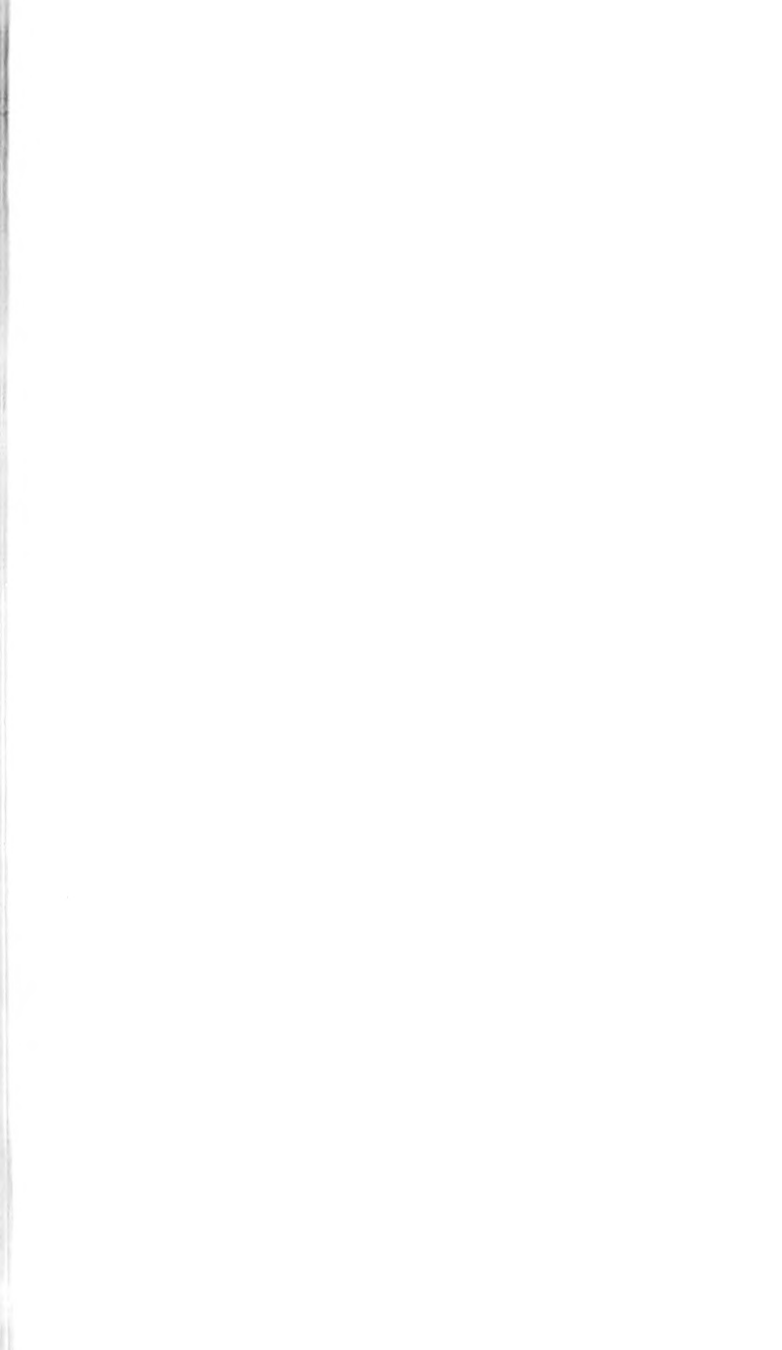
gent without thought, and learned without knowledge, *La jeune France* is always infallible. If a royal road to learning was laughed at by the ancient sage ; the republican road to freedom would have satisfied him that the absurdities of human presumption are inexhaustible. He would have seen a high-crowned hat and black cravat instantly comprehending the whole sublime of patriotism ; the ragged rabble of a profligate capital turned into legislators by a flourish of the pike ; and the little tools of little factions carried to the summit of public council, with all their statesmanship acquired in penning epigrams, and all their public services comprised in declaiming them.

But, unless France is incapable of being taught, the double burial of Napoleon may bring before her eyes a lesson against the desire of conquest, well worth all the pageant. If she will pervert his tomb into an altar of revolution, or light the torches of European war at his funeral pile, she must only bring upon the nation the vengeance which extinguished the man. But we should wish to regard this striking and stately ceremonial as a pledge of general conciliation ; a public acknowledgment that war is a frenzy ; a calm and solemn committal of the principle of conquest to the grave, with the reliques of the conqueror. There let them sleep, and Earth begin a new career. A quarter of a century has been interposed ; his generation has vanished ; we are already posterity ; and, passing the true sentence

on his errors and his ambition, we can do justice to the loftiness of his genius, the grandeur of his conceptions, and even the fearful majesty of that march which left such burning tracks on the soil of Europe. We can now look upon his career, as we do on the thunder-storm, when it has descended to the horizon ; when its roar is still, when the sun shines again, and we gaze in delight and wonder at the gigantic shapes and dazzling colours of its clouds, as they roll off the face of heaven.

THE END.

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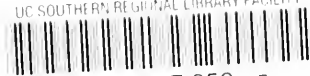
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